Parsons's School

British Classics,

or a well chosen Collection of

CLASSICAL ESSAYS,

By the most esteemed celebrated Authors.

VOL. 8.

Containing the Fourth Volume of the

SPECTATOR.

LONDON,

Printed for J. Parsons, N° 21, Paternoster Row.

1793.

THE SPECTATOR.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

Printed for J. PARSONS, No. 21, Paternoſter-Row.

1793.

TO THE

DUKE

OF

MARLBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

AS it is natural to have a fondneſs for what has coſt us much time and attention to produce, I hope your Grace will forgive and endeavour to preſerve this work from oblivion, by affixing to it your memorable name.

I ſhall not here preſume to mention the illuſtrious paſſages of your life, which are celebrated by the whole age, and have been the ſubject of the moſt ſublime pens; but if I could convey you to poſterity in your private character, and deſcribe the ſtature, the behaviour, and aſpect of the Duke of Marlborough, I queſtion not but it would fill the reader with more agreeable images, and give him a more delightful entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other book.

One cannot indeed, without offence to yourſelf, obſerve, that you excel the reſt of mankind in the leaſt, as well as the greateſt endowments. Nor were it a circumſtance to be mentioned, if the graces and attractions of your perſon were not the only pre-eminence you have above others, which is left, almoſt, unobſerved by greater writers.

Yet how pleaſing would it be to thoſe who ſhall read the ſurpriſing revolutions in your ſtory, to be made acquainted with your ordinary life and deportment? How pleaſing would it be to hear that the ſame man, who had carried fire and ſword into the countries of all that had oppoſed the cauſe of liberty, and ſtruck a terror into the armies of France, had, in the midſt of his high ſtation, a behaviour as gentle as is uſual in the firſt ſteps towards greatneſs? And if it were poſſible to expreſs that eaſy grandeur, which did at once perſuade and command; it would appear as clearly to thoſe to come, as it does to his contemporaries, that all the great events which were brought to paſs under the conduct of ſo well-governed a ſpirit, were the bleſſings of heaven upon wiſdom and valour; and all which ſeem adverſe fell out by divine permiſſion, which we are not to ſearch into.

You have paſſed that year of life wherein the moſt able and fortunate captain, before your time, declared he had lived enough both to nature and to glory; and your Grace may make that reflection with much more juſtice. He ſpoke it after he had arrived at empire by an uſurpation upon thoſe whom he had enſlaved; but the prince of Mindleheim may rejoice in a ſovereignty which was the gift of him whoſe dominions he had preſerved.

Glory

Glory eſtabliſhed upon the uninterrupted ſucceſs of honourable deſigns and actions is not ſubject to diminution; nor can any attempts prevail againſt it, but in the proportion which the narrow circuit of rumour bears to the unlimited extent of fame.

We may congratulate your Grace not only upon your high atchievements, but likewiſe upon the happy expiration of your command, by which your glory is put out of the power of fortune: and when your perſon ſhall be ſo too, that the Author and Diſpoſer of all things may place you in that higher manſion of bliſs and immortality which is prepared for good princes, lawgivers, and heroes, when he in his due time removes them from the envy of mankind, is the hearty prayer of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's

moſt obedient,

moſt devoted,

humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

THE SPECTATOR.

No. CCLII. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1711.

Erranti, paſſimque oculos per cuncta ferenti. VIRG.

Exploring ev'ry place with curious eyes.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM very ſorry to find by your diſcourſe upon the 'eye, that you have not thoroughly ſtudied the na-'ture and force of that part of a beauteous face. Had 'you ever been in love, you would have ſaid ten thou-'ſand things, which it ſeems did not occur to you: do 'but reflect upon the nonſenſe it makes men talk, the 'flames which it is ſaid to kindle, the tranſport it raiſes, 'the dejection it cauſes in the braveſt men; and if you 'do believe thoſe things are expreſſed to an extrava-'gance, yet you will own, that the influence of it is 'very great which moves men to that extravagance. 'Certain it is, that the whole ſtrength of the mind is 'ſometimes ſeated there; that a kind look imparts all, 'that a year's diſcourſe could give you, in one moment. 'What matters it what ſhe ſays to you? ſee how ſhe 'looks——is the language of all who know what love 'is. When the mind is thus ſummed up and expreſſed 'in a glance, did you never obſerve a ſudden joy ariſe 'in the countenance of a lover? Did you never ſee the 'attendance of years paid, over-paid, in an inſtant?

'You

'You a *Spectator*, and not know that the intelligence 'of affection is carried on by the eye only; that good 'breeding has made the tongue falsify the heart, and act 'a part of continual constraint, while nature has pre-'served the eyes to herself, that she may not be disguised 'or misrepresented. The poor bride can give her hand, 'and say, "I do," with a languishing air, to the man she 'is obliged by cruel parents to take for mercenary rea-'sons, but at the same time she cannot look as if she 'loved; her eye is full of sorrow, and reluctance sits in 'a tear, while the offering of the sacrifice is performed 'in what we call the marriage ceremony. Do you never 'go to plays? Cannot you distinguish between the eyes of 'those who go to see, from those who come to be seen? 'I am a woman turned of thirty, and am on the observa-'tion a little; therefore if you or your correspondent had 'consulted me in your discourse on the eye, I could have 'told you that the eye of Leonora is slily watchful while 'it looks negligent; she looks round her without the help 'of the glasses you speak of, and yet seems to be employ-'ed on objects directly before her. This eye is what 'affects chance-medley, and on a sudden, as if it attend-'ed to another thing, turns all its charms against an og-'ler. The eye of Lusitania is an instrument of premedi-'tated murder; but the design being visible, destroys 'the execution of it; and with much more beauty than 'that of Leonora, it is not half so mischievous. There 'is a brave soldier's daughter in town, that by her eye 'has been the death of more than ever her father made fly 'before him. A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent, a 'kind eye makes contradiction an assent, an enraged eye 'makes beauty deformed. This little member gives life 'to every other part about us, and I believe the story of 'Argus implies no more than that the eye is in every 'part, that is to say, every other part would be mutilat-'ed, were not its force represented more by the eye than 'by itself. But this is heathen Greek to those who have 'not conversed by glances. This, Sir is a language in 'which there can be no deceit, nor can a skilful observer 'be imposed upon by looks even among politicans and

'courtiers.

'courtiers. If you do me the honour to print this among 'your ſpeculations, I ſhall in my next make you a pre- 'ſent of ſecret hiſtory, by tranſlating all the looks of 'the next aſſembly of ladies and gentlemen into words, to 'adorn ſome future paper. I am, Sir,

'Your faithful friend,

'MARY HEARTFREE.'

'Dear Mr. Spectator,

'I HAVE a ſot of a huſband that lives a very ſcanda- 'lous life, and waſtes away his body and fortune in 'debaucheries; and is immoveable to all the arguments 'I can urge to him. I would gladly know whether in 'ſome caſes a cudgel may not be allowed as a good fi- 'gure of ſpeech, and whether it may not be lawfully uſed 'by a female orator.

'Your humble ſervant,

'BARBARA CRABTREE."

'Mr. Spectator,

'THOUGH I am a practitioner in the law of ſome 'ſtanding, and have heard many eminent pleaders 'in my time, as well as other eloquent ſpeakers of 'both univerſities, yet I agree with you, that women 'are better qualified to ſucceed in oratory than the men, 'and believe this is to be reſolved into natural cauſes. 'You have mentioned only the volubility of their 'tongue; but what do you think of the ſilent flattery of 'their pretty faces, and the perſuaſion which even an in- 'ſipid diſcourſe carries with it when flowing from beauti- 'ful lips, to which it would be cruel to deny any thing? 'It is certain too, that they are poſſeſſed of ſome ſprings 'of rhetoric which men want, ſuch as tears, fainting 'fits, and the like, which I have ſeen employed upon 'occaſion with good ſucceſs. You muſt know I am a 'plain man and love my money; yet I have a ſpouſe 'who is ſo great an orator in this way, that ſhe draws 'from me what ſums ſhe pleaſes. Every room in my 'houſe is furniſhed with trophies of her eloquence, rich 'cabinets, piles of china, Japan ſcreens, and coſtly

'jars;

'jars; and if you were to come into my great parlour, 'you would fancy yourself in an India warehouse: be- 'sides this, she keeps a squirrel, and I am doubly tax- 'ed to pay for the china he breaks. She is seized with 'periodical fits about the time of the subscriptions to a 'new opera, and is drowned in tears after having seen 'any woman there in finer clothes than herself: these are 'arts of persuasion purely feminine, and which a tender 'heart cannot resist. What I would therefore desire of 'you, is, to prevail with your friend who has promised 'to dissect a female tongue, that he would at the same 'time give us the anatomy of the female eye, and ex- 'plain the springs and sluices which feed it with such 'ready supplies of moisture; and likewise shew by what 'means, if possible, they may be stopped at a reason- 'able expence: or indeed, since there is something so 'moving in the very image of weeping beauty, it would 'be worthy his art to provide, that these eloquent drops 'may no more be lavished on trifles, or employed as ser- 'vants to their wayward wills; but reserved for serious 'occasions in life, to adorn generous pity, true penitence, 'or real sorrow.

T 'I am, &c.'

No. CCLIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20.

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper.

HOR.

I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new.

POPE.

THERE is nothing which more denotes a great mind, than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This passion reigns more among bad poets, than among any other set of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame, than those who are conversant in poetry, it is very natural for such as

as have not ſucceeded in it to depreciate the works of thoſe who have. For ſince they cannot raiſe themſelves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they muſt endeavour to ſink it to their own pitch, if they would ſtill keep themſelves upon a level with them.

The greateſt wits that ever were produced in one age, lived together in ſo good an underſtanding, and celebrated one another with ſo much generoſity, that each of them receives an additional luſtre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of ſo extraordinary a genius, than if he had himſelf been the ſole wonder of the age. I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of Auguſtus, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained ſo great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom ſingly we have ſo great an eſteem, ſtand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the ſame time that Virgil was celebrated by Gallus, Propertius, Horace, Varius, Tucca, and Ovid, we know the Bavius and Mævius were his declared foes and calumniaters.

In our own country a man ſeldom ſets up for a poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the ſcribblers of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topics of detraction, with which he makes his entrance into the world: but how much more noble is the fame that is built on candour and ingenuity, according to thoſe beautiful lines of Sir John Denham, in his poem on Fletcher's works!

"But whither am I ſtray'd? I need not raiſe
"Trophies to thee from other men's diſpraiſe:
"Nor is thy fame on leſſer ruins built,
"Nor needs thy juſter title the foul guilt
"Of eaſtern kings, who, to ſecure their reign,
"Muſt have their brothers, ſons, and kindred ſlain."

I am ſorry to find that an author, who is very juſtly eſteemed among the beſt judges, has admitted ſome ſtrokes of this nature in a very fine poem; I mean The Art of Criticiſm,

Criticiſm, which was publiſhed ſome months ſince, and is a maſter-piece in its kind, The obſervations follow one another like thoſe in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requiſite in a proſe author. They are ſome of them uncommon, but ſuch as the reader muſt aſſent to, when he ſees them explained with that elegance and perſpicuity in which they are delivered. As for thoſe which are the moſt known, and the moſt received, they are placed in ſo beautiful a light, and illuſtrated with ſuch apt alluſions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, ſtill more convinced of their truth and ſolidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monſieur Boileau has ſo very well enlarged upon in the preface to his works, that wit and fine writing do not conſiſt ſo much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impoſſible for us, who live in the later ages of the world, to make obſervations in criticiſm, morality, or in any art or ſcience, which have not been touched upon by others. We have little elſe left us, but to repreſent the common ſenſe of mankind in more ſtrong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but very few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Ariſtotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Auguſtan age. His way of expreſſing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

For this reaſon I think there is nothing in the world ſo tireſome as the works of thoſe critics who write in a poſitive dogmatic way, without either language, genius, or imagination. If the reader would ſee how the beſt of the Latin critics writ, he may find their manner very beautifully deſcribed in the characters of Horace, Petronius, Quintilian, and Longinus, as they are drawn in the eſſay of which I am now ſpeaking.

Since I have mentioned Longinus, who in his reflections has given us the ſame kind of ſublime which he obſerves in the ſeveral paſſages that occaſioned them; I cannot but take

take notice, that our Engliſh author has after the ſame manner exemplified ſeveral of his precepts in the very precepts themſelves. I ſhall produce two or three inſtances of his kind. Speaking of the inſipid ſmoothneſs which ſome readers are ſo much in love with, he has the following verſes.

" Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
" Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire,
" While expletives their feeble aid *do* join,
" And ten low words oft creep in one dull line."

The gaping of the vowels in the ſecond line, the expletive *do* in the third, and the ten monoſyllables in the fourth, give ſuch a beauty to this paſſage, as would have been very much admired in an ancient poet. The reader may obſerve the following lines in the ſame view.

" A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
" That like a wounded ſnake drags its ſlow length along."

And afterwards,

" 'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
" The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe.
" Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
" And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
" But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
" The hoarſe rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
" When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
" The line too labours, and the words move ſlow;
" Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
" Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the
" main."

The beautiful diſtich upon Ajax in the foregoing lines, puts me in mind of a deſcription in Homer's Odyſſey, which none of the critics have taken notice of. It is where Siſyphus is repreſented lifting his ſtone up the hill, which is no ſooner carried to the top of it, but it immediately tumbles to the bottom. This double motion of the ſtone is admirably deſcribed in the numbers of theſe verſes; as is in the four firſt it is heaved up by ſeveral ſpondees inter-

mixed with proper breathing places, and at last trundles down into a continual line of dactyls.

Καὶ μὴν Σίσυφον, εἰσεῖδον, κρατερ' ἄλγε' ἔχοντα,
Λᾶαν βαστάζοντ' ἀμφοτέρῃσιν.
Ἦτοι ὁ μὲν σκηριπτόμενος χερσίν τε ποσίν τε,
Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον, ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
Ἄκρον ὑπερβαλέειν, τότ' ἀποστρέψασκε κραταιΐς,
Αὖτις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδής.

" I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
" A mournful vision! the Sisyphian shade:
" With many a weary step, and many a groan,
" Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone:
" The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
" Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the
" ground." POPE.

It would be endless to quote verses out of Virgil which have this particular kind of beauty in the numbers; but I may take an occasion in a future paper to shew several of them which have escaped the observation of others.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of the same nature, and each of them a master-piece in its kind; the Essay on Translated Verse, the Essay on the Art of Poetry, and the Essay upon Criticism. C

No. CCLIV. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21.

Σεμνὸς ἔρως ἀρετῆς, ὁ δὲ κυπρίδος ἄσχολος ὀφέλλει.

On love of virtue reverence attends,
But sensual pleasure in our ruin ends.

WHEN I consider the false impressions which are received by the generality of the world, I am troubled at none more than a certain levity of thought, which many young women of quality have entertained, to the hazard of their characters, and the certain misfortune

fortune of their lives. The firſt of the following letters may beſt repreſent the faults I would now point at, and the anſwer to it the temper of mind in a contrary character.

'My dear Harriot,

'IF thou art ſhe, but oh how fallen, how changed, what 'an apoſtate! how loſt to all that is gay and agree-'able! To be married I find is to be buried alive; I can-'not conceive it more diſmal to be ſhut up in a vault to 'converſe with the ſhades of my anceſtors, than to be car-'ried down to an old manor-houſe in the country, and 'confined to the converſation of a ſober huſband and an 'aukward chamber-maid. For variety I ſuppoſe you 'may entertain yourſelf with madam in her grogram 'gown, the ſpouſe of your pariſh vicar, who has by this 'time I am ſure well furniſhed you with receipts for 'making ſalves and poſſits, diſtilling cordial-waters, 'making ſyrups, and applying poultices.

'Bleſt ſolitude! I wiſh thee joy, my dear, of thy loved 'retirement, which indeed you would perſuade me is very 'agreeable, and different enough from what I have here 'deſcribed: but, child, I am afraid thy brains are a little 'diſordered with romances and novels: after ſix months 'marriage to hear thee talk of love, and paint the coun-'try ſcenes ſo ſoftly, is a little extravagant; one would 'think you lived the lives of ſylvan deities, or roved a-'mong the walks of paradiſe, like the firſt happy pair. 'But pr'ythee leave theſe whimſies, and come to town in 'order to live and talk like other mortals. However, as I 'am extremely intereſted in your reputation, I would wil-'lingly give you a little good advice at your firſt appear-'ance under the character of a married woman: it is a 'little inſolent in me perhaps, to adviſe a matron; but I 'am ſo afraid you will make ſo ſilly a figure as a fond 'wife, that I cannot help warning you not to appear in 'any public places with your huſband, and never to ſaun-'ter about St. James's-Park together: if you preſume to 'enter the ring at Hyde-Park together, you are ruined for 'ever; nor muſt you take the leaſt notice of one another

'at the play-houſe or opera, unleſs you would be laughed 'at for a very loving couple moſt happily paired in the yoke 'of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an ac- 'quaintance of ours to your imitation; ſhe is the moſt 'negligent and faſhionable wife in the world; ſhe is hardly 'ever ſeen in the ſame place with her huſband, and if they 'happen to meet you would think them perfect ſtran- 'gers: ſhe never was heard to name him in his abſence, 'and takes care he ſhall never be the ſubject of any diſ- 'courſe ſhe has a ſhare in. I hope you will propoſe this 'lady as a pattern, though I am very much afraid you 'will be ſo ſilly to think Portia, &c. Sabine and Roman 'wives much brighter examples. I wiſh it may never come 'into your head to imitate thoſe antiquated creatures ſo 'far, as to come into public in the habit as well as air 'of a Roman matron. You make already the entertain- 'ment at Mrs. Modiſh's tea-table; ſhe ſays, ſhe always 'thought you a diſcreet perſon, and qualified to manage 'a family with admirable prudence: ſhe dies to ſee what 'demure and ſerious airs wedlock has given you, but ſhe 'ſays ſhe ſhall never forgive your choice of ſo gallant a 'man as Bellamour to transform him to a mere ſober 'huſband; it was unpardonable: you ſee, my dear, we 'all envy your happineſs, and no perſon more than

'Your humble ſervant,

'LYDIA.'

'BE not in pain, good madam, for my appearance in 'town; I ſhall frequent no public places, or make 'any viſits where the character of a modeſt wife is 'ridiculous. As for your wild raillery on matrimony, it 'is all hypocriſy; you, and all the handſome young wo- 'men of your acquaintance, ſhew yourſelves to no other 'purpoſe than to gain a conqueſt over ſome man of 'worth, in order to beſtow your charms and fortune on 'him. There is no indecency in the confeſſion, the 'deſign is modeſt and honourable, and all your affecta- 'tion cannot diſguiſe it.

'I am

'I am married, and have no other concern but to pleaſe 'the man I love; he is the end of every care I have; if 'I dreſs it is for him; if I read a poem or a play, it is to 'qualify myſelf for a converſation agreeable to his taſte: 'he is almoſt the end of my devotions; half my prayers 'are for his happineſs---I love to talk of him, and never 'hear him named but with pleaſure and emotion. I 'am your friend, and wiſh you happineſs, but am ſorry 'to ſee by the air of your letter that there are a ſet of 'women who are got into the common-place raillery 'of every thing that is ſober, decent, and proper: ma-'trimony and the clergy are the topics of people of 'little wit and no underſtanding. I own to you, I have 'learned of the vicar's wife all you tax me with: ſhe 'is a diſcreet, ingenious, pleaſant, pious woman; I wiſh 'ſhe had the handling of you and Mrs. Modiſh; you 'would find, if you were too free with her, ſhe would 'ſoon make you as charming as ever you were, ſhe would 'make you bluſh as much as if you never had been fine 'ladies. The vicar, madam, is ſo kind as to viſit my 'huſband, and his agreeable converſation has brought 'him to enjoy many ſober happy hours when even I am 'ſhut out, and my dear maſter is entertained only 'with his own thoughts. Theſe things, dear ma-'dam, will be laſting ſatisfactions, when the fine la-'dies, and the coxcombs by whom they form them-'ſelves, are irreparably ridiculous, ridiculous in old age.

'I am, madam,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'MARY HOME.'

'Dear Mr. Spectator,

'YOU have no goodneſs in the world, and are not 'in earneſt in any thing you ſay that is ſerious, 'if you do not ſend me a plain anſwer to this: I hap-'pened ſome days paſt to be at the play, where during 'the time of performance, I could not keep my eyes off 'from a beautiful young creature who ſat juſt before me, 'and who I have been ſince informed has no fortune. It 'would utterly ruin my reputation for diſcretion to marry

'such a one, and by what I can learn she has a character 'of great modesty, so that there is nothing to be thought 'on any other way. My mind has ever since been so 'wholly bent on her, that I am much in danger of doing 'something very extravagant without your speedy advice 'to, Sir,

'Your most humble servant.'

I am sorry I cannot answer this impatient gentleman, but by another question.

'Dear Correspondent,

'WOULD you marry to please other people, or your-'self?' T

No. CCLV. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22.

Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello. Hor.

IMITATED.

Know, there are rhymes, which (fresh and fresh apply'd)
Will cure the arran'st puppy of his pride. Pope.

THE soul, considered abstractedly from its passions, is, of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its executions. The use therefore of the passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecution of his designs. As this is the end of the passions in general, so it is particularly of ambition, which pushes the soul to such actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflections higher, we may discover farther ends of Providence in implanting this passion in mankind.

It was necessary for the world, that arts should be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized: now since the proper and genuine motives to these and the like great actions,

actions, would only influence virtuous minds; there would be but ſmall improvements in the world, were there not ſome common principle of action working equally with all men. And ſuch a principle is ambition or a deſire of fame, by which great endowments are not ſuffered to lie idle and uſeleſs to the public, and many vicious men, over-reached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural inclinations in a glorious and laudable courſe of action. For we may farther obſerve, that men of the greateſt abilities are moſt fired with ambition: and that on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the leaſt actuated by it; whether it be that a man's ſenſe of his own incapacities makes him deſpair of coming at fame, or that he has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his intereſt or convenience, or that Providence, in the very frame of his ſoul, would not ſubject him to ſuch a paſſion as would be uſeleſs to the world, and a torment to himſelf.

Were not this deſire of fame very ſtrong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of loſing it when obtained, would be ſufficient to deter a man from ſo vain a purſuit.

How few are there who are furniſhed with abilities ſufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration of the world, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt of mankind? Providence for the moſt part ſets upon a level, and obſerves a kind of proportion in its diſpenſation towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accompliſhment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and ſeems careful rather of preſerving every perſon from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any ſingle one eminent or extraordinary.

And among thoſe who are the moſt richly endowed by nature, and accompliſhed by their own induſtry, how few are there whoſe virtues are not obſcured by the ignorance, prejudice or envy of their beholders? Some men cannot diſcern between a noble and a mean action: others are apt to attribute them to ſome falſe end or intention;

tention; or others purpoſely miſrepreſent, or put a wrong interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this conſideration, we may obſerve that thoſe are generally moſt unſucceſsful in their purſuit after fame, who are moſt deſirous of obtaining it. It is Salluſt's remark upon Cato, that the leſs he coveted glory the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill-natured pleaſure in croſſing our inclinations, and diſappointing us in what our hearts are moſt ſet upon. When therefore they have diſcovered the paſſionate deſire of fame in the ambitious man, as no temper of mind is more apt to ſhew itſelf, they become ſparing and reſerved in their commendations, they envy him the ſatisfaction of an applauſe, and look on their praiſes rather as a kindneſs done to his perſon. than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others who are free from this natural perverſeneſs of temper grow wary in their praiſes of one, who ſets too great a value on them, leſt they ſhould raiſe him too high in his own imagination, and by conſequence remove him to a greater diſtance from themſelves.

But farther, this deſire of fame naturally betrays the ambitious man into ſuch indecencies. as are a leſſening to his reputation. He is ſtill afraid leſt any of his actions ſhould be thrown away in private, leſt his deſerts ſhould be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive any diſadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often ſets him on empty boaſts and oſtentations of himſelf, and betrays him into vain fantaſtical recitals of his own performances: his diſcourſe generally leans one way, and, whatever is the ſubject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himſelf. Vanity is the natural weakneſs of an ambitious man, which expoſes him to the ſecret ſcorn and deriſion of thoſe he converſes with, and ruins the character he is ſo induſtrious to advance by it. For though his actions are never ſo glorious, they loſe their luſtre when they are drawn at large, and ſet to ſhow by his own hand; and as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend,

the

the boaſt will probably be cenſured when the great action that occaſioned it is forgotton.

Beſides, this very deſire of fame is looked on as a meanneſs and imperfection in the greateſt character. A ſolid and ſubſtantial greatneſs of ſoul looks down with a generous neglect on the cenſures and applauſes of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noiſe and ſtrife of tongues. Accordingly we find in ourſelves a ſecret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves about us in a regular and illuſtrious courſe of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations. As on the contrary it is uſual for us, when we would take off from the fame and reputation of an action, to aſcribe it to vain-glory, and a deſire of fame in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill-founded: for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind to be worked up to any noble action by ſo ſelfiſh a motive, and to do that out of a deſire of fame, which we could not be prompted to by a diſintereſted love to mankind, or by a generous paſſion for the glory of him that made us.

Thus is fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by thoſe who thirſt after it, ſince moſt men have ſo much either of ill-nature, or of warineſs, as not to gratify or ſooth the vanity of the ambitious man; and ſince this very thirſt after fame naturally betrays him into ſuch indecencies as are a leſſening to his reputation, and is itſelf looked upon as a weakneſs in the greateſt characters.

In the next place, fame is eaſily loſt, and as difficult to be preſerved as it was at firſt to be acquired. But this I ſhall make a ſubject of a following paper. C

No. CCLVI. MONDAY, DECEMBER 24.

Φήμη γάρ τε κακὴ πέλεται· κέφη μὲν ἀεῖραι
Ῥεῖα μάλ', ἀργαλέη δὲ φέρειν.—— HES.

Desire of fame by various ways is croſt,
Hard to be gain'd, and eaſy to be loſt.

THERE are many paſſions and tempers of mind which naturally diſpoſe us to depreſs and villify the merit of one riſing in the eſteem of mankind. All thoſe who made their entrance into the world with the ſame advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own indeſerts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the ſcandal of ſome paſt action, or derogate from the worth of the preſent, that they may ſtill keep him on the ſame level with themſelves. The like kind of conſideration often ſtirs up the envy of ſuch as were once his ſuperiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to ſee another get ground upon them and overtake them in the purſuits of glory; and will therefore endeavour to ſink his reputation, that they may the better preſerve their own. Thoſe who were once his equals envy and defame him, becauſe they now ſee him their ſuperior; and thoſe who were once his ſuperiors, becauſe they look upon him as their equal.

But farther, a man whoſe extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and obſervation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him that will narrowly inſpect every part of him, conſider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleaſed when they have taken him in the worſt and moſt diſadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleaſure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in ſpreading abroad the weakneſſes of an exalted character. They publiſh their ill-natured diſcoveries with a ſecret pride, and applaud themſelves for the ſingularity of their judgment which has ſearche deeper than others, detected what the reſt of the world have

have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admires. Others there are, who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward ſatisfaction and complacency, if they diſcover none of the like errors and infirmities in themſelves; for while they are expoſing another's weakneſſes, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not ſubject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be tranſported with a ſecret kind of vanity to ſee themſelves ſuperior in ſome reſpects to one of a ſublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more induſtrious in publiſhing the blemiſhes of an extraordinary reputation, than ſuch as lie open to the ſame cenſures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuſe their own defects by the authority of ſo high an example, or raiſing an imaginary applauſe to themſelves for reſembling a perſon of an exalted reputation, though in the blameable parts of his character. If all theſe ſecret ſprings of detraction fail, yet very often a vain oſtentation of wit ſets a man on attacking an eſtabliſhed name, and ſacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of thoſe about him. A ſatire or a libel on one of the common ſtamp, never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers as what is aimed at a perſon whoſe merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conſpicuous figure among men. Whether it be that we think it ſhews greater art to expoſe and turn to ridicule a man whoſe character ſeems ſo improper a ſubject for it, or that we are pleaſed by ſome implicit kind of revenge to ſee him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in ſome meaſure reduced to our own rank, who had ſo far raiſed himſelf above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

Thus we ſee how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious ſpies are ſearching into the actions of a great man, who is not, always, the beſt prepared for ſo narrow an inſpection. For we may generally obſerve, that our admiration of a famous man leſſens upon our nearer acquaintance with him: and that we ſeldom hear the deſcription

ſcription of a celebrated perſon, without a catalogue of ſome notorious weakneſſes and infirmities. The reaſon may be, becauſe any little ſlip is more conſpicuous and obſervable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the reſt of his character, or becauſe it is impoſſible for a man at the ſame time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconſiderable circumſtances of his behaviour and converſation; or becauſe, as we have before obſerved, the ſame temper of mind which inclines us to a deſire of fame, naturally betrays us into ſuch ſlips and unwarineſſes as are not incident to men of a contrary diſpoſition.

After all it muſt be confeſſed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and diſſipates theſe little ſpots and ſullies in its reputation; but if by a miſtaken purſuit after fame, or through human infirmity, any falſe ſtep be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whol ſcheme of ambitious deſigns is broken and diſappointed. The ſmaller ſtains and blemiſhes may die away and diſappear amidſt the brightneſs that ſurrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature caſts a ſhade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preſerve a great name, when he that has acquired it is ſo obnoxious to ſuch little weakneſſes and infirmities as are no ſmall diminution to it when diſcovered, eſpecially when they are ſo induſtriouſly proclaimed, and aggravated by ſuch as were once his ſuperiors or equals; by ſuch as would ſet to ſhew their judgment or their wit, and by ſuch as are guilty or innocent of the ſame ſlips or miſconducts in their own behaviour?

But were there none of theſe diſpoſitions in others to cenſure a famous man, nor any ſuch miſcarriages in himſelf, yet would he meet with no ſmall trouble in keeping up his reputation in all its height and ſplendor. There muſt be always a noble train of actions to preſerve his fame in life and motion; for when it is once at a ſtand, it naturally flags and languiſhes. Admiration is a very ſhort-lived paſſion, that immediately decays upon

upon growing familiar with its object, unleſs it be ſtill fed with freſh diſcoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual ſucceſſion of miracles riſing up to its view. And even the greateſt actions of a celebrated perſon labour under this diſadvantage, that however ſurpriſing and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him; though they might raiſe the reputation of another, they are a diminution to his.

One would think there ſhould be ſomething wonderfully pleaſing in the poſſeſſion of fame, that, notwithſtanding all theſe mortifying conſiderations, can engage a man in ſo deſperate a purſuit; and yet if we conſider the little happineſs that attends a great character, and the multitude of diſquietudes to which the deſire of it ſubjects an ambitious mind, one would be ſtill the more ſurpriſed to ſee ſo many reſtleſs candidates for glory.

Ambition raiſes a ſecret tumult in the ſoul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought: it is ſtill reaching after an imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or ſatisfy it. Moſt other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper ſenſe, and for a while ſet the appetite at reſt: but fame is a good ſo wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the ſoul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to reliſh it; an object of deſire placed out of the poſſibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleaſure, but it is ſuch a pleaſure as makes a man reſtleſs and uneaſy under it; and which does not ſo much ſatisfy the preſent thirſt, as it excites freſh deſires, and ſets the ſoul on new enterprizes. For how few ambitious men are there, who have got as much fame as they deſired, and whoſe thirſt after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among men? There is not any circumſtance in Cæſar's character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a ſaying which Cicero tells us he frequently made

uſe of in private converſation, "That he was ſatisfied "with his ſhare of life and fame." *Se ſatis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam vixiſſe.* Many indeed have given over their purſuits after fame, but that has proceeded either from the diſappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleaſure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldneſs of old age; but ſeldom from a full ſatisfaction and acquieſcence in their preſent enjoyments of it.

Nor is fame only unſatisfying in itſelf, but the deſire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles which thoſe are free from who have not ſuch a tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man caſt down and diſappointed, if he receives no praiſe where he expected it? Nay how often is he mortified with the very praiſes he receives, if they do not riſe ſo high as he thinks they ought, which they ſeldom do unleſs increaſed by flattery, ſince few men have ſo good an opinion of us as we have of ourſelves? But if the ambitious man can be ſo much grieved even with praiſe itſelf, how will he be able to bear up under ſcandal and defamation? For the ſame temper of mind which makes him deſire fame, makes him hate reproach. If he can be tranſported with the extraordinary praiſes of men, he will be as much dejected by their cenſures. How little therefore is the happineſs of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus ſubjects himſelf to the good or ill ſpeeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and deſtroy his natural reſt and repoſe of mind? eſpecially when we conſider that the world is more apt to cenſure than applaud, and himſelf fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may farther obſerve, that ſuch a man will be more grieved for the loſs of fame, than he could have been pleaſed with the enjoyment of it. For though the preſence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the abſence of it may make us miſerable; becauſe in the enjoyment of an object we only find that ſhare of pleaſure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loſs of it we do

do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the satisfaction that fame brings along with it, and so great the disquietudes to which it makes us liable. The desire of it stirs up very uneasy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the presence of the thing desired. The enjoyment of it brings but very little pleasure, though the loss or want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends on the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the silence of men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their praises. C

No. CCLVII. TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25.

——Οὐχ' ὕπνος Διὸς
Ὀφθαλμὸς· ἐγγὺς δ' ἔστι καὶ πάντων πόνων.
INCERT. EX STOB.

No slumber seals the eye of Providence,
Present to ev'ry action we commence.

THAT I might not lose myself upon a subject of so great extent as that of fame, I have treated it in a particular order and method. I have first of all considered the reasons why Providence may have implanted in our mind such a principle of action. I have in the next place shewn from many considerations, first, that fame is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; secondly, that it brings the ambitious man very little happiness, but subjects him to much uneasiness and dissatisfaction. I shall in the last place shew, that it hinders us from obtaining an end which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fulness of satisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that I mean by this end that happiness which is reserved for us in another world, which every one has

abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it "fulneſs of joy and pleaſures for evermore."

How the purſuit after fame may hinder us in the attainment of this great end, I ſhall leave the reader to collect from three following conſiderations.

Firſt, Becauſe the ſtrong deſire of fame breeds ſeveral vicious habits in the mind.

Secondly, Becauſe many of thoſe actions, which are apt to procure fame, are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happineſs.

Thirdly, Becauſe if we ſhould allow the ſame actions to be the proper inſtruments, both of acquiring fame, and of procuring this happineſs, they would nevertheleſs fail in the attainment of this laſt end, if they proceeded from a deſire of the firſt.

Theſe three propoſitions are ſelf-evident to thoſe who are verſed in ſpeculations of morality. For which reaſon I ſhall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the ſame nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of ſpeculation.

From what has been already obſerved, I think we may make a natural concluſion, that it is the greateſt folly to ſeek the praiſe or approbation of any being, beſides the Supreme, and that for theſe two reaſons; becauſe no other being can make a right judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our merits; and becauſe we can procure no conſiderable benefit or advantage from the eſteem and approbation of any other being.

In the firſt place, no other being can make a right judgment of us, and eſteem us according to our merits. Created beings ſee nothing but our outſide, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from our exterior actions and behaviour; but how unfit theſe are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from ſeveral conſiderations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward repreſentation: many ſilent perfections in the ſoul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to diſcover themſelves to the knowledge of others; they are tranſacted in private, without noiſe or ſhow,

ſhow, and are only viſible to the great ſearcher of hearts. What actions can expreſs the intire purity of thought which refines and ſanctifies a virtuous man? That ſecret reſt and contentedneſs of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his preſent condition? that inward pleaſure and complacency which he feels in doing good? that delight and ſatisfaction which he takes in the proſperity and happineſs of another? theſe and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a ſoul, the ſecret graces which cannot be diſcovered by a mortal eye, but make the ſoul lovely and precious in his ſight, from whom no ſecrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and ſhewing themſelves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object and a fit conjuncture of circumſtances, for the due exerciſe of it. A ſtate of poverty obſcures all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confeſſor lie concealed in the flouriſhing times of Chriſtianity. Some virtues are only ſeen in affliction, and ſome in proſperity; ſome in a private, and others in a public capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obſcurity, and not only ſees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and ſees us engaged in all the poſſibilities of action. He diſcovers the martyr and confeſſor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter intitle many to the reward of actions, which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reaſon why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, becauſe the ſame actions may be aimed at different ends, and ariſe from quite contrary principles. Actions are of ſo mixt a nature and ſo full of circumſtances, that as men pry into them more or leſs, or obſerve ſome parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; ſo that the ſame actions may repreſent a man as hypocritical and deſigning to one, which make him appear a ſaint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the ſoul through its outward actions, often ſees it through a deceitful medium, which

is apt to diſcolour and pervert the object: ſo that on this account alſo, He is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not gueſs at the ſincerity of our intentions from the goodneſs of our actions, but weighs the goodneſs of our actions by the ſincerity of our intentions.

But farther; it is impoſſible for outward actions to repreſent the perfections of the ſoul, becauſe they can never ſhew the ſtrength of thoſe principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expreſſions of our virtues, and can only ſhew us what habits are in the ſoul, without diſcovering the degree and perfection of ſuch habits. They are at beſt but weak reſemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies that may acquaint us with the general deſign, but can never expreſs the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different ſtate and degree of human improvement, from thoſe weak ſtirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themſelves into regular purpoſes and deſigns, to the laſt intire finiſhing and conſummation of a good habit. He beholds the firſt imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the ſoul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progreſs, until it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we ſee that none but the Supreme Being can eſteem us according to our proper merits, ſince all others muſt judge of us from our outward actions; which can never give them a juſt eſtimate of us, ſince there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of ſhewing themſelves, want an opportunity of doing it; or, ſhould they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet thoſe actions may be miſinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or though they plainly diſcovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never ſhew the degree, ſtrength, and perfection of thoſe principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, ſo is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a conſideration that comes home to our intereſt,

as

as the other adapts itſelf to our ambition. And what could the moſt aſpiring, or the moſt ſelfiſh man deſire more, were he to form the notion of a being to whom he would recommend himſelf, than ſuch a knowledge as can diſcover the leaſt appearance of perfection him, and ſuch a goodneſs as will proportion a reward into it.

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his deſire of fame this way; and that he may propoſe to himſelf a fame worthy of his ambition, let him conſider that if he employs his abilities to the beſt advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the Great Judge of mankind, who ſees every degree of perfection in others, and poſſeſſes all poſſible perfection in himſelf, ſhall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the preſence of the whole creation that beſt and moſt ſignificant of applauſes, "Well "done, thou good and faithful ſervant, enter thou into "thy Maſter's joy." C

No. CCLVIII. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26.

Divide & impera.
Divide and rule.

PLEASURE and recreation of one kind or other are abſolutely neceſſary to relieve our minds and bodies from too conſtant attention and labour: where therefore public diverſions are tolerated, it behoves perſons of diſtinction, with their power and example, to preſide over them in ſuch a manner as to check any thing that tends to the corruption of manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the entertainment of reaſonable creatures. As to the diverſions of this kind in this town, we owe them to the arts of poetry and muſic: my own private opinion, with relation to ſuch recreations, I have hitherto given with all the frankneſs imaginable; what concerns thoſe arts at preſent the reader ſhall have from my correſpondents. The firſt of the letters with which I acquit myſelf

myſelf for this day, is written by one who propoſes to improve our entertainments of dramatic poetry, and the other comes from three perſons, who, as ſoon as named, will be thought capable of advancing the preſent ſtate of muſic.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM conſiderably obliged to you for your ſpeedy 'publication of my laſt in your's of the 18th inſtant, 'and am in no ſmall hopes of being ſettled in the poſt 'of comptroller of the cries. Of all the objections I 'have hearkened after in public coffee-houſes, there is 'but one that ſeems to carry any weight with it, viz. 'That ſuch a poſt would come too near the nature of a 'monopoly. Now, Sir, becauſe I would have all ſorts 'of people made eaſy, and being willing to have more 'ſtrings than one to my bow; in caſe that of comptroller 'ſhould fail me, I have ſince formed another project, 'which being grounded on the dividing of a preſent 'monopoly, I hope will give the public an equivalent 'to their full content. You know, Sir, it is allowed 'that the buſineſs of the ſtage is, as the Latin has it, '*jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ*. Now there being but 'one dramatic theatre licenſed for the delight and profit 'of this extenſive metropolis, I do humbly propoſe, for 'the convenience of ſuch of its inhabitants as are too 'diſtant from Covent-Garden, that another Theatre of 'Eaſe may be erected in ſome ſpacious part of the city; 'and that the direction thereof may be made a franchiſe 'in fee to me, and my heirs for ever. And that the 'town may have no jealouſy of my ever coming to an 'union with the ſet of actors now in being, I do farther 'propoſe to conſtitute for my deputy my near kinſman 'and adventurer, Kit Crotchet, whoſe long experience 'and improvements in thoſe affairs need no recommenda- 'tion. It was obvious to every ſpectator what a quite 'different foot the ſtage was upon during his govern- 'ment; and had he not been bolted out of his trap- 'doors, his garriſon might have held out for ever, he 'having by long pains and perſeverance arrived at the

'art

'art of making his army fight without pay or provi-
'ſions. I muſt confeſs it with a melancholy amazement,
'I ſee ſo wonderful a genius laid aſide, and the late
'ſlaves of the ſtage now become its maſters, dunces
'that will be ſure to ſuppreſs all theatrical entertain-
'ments and activities that they are not able themſelves
'to ſhine in!

'Every man that goes to a play is not obliged to
'have either wit or underſtanding; and I inſiſt upon it,
'that all who go there ſhould ſee ſomething which may
'improve them in a way of which they are capable. In
'ſhort, Sir, I would have ſomething done as well as ſaid
'on the ſtage. A man may have an active body, though
'he has not a quick conception; for the imitation
'therefore of ſuch as are, as I may ſo ſpeak, corporeal
'wits or nimble fellows, I would fain aſk any of the
'preſent miſmanagers, why ſhould not rope-dancers,
'vaulters, tumblers, ladder-walkers, and poſture-maſ-
'ters appear again on our ſtage? After ſuch a repre-
'ſentation, a five-bar gate would be leaped with a
'better grace next time any of the audience went a
'hunting. Sir, theſe things cry aloud for reformation,
'and fall properly under the province of *Spectator* Ge-
'neral; but how indeed ſhould it be otherwiſe, while
'fellows, that for twenty years together were never paid
'but as their maſter was in the humour, now preſume
'to pay others more than ever they had in their lives;
'and in contempt of the practice of perſons of condition,
'have the inſolence to owe no tradeſman a farthing at
'the end of week. Sir, all I propoſe is the public
'good; for no one can imagine I ſhall ever get a private
'ſhilling by it: therefore I hope you will recommend
'this matter in one of your this week's papers, and de-
'ſire when my houſe opens you will accept the liberty of
'it for the trouble you have received from, Sir,

P. S. I have aſſurances that the trunk-maker will declare for us.

'Your humble ſervant,

'RALPH CROTCHET.'

'Mr.

'Mr. Spectator,

'WE whose names are subscribed, think you the 'propereſt perſon to ſignify what we have to of-'fer the town in behalf of ourſelves, and the art which 'we profeſs, muſic. We conceive hopes of your fa-'vour from the ſpeculations on the miſtakes which the 'town run into with regard to their pleaſure of this 'kind; and believing your method of judging is, that 'you conſider muſic only valuable, as it is agreeable to, 'and heightens the purpoſe of poetry, we conſent that 'that is not only the true way of reliſhing that pleaſure, 'but alſo that without it a compoſure of muſic is the 'ſame thing as a poem, where all the rules of poetical 'numbers are obſerved, though the words have no ſenſe 'or meaning; to ſay it ſhorter, mere muſical ſounds are 'in our art no other than nonſenſe verſes are in poetry. 'Muſic therefore is to aggravate what is intended by 'poetry; it muſt always have ſome paſſion or ſentiment 'to expreſs, or elſe violins, voices, or any other organs 'of ſound, afford an entertainment very little above the 'rattles of children. It was from this opinion of the 'matter, that when Mr. Clayton had finiſhed his ſtudies 'in Italy, and brought over the opera of Arſinöe, that 'Mr. Haym and Mr. Dieupart, who had the honour to 'be well known and received among the nobility and gen-'try, were zealouſly inclined to aſſiſt, by their ſolicita-'tions, in introducing ſo elegant an entertainment as the 'Italian muſic grafted upon Engliſh poetry. For this 'end Mr. Dieupart and Mr. Haym, according to their 'ſeveral opportunities, promoted the introduction of Ar-'ſinöe, and did it to the beſt advantage ſo great a novelty 'would allow. It is not proper to trouble you with par-'ticulars of the juſt complaints we all of us have to 'make; but ſo it is, that without regard to our obliging 'pains, we are all equally ſet aſide in the preſent opera. 'Our application therefore to you is only to inſert this 'letter in your papers, that the town may know we have 'all three joined together to make entertainments of mu-

ſic

'ſic for the future at Mr. Clayton's houſe in York-build-
'ings. What we promiſe ourſelves, is, to make a ſub-
'ſcription of two guineas, for eight times; and that the
'entertainment, with the names of the authors of the
'poetry, may be printed, to be ſold in the houſe, with
'an account of the ſeveral authors of the vocal as well as
'the inſtrumental muſic for each night; the money to be
'paid at the receipt of the tickets, at Mr. Charles Lillie's.
'It will, we hope, Sir, be eaſily allowed, that we are ca-
'pable of undertaking to exhibit by our joint force and
'different qualifications all that can be done in muſic:
'but leſt you ſhould think ſo dry a thing as an account of
'our propoſal ſhould be a matter unworthy your paper,
'which generally contains ſomething of public uſe; give
'us leave to ſay, that favouring our deſign is no leſs than
'reviving an art, which runs to ruin by the utmoſt bar-
'barism under an affectation of knowledge. We aim at
'eſtabliſhing ſome ſettled notions of what is muſic, at re-
'covering from neglect and want very many families, who
'depend upon it, at making all foreigners who pretend
'to ſucceed in England to learn the language of it as we
'ourſelves have done, and not be ſo inſolent as to expect
'a whole nation, a refined and learned nation, ſhould ſub-
'mit to learn theirs. In a word, Mr. *Spectator*, with all
'deference and humility, we hope to behave ourſelves in
'this undertaking in ſuch a manner, that all Engliſh men
'who have any ſkill in muſic may be furthered in it for
'their profit or diverſion by what new things we ſhall
'produce; never pretending to ſurpaſs others, or aſſert-
'ing that any thing which is a ſcience is not attainable
'by all men of all nations who have proper genius for it;
'we ſay, Sir, what we hope for is not expected will ar-
'rive to us by contemning others, but through the utmoſt
'diligence recommending ourſelves.

'We are, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervants,

'Thomas Clayton.

'Nicolino Haym.

'Charles Dieupart.

No. CCLIX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27.

Quod decet honeſtum eſt, & quod honeſtum eſt decet. TUL.

What is becoming is honourable, and what is honourable is becoming.

THERE are ſome things which cannot come under certain rules, but which one would think could not need them. Of this kind are outward civilities and ſalutations. Theſe one would imagine might be regulated by every man's common ſenſe, without the help of an inſtructor; but that which we call common ſenſe ſuffers under that word; for it ſometimes implies no more than that faculty which is common to all men, but ſometimes ſignifies right reaſon, and what all men ſhould conſent to. In this latter acceptation of the phraſe, it is no great wonder people err ſo much againſt it, ſince it is not every one who is poſſeſſed of it, and there are fewer, who, againſt common rules and faſhions, dare obey its dictates. As to ſalutations, which I was about to talk of, I obſerve, as I ſtroll about town, there are great enormities committed with regard to this particular. You ſhall ſometimes ſee a man begin the offer of a ſalutation, and obſerve a forbidding air, or eſcaping eye, in the perſon he is going to ſalute, and ſtop ſhort in the pole of his neck. This in the perſon who believed he could do it with a good grace, and was refuſed the opportunity, is juſtly reſented with a coldneſs the whole enſuing ſeaſon. Your great beauties, people in much favour, or by any means or for any purpoſe over-flattered, are apt to practiſe this, which one may call the preventing aſpect, and throw their attention another way, leſt they ſhould confer a bow or a courteſy upon a perſon who might not appear to deſerve that dignity. Others you ſhall find ſo obſequious, and ſo very courteous, as there is no eſcaping their favours of this kind. Of this ſort may be a man who is in the fifth or ſixth degree of favour with a miniſter; this good creature is reſolved to ſhew the world,

world, that great honours cannot at all change his manners; he is the ſame civil perſon he ever was; he will venture his neck to bow out of a coach in full ſpeed, at once, to ſhew he is full of buſineſs, and yet is not ſo taken up as to forget his old friend. With a man who is not ſo well formed for courtſhip and elegant behaviour, ſuch a gentleman as this ſeldom finds his account in the return of his compliments, but he will ſtill go on, for he is in his own way, and muſt not omit; let the neglect fall on your ſide, or where it will, his buſineſs is ſtill to be well-bred to the end. I think I have read, in one of our Engliſh comedies, a deſcription of a fellow that affected knowing every body, and for want of judgment in time and place, would bow and ſmile in the face of a judge ſitting in the court, would ſit in an oppoſite gallery and ſmile in the miniſter's face as he came up into the pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to ſome familiarities between them in another place. But now I happen to ſpeak of ſalutation at church, I muſt take notice that ſeveral of my correſpondents have importuned me to conſider that ſubject, and ſettle the point of decorum in that particular.

I do not pretend to be the beſt courtier in the world, but I have often on public occaſions thought it a very great abſurdity in the company (during the royal preſence) to exchange ſalutations from all parts of the room, when certainly common ſenſe ſhould ſuggeſt, that all regards at that time ſhould be engaged, and cannot be diverted to any other object, without diſreſpect to the ſovereign. But as to the complaint of my correſpondents, it is not to be imagined what offence ſome of them take at the cuſtom of ſaluting in places of worſhip. I have a very angry letter from a lady, who tells me one of her acquaintance, who, out of mere pride and a pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no civilities done to her in time of divine ſervice, and is the moſt religious woman for no other reaſon but to appear a woman of the beſt quality in the church. This abſurd cuſtom had better be aboliſhed than retained, if it were but to prevent evils of no higher a nature than this is; but I am in-

formed of objections much more conſiderable: a diſſenter of rank and diſtinction was lately prevailed upon by a friend of his to come to one of the greateſt congregations of the church of England about town: after the ſervice was over, he declared he was very well ſatisfied with the little ceremony which was uſed towards God Almighty; but at the ſame time he feared he ſhould not be able to go through thoſe required towards one another; as to this point he was in a ſtate of deſpair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a convert. There have been many ſcandals of this kind given to our proteſtant diſſenters from the outward pomp and reſpect we take to ourſelves in our religious aſſemblies. A quaker who came one day into a church, fixed his eye upon an old lady with a carpet larger than that from the pulpit before her, expecting when ſhe would hold forth. An anabaptiſt who deſigns to come over himſelf, and all his family, within few months, is ſenſible they want breeding enough for our congregations, and has ſent his two eldeſt daughters to learn to dance, that they may not miſbehave themſelves at church: it is worth conſidering whether, in regard to aukward people with ſcrupulous conſciences, a good chriſtian of the beſt air in the world ought not rather to deny herſelf the opportunity of ſhewing ſo many graces, than keep a baſhful proſelyte without the pale of the church. T

No. CCLX. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes. HOR.

Years following years ſteal ſomething ev'ry day,
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away. POPE.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM now in the ſixty-fifth year of my age, and having been the greater part of my days a man of 'pleaſure, the decay of my faculties is a ſtagnation of 'my life. But how is it, Sir, that my appetites are in-

'creaſed

'creaſed upon me with the loſs of power to gratify them? 'I write this, like a criminal, to warn people to enter 'upon what reformation they pleaſe to make in them-'ſelves in their youth, and not expect they ſhall be ca-'pable of it from a fond opinion ſome have often in their 'mouths, that if we do not leave our deſires they will 'leave us. It is far otherwiſe; I am now as vain in my 'dreſs, and as flippant if I ſee a pretty woman, as when 'in my youth I ſtood upon a bench in the pit to ſurvey 'the whole circle of beauties. The folly is ſo extrava-'gant with me, and I went on with ſo little check of my 'deſires, or reſignation of them, that I can aſſure you, 'I very often, merely to entertain my own thoughts, ſit 'with my ſpectacles on, writing love-letters to the beau-'ties that have been long ſince in their graves. This is 'to warm my heart with the faint memory of delights 'which were once agreeable to me; but how much hap-'pier would my life have been now, if I could have 'looked back on any worthy action done for my country? 'If I had laid out that which I profuſed in luxury 'and wantonneſs, in acts of generoſity or charity? I 'have lived a batchelor to this day; and inſtead of a nu-'merous offspring, with which, in the regular ways of 'life, I might poſſibly have delighted myſelf, I have 'only to amuſe myſelf with the repetition of old ſtories 'and intrigues which no one will believe I ever was con-'cerned in. I do not know whether you have ever treated 'of it or not; but you cannot fall on a better ſubject, 'than that of the art of growing old. In ſuch a lecture 'you muſt propoſe, that no one ſet his heart upon what 'is tranſient: the beauty grows wrinkled while we are 'yet gazing at her. The witty man ſinks into an 'humouriſt imperceptibly, for want of reflecting that 'all things around him are in a flux, and continually 'changing: thus he is in the ſpace of ten or fifteen 'years ſurrounded by a new ſet of people, whoſe man-'ners are as natural to them as his delights, method of 'thinking, and mode of living, were formerly to him 'and his friends. But the miſchief is, he looks upon 'the ſame kind of errors which he himſelf was guilty of

'with an eye of ſcorn, and with that ſort of ill-will 'which men entertain againſt each other for different 'opinions: thus a crazy conſtitution, and an uneaſy 'mind is fretted with vexatious paſſions for young men's 'doing fooliſhly what it is folly to do at all. Dear Sir, 'this is my preſent ſtate of mind; I hate thoſe I ſhould 'laugh at, and envy thoſe I contemn. The time of 'youth and vigorous manhood, paſſed the way in which 'I have diſpoſed of it, is attended with theſe conſe-'quences; but to thoſe who live and paſs away life as 'they ought, all parts of it are equally pleaſant; only 'the memory of good and worthy actions is a feaſt which 'muſt give a quicker reliſh to the ſoul than ever it could 'poſſibly taſte in the higheſt enjoyments or jollities of 'youth. As for me, if I ſit down in my great chair and 'begin to ponder, the vagaries of a child are not more 'ridiculous than the circumſtances which are heaped up 'in my memory; fine gowns, country dances, ends of 'tunes, interrupted converſations, and midnight quar-'rels, are what muſt neceſſarily compoſe my ſoliloquy. 'I beg of you to print this, that ſome ladies of my ac-'quaintance and my years, may be perſuaded to wear 'warm night-caps this cold ſeaſon: and that my old 'friend Jack Tawdry may buy him a cane, and not 'creep with the air of a ſtrut. I muſt add to all this, that 'if it were not for one pleaſure, which I thought a very 'mean one until of very late years, I ſhould have no one 'great ſatisfaction left; but if I live to the 10th of 'March, 1714, and all my ſecurities are good, I ſhall 'be worth fifty thouſand pound.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'JACK AFTERDAY.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'YOU will infinitely oblige a diſtreſſed lover, if you 'will inſert in your very next paper, the following 'letter to my miſtreſs. You muſt know, I am not 'a perſon apt to deſpair, but ſhe has got an odd humour

'of

'of ſtopping ſhort unaccountably, and, as ſhe herſelf 'told a confident of her's, ſhe has cold fits. Theſe fits 'ſhall laſt her a month or ſix weeks together; and as 'ſhe falls into them without provocation, ſo it is to be 'hoped ſhe will return from them without the merit of 'new ſervices. But life and love will not admit of ſuch 'intervals, therefore pray let her be admoniſhed as fol-'lows.

'Madam,

'I LOVE you, and I honour you; therefore pray do not 'tell me of waiting 'till decencies, 'till forms, 'till 'humours are conſulted and gratified. If you have that 'happy conſtitution as to be indolent for ten weeks to-'gether, you ſhould conſider that all that time I burn 'with impatiences and fevers; but ſtill you ſay it will be 'time enough, though I and you too grow older while 'we are yet talking. Which do you think the more rea-'ſonable, that you ſhould alter a ſtate of indifference for 'happineſs, and that to oblige me, or I live in torment, 'and that to lay no manner of obligation upon you? 'While I indulge your inſenſibility I am doing nothing; 'if you favour my paſſion, you are beſtowing bright de-'ſires, gay hopes, generous cares, noble reſolutions, and 'tranſporting raptures upon,

'Madam,

'Your moſt devoted humble ſervant.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'HERE is a gentlewoman lodges in the ſame houſe 'with me, that I never did any injury to in my 'whole life; and ſhe is always railing at me to thoſe ſhe 'knows will tell me of it. Do not you think that ſhe 'is in love with me? Or would you have me break my 'mind yet or not?

'Your ſervant,

'T. B.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM a footman in a great family, and am in love 'with the houſe-maid. We were all at hot-cockles 'laſt night in the hall theſe holidays; when I lay down 'and was blinded, ſhe pulled off her ſhoe, and hit me 'with the heel ſuch a rap, as almoſt broke my head to 'pieces. Pray, Sir, was this love or ſpite? T

No. CCLXI. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29.

Γάμος γὰς ἀνθρώποισιν τίκλαιον κακόν.

FRAG. VET POET.

Wedlock's an ill men eagerly embrace.

MY father, whom I mentioned in my firſt ſpeculation, and whom I muſt always name with honour and gratitude, has very frequently talked to me upon the ſubject of marriage. I was in my younger years engaged, partly by his advice, and partly by my own inclinations, in the courtſhip of a perſon who had a great deal of beauty, and did not at my firſt approaches ſeem to have any averſion to me; but as my natural taciturnity hindered me from ſhewing myſelf to the beſt advantage, ſhe by degrees began to look upon me as a very ſilly fellow, and being reſolved to regard merit more than any thing elſe in the perſons who made their applications to her, ſhe married a captain of dragoons who happened to be beating up for recruits in thoſe parts.

This unlucky accident has given me an averſion to pretty fellows ever ſince, and diſcouraged me from trying my fortune with the fair ſex. The obſervations which I made in this conjuncture, and the repeated advices which I received at that time from the good old man above-mentioned, have produced the following eſſay upon Love and Marriage.

The

The pleaſanteſt part of a man's life is generally that which paſſes in courtſhip, provided his paſſion be ſincere, and the party beloved kind with diſcretion. Love, deſire, hope, all the pleaſing motions of the ſoul riſe in the purſuit.

It is eaſier for an artful man who is not in love, to perſuade his miſtreſs he has a paſſion for her, and to ſucceed in his purſuits, than for one who loves with the greateſt violence. True love has ten thouſand griefs, impatiences and reſentments, that render a man unamiable in the eyes of the perſon whoſe affection he ſolicits; beſides, that it ſinks his figure, gives him fears, apprehenſions and poorneſs of ſpirit, and often makes him appear ridiculous where he has a mind to recommend himſelf.

Thoſe marriages generally abound moſt with love and conſtancy, that are preceded by a long courtſhip. The paſſion ſhould ſtrike root, and gather ſtrength before marriage be grafted on it. A long courſe of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondneſs of the perſon beloved.

There is nothing of ſo great importance to us, as the good qualities of one to whom we join ourſelves for life; they do not only make our preſent ſtate agreeable, but often determine our happineſs to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under conſideration is an eſtate: where the parties chooſe for themſelves, their thoughts turn moſt upon the perſon. They have both their reaſons. The firſt would procure many conveniencies and pleaſures of life to the party whoſe intereſts they eſpouſe; and at the ſame time may hope that the wealth of their friend will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themſelves a perpetual feaſt. A good perſon does not only raiſe, but continue love, and breeds a ſecret pleaſure and complacency in the beholder, when the firſt heats of deſire are extinguiſhed. It puts the wife or huſband in countenance both among friends and ſtrangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I ſhould

I ſhould prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you muſt have a violent paſſion for her, or you have not the proper taſte of her charms; and if you have ſuch a paſſion for her, it is odds but it would be imbittered with fears and jealouſies.

Good-nature and evenneſs of temper will give you an eaſy companion for life; virtue and good ſenſe, an agreeable friend; love and conſtancy, a good wife or huſband. Where we meet one perſon with all theſe accompliſhments, we find an hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithſtanding, is more intent on trains and equipages, and all the ſhowy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude, than conſult our proper intereſts: and, as I have elſewhere obſerved, it is one of the moſt unaccountable paſſions of human nature, that we are at greater pains to appear eaſy and happy to others, than really to make ourſelves ſo. Of all diſparities, that in humour makes the moſt unhappy marriages, yet ſcarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this reſpect unequally yoked, and uneaſy for life, with a perſon of a particular character, might have been pleaſed and happy with a perſon of a contrary one, notwithſtanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we cannot be too inquiſitive and diſcerning in the faults of the perſon beloved, nor after it too dim-ſighted and ſuperficial. However perfect and accompliſhed the perſon appears to you at a diſtance, you will find many blemiſhes and imperfections in her humour, upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never diſcovered, or perhaps ſuſpected. Here therefore diſcretion and good-nature are to ſhew their ſtrength; the firſt will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is diſagreeable, the other will raiſe in you all the tenderneſs of compaſſion and humanity, and by degrees ſoften thoſe very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the ſcene of our happineſs and miſeries. A marriage of love is pleaſant; a marriage of

of intereſt eaſy; and a marriage, where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleaſures of friendſhip, all the edjoyments of ſenſe and reaſon, and indeed, all the ſweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which paſſes on this ſtate of life. It is, indeed, only happy in thoſe who can look down with ſcorn or neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a conſtant uniform courſe of virtue.

No. CCLXII. MONDAY, DECEMBER 31.

Nulla venenato littera miſta joco eſt. OVID.

Satirical reflexions I avoid.

I THINK myſelf highly obliged to the public for their kind acceptance of a paper which viſits them every morning, and has in it none of thoſe ſeaſonings that recommend ſo many of the writings which are in vogue among us.

As, on the one ſide, my paper has not in it a ſingle word of news, a reflection in politics, nor a ſtroke of party: ſo on the other, there are no faſhionable touches of infidelity, no obſcene ideas, no ſatires upon prieſthood, marriage, and the like popular topics of ridicule; no private ſcandal, nor any thing that may tend to the defamation of particular perſons, families, or ſocieties.

There is not one of thoſe above-mentioned ſubjects that would not ſell a very indifferent paper, could I think of gratifying the public by ſuch mean and baſe methods. But notwithſtanding I have rejected every thing that favours of party, every thing that is looſe and immoral, and every thing that might create uneaſineſs in the minds of particular perſons, I find that the demand for my papers has increaſed every month ſince their firſt appearance in the world. This does not perhaps reflect ſo much honour

honour upon myſelf, as on my readers, who give a much greater attention to diſcourſes of virtue and morality, than ever I expected, or indeed could hope.

When I broke looſe from that great body of writers who have employed their wit and parts in propagating vice and irreligion, I did not queſtion but I ſhould be treated as an odd kind of fellow, that had a mind to appear ſingular in my way of writing: but the general reception I have found, convinces me that the world is not ſo corrupt as we are apt to imagine; and that if thoſe men of parts who have been employed in vitiating the age had endeavoured to rectify and amend it, they needed not have ſacrificed their good ſenſe and virtue to their fame and reputation. No man is ſo ſunk in vice and ignorance, but there are ſtill ſome hidden ſeeds of goodneſs and knowledge in him; which give him a reliſh of ſuch reflexions and ſpeculations as have an aptneſs to improve the mind, and make the heart better.

I have ſhewn in a former paper, with how much care I have avoided all ſuch thoughts as are looſe, obſcene, or immoral; and I believe my reader would ſtill think the better of me, if he knew the pains I am at in qualifying what I write after ſuch a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at private perſons. For this reaſon when I draw any faulty character, I conſider all thoſe perſons to whom the malice of the world may poſſibly apply it, and take care to daſh it with ſuch particular circumſtances as may prevent all ſuch ill-natured applications. If I write any thing on a black man, I run over in my mind all the eminent perſons in the nation who are of that complexion: when I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every ſyllable and letter of it, that it may not bear any reſemblance to one that is real. I know very well the value which every man ſets upon his reputation, and how painful it is to be expoſed to the mirth and deriſion of the public, and ſhould therefore ſcorn to divert my reader at the expence of any private man.

As I have been thus tender of every particular perſon's reputation, ſo I have taken more than ordinary care not to

to give offence to those who appear in the higher figures of life. I would not make myself merry even with a piece of pasteboard that is invested with a public character; for which reason I have never glanced upon the late designed procession of his holiness and his attendants, notwithstanding it might have afforded matter to many ludicrous speculations. Among those advantages, which the public may reap from this paper, it is not the least, that it draws men's minds off from the bitterness of party, and furnishes them with subjects of discourse that may be treated without warmth or passion. This is said to have been the first design of those gentlemen who set on foot the Royal Society; and had then a very good effect, as it turned many of the greatest geniuses of that age to the disquisitions of natural knowledge, who, if they had engaged in politics with the same parts and application, might have set their country in a flame. The air-pump, the barometer, the quadrant, and the like inventions, were thrown out to those busy spirits, as tubs and barrels are to a whale, that he may let the ship sail on without disturbance, while he diverts himself with those innocent amusements.

I have been so very scrupulous in this particular of not hurting any man's reputation that I have forborn mentioning even such authors as I could not name with honour. This I must confess to have been a piece of very great self-denial: for as the public relishes nothing better than the ridicule which turns upon a writer of any eminence, so there is nothing which a man that has but a very ordinary talent in ridicule may execute with greater ease. One might raise laughter for a quarter of a year together upon the works of a person who has published but a very few volumes. For which reason I am astonished, that those who have appeared against this paper have made so very little of it. The criticisms which I have hitherto published, have been made with an intention rather to discover beauties and excellencies in the writers of my own time, than to publish any of their faults and imperfections. In the mean while I should take it for a very great favour from some of my underhand detractors, if they

they would break all meaſures with me ſo far, as to give me a pretence for examining their performances with an impartial eye: nor ſhall I look upon it as any breach of charity to criticiſe the author, ſo long as I keep clear of the perſon.

In the mean while, until I am provoked to ſuch hoſtilities, I ſhall from time to time endeavour to do juſtice to thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the politer parts of learning, and to point out ſuch beauties in their works as may have eſcaped the obſervation of others.

As the firſt place among our Engliſh poets is due to Milton; and as I have drawn more quotations out of him than from any other, I ſhall enter into a regular criticiſm upon his Paradiſe Loſt, which I ſhall publiſh every Saturday until I have given my thoughts upon that poem. I ſhall not however preſume to impoſe upon others my own particular judgment on this author, but only deliver it as my private opinion. Criticiſm is of a very large extent, and every particular maſter in this art has his favourite paſſages in an author, which do not equally ſtrike the beſt judges. It will be ſufficient for me if I diſcover many beauties or imperfections which others have not attended to, and I ſhould be very glad to ſee any of our eminent writers publiſh their diſcoveries on the ſame ſubject. In ſhort, I would always be underſtood to write my papers of criticiſm in the ſpirit which Horace has expreſſed in thoſe two famous lines;

——Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum.

'If you have made any better remarks of your own, 'communicate them with candour; if not, make uſe of 'theſe I preſent you with.'

No. CCLXIII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1712.

Gratulor quòd eum quem neceſſe erat diligere, qualiſcunque eſſet, talem habemus ut libentur quoque diligamus.
Trebonius apud Tull.

I rejoice, that the perſon, whom it was my duty to love, good or bad, is ſuch an one, that I can love him with a willing mind.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM the happy father of a very towardly ſon, in whom I do not only ſee my life, but alſo my manner of life, renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to ſociety, if you would frequently reſume ſubjects which ſerve to bind theſe ſort of relations faſter, and endear the ties of blood with thoſe of good-will, protection, obſervance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method, and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will neceſſarily occur ſo many ſecret inſtincts, and biaſſes of human nature which would paſs unobſerved by common eyes. I thank heaven I have no outrageous offence againſt my own excellent parents to anſwer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my paſt life, from my earlieſt infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even until I myſelf became a father. I had not until then a notion of the yearnings of heart, which a man has when he ſees his child do a laudable thing, or the ſudden damp which ſeizes him when he fears he will act ſomething unworthy. It is not to be imagined, what a remorſe touched me for a long train of childiſh negligences of my mother, when I ſaw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as aſhes upon ſeeing my younger boy ſliding upon the ice. Theſe ſlight intimations will give you to underſtand, that there are numberleſs little

'crimes which children take no notice of while they are 'doing, which, upon reflexion, when they ſhall them- 'ſelves become fathers, they will look upon with the ut- 'moſt ſorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, 'before thoſe whom they offended were to be no more 'ſeen. How many thouſand things do I remember, 'which would have highly pleaſed my father, and I 'omitted for no other reaſon, but that I thought what he 'propoſed the effect of humour and old age, which I am 'now convinced had reaſon and good ſenſe in it. I can- 'not now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart 'glad with an account of a matter which was of no con- 'ſequence, but that I told it, and acted in it. The good 'man and woman are long ſince in their graves, who 'uſed to ſit and plot the welfare of us their children, 'while, perhaps, we were ſometimes laughing at the 'old folks at another end of the houſe. The truth of 'it is, were we merely to follow nature in theſe great 'duties of life, though we have a ſtrong inſtinct towards 'the performing of them, we ſhould be on both ſides 'very deficient. Age is ſo unwelcome to the generality 'of mankind, and growth towards manhood ſo deſirable 'to all, that reſignation to decay is too difficult a taſk in 'the father; and deference, amidſt the impulſe of gay 'deſires, appears unreaſonable to the ſon. There are 'ſo few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet 'fewer who can come ſlow enough into the world, that 'a father, were he to be actuated by his deſires and 'a ſon, were he to conſult himſelf only, could neither 'of them behave himſelf as he ought to the other. But 'when reaſon interpoſes againſt inſtinct, where it would 'carry either out of the intereſts of the other, there 'ariſes that happieſt intercourſe of good offices between 'thoſe deareſt relations of human life. The father, ac- 'cording to the opportunities which are offered to him, 'is throwing down bleſſings on the ſon, and the ſon en- 'deavouring to appear the worthy offspring of ſuch a 'father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his 'firſt-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleaſing 'and indolent old age, in which paſſion is ſubdued, and

'reaſon

'reaſon exalted. He waits the day of his diſſolution 'with a reſignation mixed with delight, and the ſon 'fears the acceſſion of his father's fortune with diffidence, 'leſt he ſhould not enjoy or become it as well as his pre-'deceſſor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves 'a friend to the children of his friends, an eaſy landlord 'to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his ac-'quaintance. He believes his ſon's behaviour will make 'him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This 'commerce it ſo well cemented, that without the pomp 'of ſaying, "Son, be a friend to ſuch a one when I am "gone;" Cemillus knows, being in his favour, is di-'rection enough to the grateful youth who is to ſucceed 'him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. 'Theſe gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbour-'hood, and the ſame effect which the court has on the 'manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all 'who live within the influence of them.

'My ſon and I are not of fortune to communicate our 'good actions or intentions to ſo many as theſe gentle-'men do; but I will be bold to ſay, my ſon has, by the 'applauſe and approbation which his behaviour to-'wards me has gained him, occaſioned that many an 'old man, beſides myſelf, has rejoiced. Other men's 'children follow the example of mine, and I have the 'inexpreſſible happineſs of overhearing our neighbours, 'as we ride by, point to their children, and ſay, with a 'voice of joy, there they go.

'You cannot, Mr. Spectator, paſs your time better 'than in inſinuating the delights which theſe relations 'well regarded beſtow upon each other. Ordinary paſ-'ſages are no longer ſuch, but mutual love gives an im-'portance to the moſt indifferent things, and a merit to 'actions the moſt inſignificant. When we look round 'the world, and obſerve the many miſunderſtandings 'which are created by the malice and inſinuation of the 'meaneſt ſervants between people thus related, how ne-'ceſſary will it appear that it were inculcated that men 'would be upon their guard to ſupport a conſtancy of af-

'fection, and that grounded upon the principles of rea-
'ſon, not the impulſes of inſtinct?

'It is from the common prejudices which men receive
'from their parents, that hatreds are kept alive from one
'generation to another; and when men act by inſtinct,
'hatreds will deſcend when good offices are forgotten.
'For the degeneracy of human life is ſuch, that our
'anger is more eaſily transferred to our children than
'our love. Love always gives ſomething to the object
'it delights in, and anger ſpoils the perſon againſt whom
'it is moved of ſomething laudable in him: from this
'degeneracy therefore, and a ſort of ſelf-love, we are
'more prone to take up the ill-will of our parents, than
'to follow them in their friendſhips.

'One would think there ſhould need no more to make
'men keep up this ſort of relation with the utmoſt ſanc-
'tity, than to examine their own hearts. If every
'father remembered his own thoughts and inclinations
'when he was a ſon, and every ſon remembered what he
'expected from his father, when he himſelf was in a ſtate
'of dependence, this one reflexion would preſerve men
'from being diſſolute or rigid in theſe ſeveral capacities.
'The power and ſubjection between them, when broken,
'make them more emphatically tyrants and rebels againſt
'each other, with greater cruelty of heart, than the
'diſruption of ſtates and empires can poſſibly produce.
'I ſhall end this application to you with two letters
'which paſſed between a mother and ſon very lately, and
'are as follows.

'Dear Frank,

'IF the pleaſures, which I have the grief to hear you
'purſue in town, do not take up all your time, do
'not deny your mother ſo much of it, as to read ſeriouſ-
'ly this letter. You ſaid before Mr. Letacre, that an
'old woman might live very well in the country upon
'half my jointure, and that your father was a fond fool
'to give me a rent-charge of eight hundred a year to the
'prejudice of his ſon. What Letacre ſaid to you upon
'that occaſion, you ought to have borne with more de-

'cency,

'cency, as he was your father's well-beloved ſervant, 'than to have called him country-put. In the firſt place, 'Frank, I muſt tell you, I will have my rent duly paid, for 'I will make up to your ſiſters for the partiality I was 'guilty of, in making your father do ſo much as he has 'done for you. I may, it ſeems, live upon half my 'jointure! I lived upon much leſs, Frank, when I car-'ried you from place to place in theſe arms, and could 'neither eat, dreſs, or mind any thing for feeding and 'tending you a weakly child, and ſhedding tears when 'the convulſions you were then troubled with returned 'upon you. By my care you out-grew them, to throw 'away the vigour of your youth in the arms of harlots, 'and deny your mother what is not your's to detain. 'Both your ſiſters are crying to ſee the paſſion which 'I ſmother; but if you pleaſe to go on thus like a gen-'tleman of the town, and forget all regards to yourſelf 'and family, I ſhall immediately enter upon your eſtate 'for the arrear due to me, and without one tear more 'condemn you for forgetting the fondneſs of your mother, 'as much as you have the example of your father. O 'Frank do I live to omit writing myſelf,

'Your affectionate mother,

'A. T.'

'Madam,

'I WILL come down to-morrow and pay the money 'on my knees. Pray write ſo no more. I will take 'care you never ſhall, for I will be for ever hereafter

'Your moſt dutiful ſon,

'F. T.

'I will bring down new heads for my ſiſters. Pray 'let all be forgotten.'

No. CCLXIV. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2.

——— Secretum iter & fallentis ſemita vitæ. Hor.

———Cloſe retirement, and a life by ſtealth.

Creech.

IT has been from age to age an affectation to love the pleaſure of ſolitude, among thoſe who connot poſſibly be ſuppoſed qualified for paſſing life in that manner. This people have taken up from reading the many agreeable things which have been writ on that ſubject, for which we are beholden to excellent perſons who delighted in being retired and abſtracted from the pleaſures that inchant the generality of the world. This way of life is recommended indeed with great beauty, and in ſuch a manner as diſpoſes the reader for the time to a pleaſing forgetfulneſs, or negligence of the particular hurry of life in which he is engaged, together with a longing for that ſtate which he is charmed with in deſcription. But when we conſider the world itſelf, and how few there are capable of a religious, learned, or philoſophic ſolitude, we ſhall be apt to change ar egard to that ſort of ſolitude, for being a little ſingular in enjoying time after the way a man himſelf likes beſt in the world, without going ſo far as wholly to withdraw from it. I have often obſerved, there is not a man breathing who does not differ from all other men, as much in the ſentiments of his mind, as the features of his face. The felicity is, when any one is ſo happy as to find out and follow what is the proper bent of his genius, and turn all his endeavours to exert himſelf according as that prompts him. Inſtead of this, which is an innocent method of enjoying a man's ſelf, and turning out of the general tracks wherein you have crouds of rivals, there are thoſe who purſue their own way out of a fourneſs and ſpirit of contradiction: theſe men do every thing which they are able to ſupport, as if guilt and impunity could not go together. They chooſe a thing only becauſe another diſlikes it; and affect

ſect forſooth an inviolable conſtancy in matters of no manner of moment. Thus ſometimes an old fellow ſhall wear this or that ſort of cut in his clothes with great integrity, while all the reſt of the world are degenerated into buttons, pockets, and loops unknown to their anceſtors. As inſignificant as even this is, if it were ſearched to the bottom, you perhaps would find it not ſincere, but that he is in the faſhion in his heart, and holds out from mere obſtinacy. But I am running from my intended purpoſe, which was to celebrate a certain particular manner of paſſing away life, and is a contradiction to no man, but a reſolution to contract none of the exorbitant deſires by which others are enſlaved. The beſt way of ſeparating a man's ſelf from the world, is to give up the deſire of being known to it. After a man has preſerved his innocence, and performed all duties incumbent upon him, his time ſpent his own way is what makes his life differ from that of a ſlave. If they who affect ſhow and pomp knew how many of their ſpectators deride their trivial taſte, they would be very much leſs elated, and have an inclination to examine the merit of all they have to do with: they would ſoon find out that there are many who make a figure below what their fortune or merit intitles them to, out of mere choice, and an elegant deſire of eaſe and diſincumbrance. It would look like a romance to tell you in this age of an old man who is contented to paſs for an humouriſt, and one who does not underſtand the figure he ought to make in the world, while he lives in a lodging of ten ſhillings a week with only one ſervant: while he dreſſes himſelf according to the ſeaſon in cloth or in ſtuff, and has no one neceſſary attention to any thing but the bell which calls to prayers twice a day. I ſay it would look like a fable to report that this gentleman gives away all which is the overplus of a great fortune, by ſecret methods, to other men. If he has not the pomp of a numerous train, and of profeſſors of ſervice to him, he has every day he lives the conſcience that the widow, the fatherleſs, the mourner, and the ſtranger bleſs his unſeen hand in their prayers. This humouriſt gives up all the compliments which people

of

of his own condition could make him, for the pleaſures of helping the afflicted, ſupplying the needy, and befriending the neglected. This humouriſt keeps to himſelf much more than he wants, and gives a vaſt refuſe of his ſuperfluities to purchaſe heaven, and by freeing others from the temptations of worldly want, to carry a retinue with him thither.

Of all men who affect living in a particular way, next to this admirable character, I am the moſt enamoured of Irus, whoſe condition will not admit of ſuch largeſſes, and perhaps would not be capable of making them, if it were. Irus, though he is now turned of fifty, has not appeared in the world, in his real character, ſince five-and-twenty, at which age he ran out a ſmall patrimony, and ſpent ſome time after with rakes who had lived upon him: a courſe of ten years time, paſſed in all the little alleys, bye-paths, and ſometimes open taverns and ſtreets of this town, gave Irus a perfect ſkill in judging of the inclinations of mankind, and acting accordingly. He ſeriouſly conſidered he was poor, and the general horror which moſt men have of all who are in that condition. Irus judged very rightly, that while he could keep his poverty a ſecret, he ſhould not feel the weight of it; he improved this thought into an affectation of cloſeneſs and covetouſneſs. Upon this one principle he reſolved to govern his future life; and in the thirty-ſixth year of his age he repaired to Long-lane, and looked upon ſeveral dreſſes which hung there deſerted by their firſt maſters, and expoſed to the purchaſe of the beſt bidder. At this place he exchanged his gay ſhabbineſs of clothes fit for a much younger man, to warm ones that would be decent for a much older one. Irus came thoroughly equipped from head to foot, with a little oaken cane in the form of a ſubſtantial man that did not mind his dreſs, turned of fifty. He had at this time fifty pounds of ready money; and in this habit, with this fortune, he took his preſent lodging in St. John's-ſtreet, at the manſion-houſe of a taylor's widow, who waſhes and can clearch-ſtarch his bands. From that time to this he has kept the main ſtock, without alteration under or over, to the value of

of five pounds. He left off all his old acquaintance to a man, and all his arts of life, except the play of back-gammon, upon which he has more than bore his charges. Irus has, ever ſince he came into this neighbourhood, given all the intimation he ſkilfully could of being a cloſe hunks worth money: no body comes to viſit him, he receives no letters, and tells his money morning and evening. He has, from the public papers, a knowledge of what generally paſſes, ſhuns all diſcourſes of money, but ſhrugs his ſhoulders when you talk of ſecurities; he denies his being rich with the air, which all do who are vain of being ſo: he is the oracle of a neighbouring juſtice of peace, who meets him at the coffee-houſe; the hopes that what he has muſt come to ſomebody, and that he has no heirs, have that effect wherever he is known, that he every day has three or four invitations to dine at different places, which he generally takes care to chooſe in ſuch a manner, as not to ſeem inclined to the richer man. All the young men reſpect him, and ſay he is juſt the ſame man he was when they were boys. He uſes no artifice in the world, but makes uſe of men's deſigns upon him to get a maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain peeviſhneſs, (which he acts very well) that no one would believe could poſſibly enter into the head of a poor fellow. His mien, his dreſs, his carriage, and his language are ſuch, that you would be at a loſs to gueſs whether in the active part of his life he had been a ſenſible citizen, or ſcholar that knew the world. Theſe are the great circumſtances in the life of Irus, and thus does he paſs away his days a ſtranger to mankind; and at his death, the worſt that will be ſaid of him will be, that he got by every man who had expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.

I have an inclination to print the following letters; for that I have heard the author of them has ſomewhere or other ſeen me, and by an excellent faculty in mimicry my correſpondents tell me he can aſſume my air, and give my taciturnity a ſlyneſs which diverts more than any thing I could ſay if I were preſent. Thus I am glad my ſilence is atoned for to the good company in town. He

has

has carried his ſkill in imitation ſo far, as to have forged a letter from my friend Sir *Roger* in ſuch a manner, that any one but I, who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for genuine.

'Mr. Spectator,

'HAVING obſerved in Lilly's grammar how ſweetly Bacchus and Apollo run in a verſe: I have, to 'preſerve the amity between them, called in Bacchus to 'the aid of my profeſſion of the Theatre. So that while 'ſome people of quality are beſpeaking plays of me to 'be acted upon ſuch a day, and others, hogſheads for 'their houſes againſt ſuch a time; I am wholly employ-'ed in the agreeable ſervice of wit and wine: Sir, I have 'ſent you Sir Roger de Coverley's letter to me, which 'pray comply with in favour of the Bumper Tavern. 'Be kind, for you know a player's utmoſt pride is the 'approbation of the *Spectator*.

'I am your admirer, though unknown,

'RICHARD ESTCOURT.'

'To Mr. Eſtcourt, at his houſe in Covent-Garden.'

'Coverley, December the 18th, 1711.

'Old comical Ones,

'THE hogſheads of neat port came ſafe, and have 'gotton thee good reputation in theſe parts; and 'I am glad to hear, that a fellow who has been laying 'out his money ever ſince he was born, for the mere 'pleaſure of wine, has bethought himſelf of joining 'profit and pleaſure together. Our ſexton (poor man) 'having received ſtrength from thy wine ſince his fit of 'the gout, is hugely taken with it: he ſays it is given 'by nature for the uſe of families, that no ſteward's 'table can be without it, that it ſtrengthens digeſtion, 'excludes ſurfeits, fevers and phyſic; which green wines 'of any kind cannot do. Pray get a pure snug room,

'and

'and I hope next term to help fill your Bumper with 'our people of the club; but you muſt have no bells 'ſtirring when the *Spectator* comes; I forbore ringing 'to dinner while he was down with me in the country. 'Thank you for the little hams and Portugal onions; 'pray keep ſome always by you. You know my ſupper 'is only good Cheſhire cheeſe, beſt muſtard, a golden pip-'pin, attended with a pipe of John Sly's beſt. Sir Harry 'has ſtolen all your ſongs, and tells the ſtory of the 5th 'of November to perfection.

'Your's, to ſerve you,

'ROGER DE COVERLEY.

'We have loſt old John ſince you were here.' T

No. CCLXV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 3.

Dixerit è multis aliquis, quid virus in angues
Adjicis? & rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ? OVID.

But ſome exclaim; what frenzy rules your mind?
Would you increaſe the craft of woman-kind;
Teach 'em new wiles and arts? As well you may
Inſtruct a ſnake to bite, or wolf to prey. CONGREVE.

ONE of the fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a woman to be ζῶον τριλοχόσμον, "an "animal that delights in finery." I have already treated of the ſex in two or three papers, conformably to this definition, and have in particular obſerved, that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head, which we generally call the outſide.

This obſervation is ſo very notorious, that when in ordinary diſcourſe we ſay a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we expreſs ourſelves metaphorically, and ſpeak in relation to his underſtanding; whereas when we ſay of a woman, ſhe has a fine, a long, or a good head, we ſpeak only in relation to her commode.

It

It is obſerved among birds, that nature has laviſhed all her ornaments upon the male, who very often appears in a moſt beautiful head-dreſs: whether it be a creſt, a comb, a tuft of feathers, or a natural little plume, erected like a kind of pinnacle on the very top of the head. As nature on the contrary has poured out her charms in the greateſt abundance upon the female part of our ſpecies, ſo they are very aſſiduous in beſtowing upon themſelves the fineſt garnitures of art. The peacock, in all his pride, does not diſplay half the colours that appear in the garments of a Britiſh lady, when ſhe is dreſſed either for a ball or a birth-day.

But to return to our female heads. The ladies have been for ſome time in a kind of moulting ſeaſon, with regard to that part of their dreſs, having caſt great quantities of ribbon, lace, and cambric, and in ſome meaſure reduced that part of the human figure to the beautiful globular form, which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament would be ſubſtituted in the place of thoſe antiquated commodes. But our female projectors were all the laſt ſummer ſo taken up with the improvement of their petticoats, that they had not time to attend to any thing elſe; but having at length ſufficiently adorned their lower parts, they now begin to turn their thoughts upon the other extremity, as well remembering the old kitchen proverb, "that if you light your fire at both ends, the "middle will ſhift for itſelf."

I am engaged in this ſpeculation by a ſight which I lately met with at the opera. As I was ſtanding in the hinder part of the box, I took notice of a little cluſter of women ſitting together in the prettieſt coloured hoods that I ever ſaw. One of them was blue, another yellow, and another philemot; the fourth was of a pink colour, and the fifth of a pale green. I looked with as much pleaſure upon this little party-coloured aſſembly, as upon a bed of tulips, and did not know at firſt whether it might not be an embaſſy of Indian queens; but upon my going about into the pit, and taking them in front, I was immediately undeceived, and ſaw ſo much beauty

in

in every face, that I found them all to be Engliſh. Such eyes and lips, cheeks and foreheads, could be the growth of no other country. The complexion of their faces hindered me from obſerving any farther the colour of their hoods, though I could eaſily perceive by that unſpeakable ſatisfaction which appeared in their looks, that their own thoughts were wholly taken up on thoſe pretty ornaments they wore upon their heads.

I am informed that this faſhion ſpreads daily, inſomuch that the whig and tory ladies begin already to hang out different colours, and to ſhew their principles in their head-dreſs. Nay, if I may believe my friend *Will Honeycomb*, there is a certain old coquette of his acquaintance who intends to appear very ſuddenly in a rainbow hood, like the Iris in Dryden's Virgil, not queſtioning but that among ſuch variety of colours ſhe ſhall have a charm for every heart.

My friend *Will*, who very much values himſelf upon his great inſight into gallantry, tells me, that he can already gueſs at the humour a lady is in by her hood, as the courtiers of Morocco know the diſpoſition of their preſent emperor by the colour of the dreſs which he puts on. When Meleſinda wraps her head in flame colour, her heart is ſet upon execution. When ſhe covers it with purple, I would not, ſays he, adviſe her lover to approach her; but if ſhe appears in white, it is peace, and he may hand her out of the box with ſafety.

Will informs me likewiſe, that theſe hoods may be uſed as ſignals. Why elſe, ſays he, does Cornelia always put on a black hood when her huſband is gone into the country?

Such are my friend *Honeycomb*'s dreams of gallantry. For my own part, I impute this diverſity of colours in the hoods to the diverſity of complexion in the faces of my pretty countrywomen. Ovid in his Art of Love has given ſome precepts as to this particular, though I find they are different from thoſe which prevail among the moderns. He recommends a red ſtriped ſilk to the pale complexion; white to the brown, and dark to the fair. On the contrary, my friend *Will*, who pre-

tends to be a greater maſter in this art than Ovid, tells me, that the paleſt features look the moſt agreeable in white ſarſanet; that a face which is overflushed appears to advantage in the deepeſt ſcarlet, and that the darkeſt complexion is not a little alleviated by a black hood. In ſhort, he is for loſing the colour of the face in that of the hood, as a fire burns dimly, and a candle goes half out, in the light of the ſun. This, ſays he, your Ovid himſelf has hinted, where he treats of theſe matters, when he tells us that the blue water nymphs are dreſſed in ſky-coloured garments; and that Aurora, who always appears in the light of the riſing ſun, is robed in ſaffron.

Whether theſe his obſervations are juſtly grounded I cannot tell: but I have often known him, as we have ſtood together behind the ladies, praiſe or diſpraiſe the complexion of a face which he never ſaw, from obſerving the colour of her hood, and has been very ſeldom out in theſe his gueſſes.

As I have nothing more at heart than the honour and improvement of the fair ſex, I cannot conclude this paper without an exhortation to the Britiſh ladies, that they would excel the women of all other nations as much in virtue and good ſenſe, as they do in beauty; which they may certainly do, if they will be as induſtrious to cultivate their minds, as they are to adorn their bodies: in the mean while I ſhall recommend to their moſt ſerious conſideration the ſaying of an old Greek poet,

Γυναικὶ κόσμος ὁ τρόπος, κ' ὐ χρυσία. C

FRIDAY,

No. CCLXVI. FRIDAY, JANUARY 4.

Id verò eſt, quod ego mihi puto palmarium,
Me reperiſſe, quommodo adoleſcentulus
Meretricum ingenia & mores poſſit noſcere:
Maturè ut cùm cognôrit perpetuò oderit. TER. EUN.

I look upon it as my maſter-piece, that I have found out how a young fellow may know the diſpoſition and behaviour of harlots, and by early knowing come to deteſt them.

NO vice or wickedneſs which people fall into from indulgence to deſires which are natural to all, ought to place them below the compaſſion of the virtuous part of the world; which indeed often makes me a little apt to ſuſpect the ſincerity of their virtue, who are too warmly provoked at other people's perſonal ſins. The unlawful commerce of the ſexes is of all other the hardeſt to avoid; and yet there is no one which you ſhall hear the rigider part of womankind ſpeak of with ſo little mercy. It is very certain that a modeſt woman cannot abhor the breach of chaſtity too much; but pray let her hate it for herſelf, and only pity it in others. *Will Honeycomb* calls theſe over-offended ladies, the outrageouſly virtuous.

I do not deſign to fall upon failures in general, with relation to the gift of chaſtity, but at preſent only enter upon that large field, and begin with the conſideration of poor and public whores. The other evening paſſing along near Covent Garden, I was jogged on the elbow as I turned into the piazza, on the right hand coming out of James-ſtreet, by a young ſlim girl of about ſeventeen, who with a pert air aſked me if I was for a pint of wine. I do not know but I ſhould have indulged my curioſity in having ſome chat with her, but that I am informed the man of the Bumper knows me; and it would have made a ſtory for him not very agreeable to ſome part of my writings, though I have in others ſo frequently ſaid that I am wholly unconcerned in any

ſcene I am in, but merely as a ſpectater. This impediment being in my way, we ſtood under one of the arches by twilight; and there I could obſerve as exact features as I had ever ſeen, the moſt agreeable ſhape, the fineſt neck and boſom, in a word, the whole perſon of a woman exquiſitely beautiful. She affected to allure me with a forced wantonneſs in her look and air; but I ſaw it checked with hunger and cold: her eyes were wan and eager, her dreſs thin and tawdry, her mien genteel and childiſh. This ſtrange figure gave me much anguiſh of heart, and to avoid being ſeen with her I went away, but could not forbear giving her a crown. The poor thing ſighed, curtſied, and with a bleſſing expreſſed with the utmoſt vehemence, turned from me. This creature is what they call "newly come upon the town," but who, I ſuppoſe, falling into cruel hands, was left in the firſt month from her diſhonour, and expoſed to paſs through the hands and diſcipline of one of thoſe hags of hell whom we call bawds. But leſt I ſhould grow too ſuddenly grave on this ſubject, and be myſelf outrageouſly good, I ſhall turn to a ſcene in one of Fletcher's plays, where this character is drawn, and the œconomy of whoredom moſt admirably deſcribed. The paſſage I would point to is in the third ſcene of the ſecond act of the Humourous Lieutenant. Leucippe, who is agent for the king's luſt, and bawds at the ſame time for the whole court, is very pleaſantly introduced, reading her minutes as a perſon of buſineſs, with two maids, her under-ſecretaries, taking inſtructions at a table before her. Her women, both thoſe under her preſent tutelage, and thoſe which ſhe is laying wait for, are alphabetically ſet down in her book; and ſhe is looking over the letter C, in a muttering voice, as if between ſoliloquy and ſpeaking out, ſhe ſays,

"Her maidenhead will yield me; let me ſee now;
"She is not fifteen they ſay: for her complexion——
"Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, here I have her,
"Cloe, the daughter of a country gentleman;
"Her age upon fifteen. Now her complexion.
"A lovely brown; here 'tis; eyes black and rolling,

"The

" The body neatly built; ſhe ſtrikes a lute well,
" Sings moſt enticingly: theſe helps conſider'd,
" Her maidenhead will amount to ſome three hundred,
" Or three hundred and fifty crowns, 'twill bear it hand-
" ſomely,
" Her father's poor, ſome little ſhare deducted,
" To buy him a hunting nag"———

Theſe creatures are very well inſtructed in the circumſtances and manners of all who are any way related to the fair one whom they have a deſign upon. As Cloe is to be purchaſed with 350 crowns, and the father taken off with a pad; the merchant's wife next to her, who abounds in plenty, is not to have downright money, but the mercenary part of her mind is engaged with a preſent of plate and a little ambition. She is made to underſtand that it is a man of quality who dies for her. The examination of a young girl for buſineſs, and the crying down her value for being a ſlight thing, together with every other circumſtance in the ſcene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true ſpirit of comedy; though it were to be wiſhed the author had added a circumſtance which ſhould make Leucippe's baſeneſs more odious.

It muſt not be thought a digreſſion from my intended ſpeculation, to talk of bawds in a diſcourſe upon wenches; for a woman of the town is not thoroughly and properly ſuch, without having gone through the education of one of theſe houſes. But the compaſſionate caſe of very many is, that they are taken into ſuch hands without any the leaſt ſuſpicion, previous temptation, or admonition to what place they are going. The laſt week I went to an inn in the city to inquire for ſome proviſions which were ſent by a waggon out of the country; and as I waited in one of the boxes till the chamberlain had looked over his parcel, I heard an old and a young voice repeating the queſtions and reſponſes of the church-catechiſm. I thought it no breach of good manners to peep at a creviſe, and look in at people ſo well employed; but who ſhould I ſee there but the moſt artful procureſs in the town, examining a moſt beautiful country-girl, who

had come up in the ſame waggon with my things, "Whe-
"ſhe was well educated, could forbear playing the wan-
"ton with ſervants and idle fellows, of which this town
"ſays ſhe, "is too full:" at the ſame time, "Whe-
"ther ſhe knew enough of breeding, as that if a 'ſquire
"or gentleman, or one that was her betters, ſhould give
"her a civil ſalute, ſhe ſhould curteſy and be humble
"nevertheleſs." Her innocent forſooths, yes's, an't pleaſe you's, and ſhe would do her endeavour, moved the good old lady to take her out of the hands of a country bumkin her brother, and hire her for her own maid. I ſtaid till I ſaw them all marched out to take coach; the brother loaded with a great cheeſe, he prevailed upon her to take for her civilities to his ſiſter. This poor creature's fate is not far off that of her's whom I ſpoke of above, and it is not to be doubted, but after ſhe has been long enough a prey to luſt, ſhe will be delivered over to famine. The ironical commendation of the induſtry and charity of theſe antiquated ladies, theſe directors of ſin, after they can no longer commit it, makes up the beauty of the inimitable dedication to the Plain-Dealer, and is a maſter-piece of raillery on this vice. But to underſtand all the purlieus of this game the better, and to illuſtrate this ſubject in future diſcourſes, I muſt venture myſelf, with my friend *Will*, into the haunts of beauty and gallantry; from pampered vice in the habitations of the wealthy, to diſtreſſed indigent wickedneſs expelled the harbours of the brothel. T

No. CCLXVII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 5.

Cedite Romani ſcriptores, cedite Graii. PROPERT.

Give place, ye Roman, and ye Grecian wits.

THERE is nothing in nature ſo irkſome as general diſcourſes, eſpecially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reaſon I ſhall wave the diſcuſſion of that point which was ſtarted ſome years ſince, whether Milton's

Milton's Paradiſe Loſt may be called an heroic poem? Thoſe who will not give it that title, may call it, if they pleaſe, a divine poem. It will be ſufficient to its perfection, if has in it all the beauties of the higheſt kind of poetry; and as for thoſe who alledge it is not an heroic poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it, than if they ſhould ſay Adam is not Æneas, nor Eve Helen.

I ſhall therefore examine it by the rules of epic poetry, and ſee whether it falls ſhort of the Iliad or Æneid, in the beauties which are eſſential to that kind of writing. The firſt thing to be conſidered in an epic poem, is the fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or leſs ſo. This action ſhould have three qualifications in it. Firſt, it ſhould be but one action. Secondly, it ſhould be an entire action; and, thirdly, it ſhould be a great action. To conſider the action of the Iliad, Æneid, and Paradiſe Loſt, in theſe three ſeveral lights. Homer to preſerve the unity of his action haſtens into the midſt of things, as Horace has obſerved: had he gone up to Leda's egg, or begun much later even at the rape of Helen, or the inviting of Troy, it is manifeſt that the ſtory of the poem would have been a ſeries of ſeveral actions. He therefore opens his poem with the diſcord of his princes, and artfully interweaves, in the ſeveral ſucceeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which relates to them, and had paſſed before that fatal diſſenſion. After the ſame manner Æneas makes his firſt appearance in the Tyrrhene ſeas, and within ſight of Italy, becauſe the action propoſed to be celebrated was that of his ſettling himſelf in Latium. But becauſe it was neceſſary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of Troy, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, Virgil makes his hero relate it by way of epiſode in the ſecond and third books of the Æneid. The contents of both which books come before thoſe of the firſt book in the thread of the ſtory, though for preſerving of this unity of action they follow them in the diſpoſition of the poem. Milton, in imitation of theſe two great poets, opens his

Paradiſe

Paradiſe Loſt, with an infernal council plotting the fall of man, which is the action he propoſed to celebrate; and as for thoſe great actions, which preceded in point of time, the battle of the angels, and the creation of the world, which would have intirely deſtroyed the unity of his principal action, had he related them in the ſame order they happened, he caſt them into the fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh books, by way of epiſode to this noble poem.

Ariſtotle himſelf allows, that Homer has nothing to boaſt of as to the unity of his fable, though at the ſame time that great critic and philoſopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the Greek poet by imputing it in ſome meaſure to the very nature of an epic poem. Some have been of opinion, that the Æneid alſo labours in this particular, and has epiſodes which may be looked upon as excreſcences rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the poem, which we have now under our conſideration, hath no other epiſodes than ſuch as naturally ariſe from the ſubject, and yet is filled with ſuch a multitude of aſtoniſhing incidents, that it gives us at the ſame time a pleaſure of the greateſt variety, and of the greateſt ſimplicity; uniform in its nature, though diverſified in the execution.

I muſt obſerve alſo that as Virgil, in the poem which was deſigned to celebrate the original of the Roman empire, has deſcribed the birth of its great rival, the Carthagenian commonwealth: Milton, with the like art in his poem on the fall of man, has related the fall of thoſe angels who are his profeſſed enemies. Beſides the many other beauties in ſuch an epiſode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem hinders it from breaking the unity ſo much as another epiſode would have done, that had not ſo great an affinity with the principal ſubject. In ſhort, this is the ſame kind of beauty which the critics admire in the Spaniſh Friar, or the Double Diſcovery, where the two different plots look like counterparts and copies of one another.

The

The ſecond qualification required in the action of an epic poem, is, that it ſhould be an entire action: an action is entire when it is complete in all its parts; or, as Ariſtotle deſcribes it, when it conſiſts of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing ſhould go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no ſingle ſtep ſhould be omitted in that juſt and regular proceſs which it muſt be ſuppoſed to take from its original to its conſummation. Thus we ſee the anger of Achilles in its birth, its continuance and effects; and Æneas's ſettlement in Italy, carried on through all the oppoſitions in his way to it both by ſea and land. The action in Milton excels, I think, both the former in this particular: we ſee it contrived in hell, executed upon earth, and puniſhed by heaven. The parts of it are told in the moſt diſtinct manner, and grow out of one another in the moſt natural method.

The third qualification of an epic poem is its greatneſs. The anger of Achilles was of ſuch conſequence, that it embroiled the kings of Greece, deſtroyed the heroes of Troy, and engaged all the gods in factions. Æneas's ſettlement in Italy produced the Cæſars, and gave birth to the Roman empire. Milton's ſubject was ſtill greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of ſingle perſons or nations, but of a whole ſpecies. The united powers of hell are joined together for the deſtruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itſelf interpoſed. The principal actors are man in his greateſt perfection, and woman in her higheſt beauty. Their enemies are the fallen angels: the Meſſiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In ſhort, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of nature, or out of it, has a proper part aſſigned it in this noble poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, ſhould be great. I will not preſume to ſay, that the book of games in the Æneid, or that in the Iliad are not of this nature,

nature, nor to reprehend Virgil's ſimile of the top, and many other of the ſame kind in the Iliad, as liable to any cenſure in this particular; but I think we may ſay, without derogating from thoſe wonderful performances, that there is unqueſtionable magnificence in every part of Paradiſe Loſt, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any pagan ſyſtem.

But Ariſtotle, by the greatneſs of the action, does not only mean that it ſhould be great in its nature, but alſo in its duration, or in other words that it ſhould have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call greatneſs. The juſt meaſure of this kind of magnitude, he explains by the following ſimilitude. An animal, no bigger than a mite, cannot appear perfect to the eye, becauſe the ſight takes it in at once, and has only a confuſed idea of the whole, and not a diſtinct idea of all its parts; if on the contrary you ſhould ſuppoſe an animal of ten thouſand furlongs in length, the eye would be ſo filled with a ſingle part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What theſe animals are to the eye, a very ſhort or a very long action would be to the memory. The firſt would be, as it were, loſt and ſwallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. Homer and Virgil have ſhewn their principal art in this particular; the action of the Iliad, and that of the Æneid, were in themſelves exceeding ſhort, but are ſo beautifully extended and diverſified by the invention of epiſodes, and the machinery of gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable ſtory, ſufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. Milton's action is enriched with ſuch a variety of circumſtances, that I have taken as much pleaſure in reading the contents of his books, as in the beſt invented ſtory I ever met with. It is poſſible, that the traditions, on which the Iliad and Æneid were built, had more circumſtances in them, than the hiſtory of the Fall of Man, as it is related in ſcripture. Beſides, it was eaſier for Homer and Virgil to daſh the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for Milton, he had

not

not only a very few circumſtances upon which to raiſe his poem, but was alſo obliged to proceed with the greateſt caution in every thing that he added out of his own invention. And, indeed, notwithſtanding all the reſtraints he was under, he has filled his ſtory with ſo many ſurpriſing incidents, which bear ſo cloſe an analogy with what is delivered in holy writ, that it is capable of pleaſing the moſt delicate reader, without giving offence to the moſt ſcrupulous.

The modern critics have collected from ſeveral hints in the Iliad and Æneid the ſpace of time, which is taken up by the action of each of thoſe poems; but as a great part of Milton's ſtory was tranſacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the ſun and the ſphere of day, it is impoſſible to gratify the reader with ſuch a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than inſtructive; none of the critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumſcribe the action of an epic poem with any determined number of years, days, or hours.

This piece of criticiſm on Milton's Paradiſe Loſt ſhall be carried on in the following Saturday's papers. L

No. CCLXVIII. MONDAY, JANUARY 7.

Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum—— Hor.

He cannot bear the raillery of the age. Creech.

IT is not that I think I have been more witty than I ought of late, that at preſent I wholly forbear any attempt towards it: I am of opinion that I ought ſometimes to lay before the world the plain letters of my correſpondents in the artleſs dreſs in which they haſtily ſend them, that the reader may ſee I am not accuſer and judge myſelf, but that the indictment is properly and fairly laid, before I proceed againſt the criminal.

Mr.

'Mr. Spectator,

'AS you are Spectator-General, I apply myself to 'you in the following case, viz. I do not wear a 'sword, but I often divert myself at the theatre, where 'I frequently see a set of fellows pull plain people, by 'way of humour and frolic, by the nose, upon frivolous 'or no occasions. A friend of mine the other night 'applauded what a graceful exit Mr. Wilks made, one 'of these nose-wringers overhearing him, pinched him 'by the nose. I was in the pit the other night, when it 'was very much crowded, a gentleman leaning upon me, 'and very heavily, I very civilly requested him to re-'move his hand; for which he pulled me by the nose. 'I would not resent it in so public a place, because I was 'unwilling to create a disturbance; but have since reflect-'ed upon it as a thing that is unmanly and disingenuous, 'renders the nose-puller odious, and makes the person 'pulled by the nose look little and contemptible. This 'grievance I humbly request you will endeavour to redress.

'I am your admirer, &c.

JAMES EASY.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'YOUR discourse of the 29th of December on love 'and marriage is of so useful a kind, that I cannot 'forbear adding my thoughts to your's on that subject. 'Methinks it is a misfortune, that the marriage state, 'which in its own nature is adapted to give us the com-'pletest happiness this life is capable of, should be so un-'comfortable a one to so many as it daily proves. But 'the mischief generally proceeds from the unwise choice 'people make for themselves, and an expectation of hap-'piness from things not capable of giving it. Nothing 'but the good qualities of the person beloved can be 'a foundation for a love of judgment and discretion; 'and whoever expect happiness from any thing but vir-'tue, wisdom, good-humour, and a similitude of man-'ners, will find themselves widely mistaken. But how few

'are

'are there who ſeek after theſe things, and do not rather 'make riches their chief if not their only aim? How rare 'is it for man, when he engages himſelf in the thoughts 'of marriage, to place his hopes of having in ſuch a 'woman a conſtant, agreeable companion? one who will 'divide his cares and double his joys? who will manage 'that ſhare of his eſtate he entruſts to her conduct with 'prudence and frugality, govern his houſe with œcono- 'my and diſcretion, and be an ornament to himſelf and 'family? Where ſhall we find the man who looks out 'for one who places her chief happineſs in the practice of 'virtue, and makes her duty her continual pleaſure? No, 'men rather ſeek for money as the complement of all their 'deſires; and regardleſs of what kind of wives they take, 'they think riches will be a miniſter to all kind of plea- 'ſures, and enable them to keep miſtreſſes, horſes, hounds, 'to drink, feaſt, and game with their companions, pay 'their debts contracted by former extravagancies, or ſome 'ſuch vile and unworthy end: and indulge themſelves in 'pleaſures which are a ſhame and ſcandal to human na- 'ture. Now as for the women; how few of them are 'there who place the happineſs of their marriage in the 'having a wiſe and virtuous friend? One who will be 'faithful and juſt to all, and conſtant and loving to 'them? who with care and diligence will look after and 'improve the eſtate, and without grudging allow what- 'ever is prudent and convenient? rather, how few are 'there who do not place their happineſs in outſhining 'others in pomp and ſhow? and that do not think within 'themſelves when they have married ſuch a rich perſon, 'that none of their acquaintance ſhall appear ſo fine 'in their equipage, ſo adorned in their perſons, or ſo 'magnificent in their furniture as themſelves? Thus 'their heads are filled with vain ideas; and I heartily 'wiſh I could ſay that equipage and ſhow were not the 'chief good of ſo many women as I fear it is.

'After this manner do both ſexes deceive themſelves, 'and bring reflexions and diſgrace upon the moſt happy 'and moſt honourable ſtate of life; whereas if they 'would but correct their depraved taſte, moderate their

'ambition, and place their happineſs upon proper objects, 'we ſhould not find felicity in the marriage ſtate ſuch a 'wonder in the world as it now is.

'Sir, if you think theſe thoughts worth inſerting 'among your own, be pleaſed to give them a better 'dreſs, and let them paſs abroad; and you will oblige

'Your admirer,

'A. B.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'AS I was this day walking in the ſtreet, there hap- 'pened to paſs by on the other ſide of the way 'a beauty, whoſe charms were ſo attracting, that it 'drew my eyes wholly on that ſide, inſomuch that I ne- 'glected my own way, and chanced to run my noſe 'directly againſt a poſt; which the lady no ſooner per- 'ceived, but fell out into a fit of laughter, though at 'the ſame time ſhe was ſenſible that herſelf was the 'cauſe of my misfortune, which in my opinion was the 'greater aggravation of her crime. I being buſy wiping 'off the blood which trickled down my face, had not 'time to acquaint her with her barbarity as alſo with my 'reſolution, viz. never to look out of my way for one of 'her ſex more: therefore, that your humble ſervant may 'be revenged, he deſires you to inſert this in one of your 'next papers, which he hopes will be a warning to all the 'reſt of the women-gazers, as well as to poor

'ANTHONY GAPE.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I DESIRE to know in your next, if the merry game 'of "the Parſon has loſt his cloke," is not mightily 'in vogue amongſt the fine ladies this Chriſtmas; be- 'cauſe I ſee they wear hoods of all colours, which I ſup- 'poſe is for that purpoſe; if it is, and you think it pro- 'per, I will carry ſome of thoſe hoods with me to our 'ladies in Yorkſhire; becauſe they enjoined me to bring 'them ſomething from London that was very new. If

'you

'you can tell any thing in which I can obey their com-
'mands more agreeably, be pleaſed to inform me, and
'you will extremely oblige

'Your humble ſervant.'

'Mr. Spectator, Oxford, Dec. 29.

'SINCE you appear inclined to be a friend to the diſ-
'treſſed, I beg you would aſſiſt me in an affair under
'which I have ſuffered very much. The reigning toaſt
'of this place is Patetia; I have purſued her with the
'utmoſt diligence this twelve-month, and find nothing
'ſtands in my way but one who flatters her more than I
'can. Pride is her favourite paſſion; therefore if you
'will be ſo far my friend as to make a favourable men-
'tion of me in one of your papers, I believe I ſhould
'not fail in my addreſſes. The ſcholars ſtand in rows,
'as they did to be ſure in your time, at her pew-door;
'and ſhe has all the devotion paid to her by a crowd of
'youths who are unacquainted with the ſex, and have in-
'experience added to their paſſion: however, if it ſuc-
'ceeds according to my vows, you will make me the
'happieſt man in the world, and the moſt obliged amongſt
'all

'Your humble ſervants.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I CAME to my miſtreſs's toilet this morning, for
'I am admitted when her face is ſtark naked: ſhe
'frowned, and cried piſh when I ſaid a thing that I
'ſtole; and I will be judged by you whether it was not
'very pretty. Madam, ſaid I, you ſhall forbear that
'part of your dreſs; it may be well in others, but you
'cannot place a patch where it does not hide a beauty.

T

No. CCLXIX. TUESDAY, JANUARY 8.

——— Ævo rariſſima noſtro
Simplicitas—— OVID.

And brings our old ſimplicity again. DRYDEN.

I WAS this morning ſurpriſed with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me, that there was a man below deſired to ſpeak with me. Upon my aſking her who it was, ſhe told me it was a very grave elderly perſon, but that ſhe did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir *Roger de Coverley*. He told me that his maſter came to town laſt night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's-Inn walks. As I was wondering in myſelf what had brought Sir *Roger* to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his maſter was come up to get a ſight of prince Eugene, and that he deſired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleaſed with the curioſity of the old knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him ſay more than once in private diſcourſe, that he looked upon prince Eugenio, for ſo the knight always calls him, to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no ſooner come into Gray's-Inn walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himſelf with great vigour, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air, to make uſe of his own phraſe, and is not a little pleaſed with any one who takes notice of the ſtrength which he ſtill exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a ſecret joy at the ſight of the good old man, who before he ſaw me was engaged in converſation with a beggar-man that had aſked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out ſome work; but at the ſame time ſaw him put his hand in his pocket and give him ſix-pence.

Our

Our ſalutations were very hearty on both ſides, conſiſting of many kind ſhakes of the hand, and ſeveral affectionate looks which we caſt upon one another. After which the knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my ſervice, and that the Sunday before he had made a moſt incomparable ſermon out of Dr. Barrow. I have left, ſays he, all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have depoſited with him thirty marks, to be diſtributed among his poor pariſhioners.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand in his fob and preſented me in his name with a tobacco-ſtopper, telling me that Will had been buſy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a preſent of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and ſmokes. He added, that poor Will was at preſent under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting ſome hazel ſticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the knight brought from his country-ſeat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was ſo very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. But for my own part, ſays Sir *Roger*, I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.

He afterwards fell into an account of the diverſions which had paſſed in his houſe during the holidays; for Sir *Roger*, after the laudable cuſtom of his anceſtors, always keeps open houſe at Chriſtmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for this ſeaſon, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongſt his neighbours, and that in particular he had ſent a ſtring of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the pariſh. I have often thought, ſays Sir *Roger*, it happens very well that Chriſtmas ſhould fall out in the middle of winter. It is the moſt dead and uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would ſuffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not

good chear, warm fires, and Chriſtmas gambols, to ſupport them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this ſeaſon, and to ſee the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my ſmall beer, and ſet it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pye upon the table, and am wonderfully pleaſed to ſee my tenants paſs away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and ſmutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and ſhews a thouſand roguiſh tricks upon theſe occaſions.

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried ſo much goodneſs in it. He then launched out into the praiſe of the late act of parliament for ſecuring the church of England, and told me with great ſatisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid diſſenter who chanced to dine at his houſe on Chriſtmas day, had been obſerved to eat very plentifully of his plumb-porridge.

After having diſpatched all our country matters, Sir *Roger* made ſeveral inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagoniſt Sir *Andrew Freeport*. He aſked me with a kind of ſmile, whether Sir *Andrew* had not taken the advantage of his abſence, to vent among them ſome of his republican doctrines; but ſoon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary ſeriouſneſs, tell me truly, ſays he, do not you think Sir *Andrew* had a hand in the pope's proceſſion?—— but without giving me time to anſwer him, well, well, ſays he, I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters.

The knight then aſked me, if I had ſeen prince Eugenio, and made me promiſe to get him a ſtand in ſome convenient place where he might have a full ſight of that extraordinary man, whoſe preſence does ſo much honour to the Britiſh nation. He dwelt very long on the praiſes of this great general, and I found that, ſince I was with him in the country, he had drawn many obſervations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors,

authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having paſſed away the greateſt part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflexions, which were partly private, and partly political, he aſked me if I would ſmoke a pipe with him over a diſh of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-houſe, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no ſooner ſeated himſelf at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a diſh of coffee, a wax candle, and the Supplement, with ſuch an air of chearfulneſs and good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room, who ſeemed to take pleaſure in ſerving him, were at once employed on his ſeveral errands, inſomuch that nobody elſe could come at a diſh of tea, until the knight had got all his conveniencies about him. L

No. CCLXX. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9.

Diſcit enim citiùs, meminitque libentius illud,
Quod quis deridet, quàm quod probat——— HOR.

For what's derided by the cenſuring crowd,
Is thought no more than what is juſt and good.

CREECH.

I DO not know that I have been in greater delight for theſe many years, than in beholding the boxes at the play the laſt time the Scornful Lady was acted. So great an aſſembly of ladies placed in gradual rows in all the ornaments of jewels, ſilks, and colours, gave ſo lively and gay an impreſſion to the heart, that methought the ſeaſon of the year was vaniſhed; and I did not think it an ill expreſſion of a young fellow who ſtood near me, that called the boxes thoſe beds of tulips.

It

It was a pretty variation of the proſpect, when any one of theſe fine ladies roſe up and did honour to herſelf and friend at a diſtance, by curtſying; and gave opportunity to that friend to ſhew her charms to the ſame advantage in returning the ſalutation. Here that action is as proper and graceful, as it is at church unbecoming and impertinent. By the way, I muſt take the liberty to obſerve that I did not ſee any one who is uſually ſo full of civilities at church, offer at any ſuch indecorum during any part of the action of the play. Such beautiful proſpects gladden our minds, and when conſidered in general, give innocent and pleaſing ideas. He that dwells upon any one object of beauty, may fix his imagination to his diſquiet; but the contemplation of a whole aſſembly together, is a defence againſt the incroachment of deſire: at leaſt to me, who have taken pains to look at beauty abſtracted from the conſideration of its being the object of deſire; at power, only as it ſits upon another, without any hopes of partaking any ſhare of it; at wiſdom and capacity, without any pretenſions to rival or envy its acquiſitions: I ſay to me, who am really free from forming any hopes by beholding the perſons of beautiful women, or warming myſelf into ambition from the ſucceſſes of other men, this world is not only a mere ſcene, but a very pleaſant one. Did mankind but know the freedom which there is in keeping thus aloof from the world, I ſhould have more imitators, than the powerfulleſt man in the nation has followers. To be no man's rival in love, or competitor in buſineſs, is a character which if it does not recommend you as it ought to benevolence among thoſe whom you live with, yet has it certainly this effect, that you do not ſtand ſo much in need of their approbation, as you would if you aimed at it more, in ſetting your heart on the ſame things which the generality dote on. By this means, and with this eaſy philoſophy, I am never leſs at a play than when I am at the theatre; but indeed I am ſeldom ſo well pleaſed with action as in that place; for moſt men follow nature no longer than while they are in their night-gowns, and all the buſy part of the day are in characters which they neither become

become nor act in with pleaſure to themſelves or their beholders. But to return to my ladies: I was very well pleaſed to ſee ſo great a crowd of them aſſembled at a play, wherein the heroine, as the phraſe is, is ſo juſt a picture of the vanity of the ſex in tormenting their admirers. The lady who pines for the man whom ſhe treats with ſo much impertinence and inconſtancy, is drawn with much art and humour. Her reſolutions to be extremely civil, but her vanity ariſing juſt at the inſtant that ſhe reſolved to expreſs herſelf kindly, are deſcribed as by one who had ſtudied the ſex. But when my admiration is fixed upon this excellent character, and two or three others in the play, I muſt confeſs I was moved with the utmoſt indignation at the trivial, ſenſeleſs, and unnatural repreſentation of the chaplain. It is poſſible there may be a pedant in holy orders, and we have ſeen one or two of them in the world; but ſuch a driveller as Sir Roger, ſo bereft of all manner of pride, which is the characteriſtic of a pedant, is what one would not believe could come into the head of the ſame man who drew the reſt of the play. The meeting between Welford and him ſhews a wretch without any notion of the dignity of his function; and it is out of all common ſenſe that he ſhould give an account of himſelf "as one ſent four or five "miles in a morning on foot for eggs." It is not to be denied, but this part and that of the maid, whom he makes love to, are excellently well performed; but a thing which is blameable in itſelf, grows ſtill more ſo by the ſucceſs in the execution of it. It is ſo mean a thing to gratify a looſe age with a ſcandalous repreſentation of what is reputable among men, not to ſay what is ſacred, that no beauty, no excellence in an author ought to atone for it; nay, ſuch excellence is an aggravation of his guilt, and an argument that he errs againſt the conviction of his own underſtanding and conſcience. Wit ſhould be tried by this rule, and an audience ſhould riſe againſt ſuch a ſcene as throws down the reputation of any thing which the conſideration of religion or decency ſhould preſerve from contempt. But all this evil ariſes from this one corruption of mind, that makes men reſent offences againſt

againſt their virtue, leſs than thoſe againſt their underſtanding. An author ſhall write as if he thought there was not one man of honour or woman of chaſtity in the houſe, and come off with applauſe: for an inſult upon all the ten commandments with the little critics, is not ſo bad as the breach of an unity of time and place. Half wits do not apprehend the miſeries that muſt neceſſarily flow from degeneracy of manners; nor do they know that order is the ſupport of ſociety. Sir Roger and his miſtreſs are monſters of the poet's own forming; the ſentiments in both of them are ſuch as do not ariſe in fools of their education. We all know that a ſilly ſcholar, inſtead of being below every one he meets with, is apt to be exalted above the rank of ſuch as are really his ſuperiors: his arrogance is always founded upon particular notions of diſtinction in his own head, accompanied with a pedantic ſcorn of all fortune and pre-eminence, when compared with his knowledge and learning. This very one character of Sir Roger, as ſilly as it really is, has done more towards the diſparagement of holy orders, and conſequently of virtue itſelf, than all the wit that author or any other could make up for in the conduct of the longeſt life after it. I do not pretend, in ſaying this, to give myſelf airs of more virtue than my neighbours, but aſſert it from the principles by which mankind muſt always be governed. Sallies of imagination are to be overlooked, when they are committed out of warmth in the recommendation of what is praiſe-worthy; but a deliberate advancing of vice, with all the wit in the world, is as ill an action as any that comes before the magiſtrate, and ought to be received as ſuch by the people. T

No. CCLXXI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 10.

Mille trahens varios adverſo ſole colores VIRG.

Drawing a thouſand colours from the light. DRYDEN.

I RECEIVE a double advantage from the letters of my correſpondents, firſt, as they ſhew me which of my papers are moſt acceptable to them; and in the next place as they furniſh me with materials for new ſpeculations. Sometimes indeed I do not make uſe of the letter itſelf, but form the hints of it into plans of my own invention; ſometimes I take the liberty to change the language or thought into my own way of ſpeaking and thinking, and always, if it can be done without prejudice to the ſenſe, omit the many compliments and applauſes which are uſually beſtowed upon me.

Beſides the two advantages above-mentioned which I receive from the letters that are ſent me, they give me an opportunity of lengthening out my paper by the ſkilful management of the ſubſcribing part at the end of them; which perhaps does not a little conduce to the eaſe, both of myſelf and reader.

Some will have it, that I often write to myſelf, and am the only punctual correſpondent I have. This objection would indeed be material, were the letters I communicate to the public ſtuffed with my own commendations; and if inſtead of endeavouring to divert or inſtruct my readers, I admired in them the beauty of my own performances. But I ſhall leave theſe wiſe conjecturers to their own imaginations, and produce the three following letters for the entertainment of the day.

'SIR,

'I WAS laſt Thurſday in an aſſembly of ladies, where 'there were thirteen different coloured hoods. Your 'Spectator of that day lying upon the table, they or-'dered me to read it to them, which I did with a very 'clear voice, until I came to the Greek verſe at the end

'of

'of it. I muſt confeſs I was a little ſtartled at its pop-
'ping upon me ſo unexpectedly. However, I covered
'my confuſion as well as I could, and after having mut-
'tered two or three hard words to myſelf laughed hear-
'tily, and cried, a very good jeſt, 'faith. The ladies
'deſired me to explain it to them; but I begged their
'pardon for that, and told them, that if it had been
'proper for them to hear, they might be ſure the author
'would not have wrapped it up in Greek. I then let
'drop ſeveral expreſſions, as if there was ſomething in it
'that was not fit to be ſpoken before a company of la-
'dies. Upon which the matron of the aſſembly, who
'was dreſſed in a cherry-coloured hood, commended the
'diſcretion of the writer for having thrown his filthy
'thoughts into Greek, which was likely to corrupt but
'few of his readers. At the ſame time ſhe declared her-
'ſelf very well pleaſed, that he had not given a deciſive
'opinion upon the new-faſhioned hoods; for to tell you
'truly, ſays ſhe, I was afraid he would have made us
'aſhamed to ſhew our heads. Now, Sir, you muſt know,
'ſince this unlucky accident happened to me in a com-
'pany of ladies, among whom I paſſed for a moſt inge-
'nious man, I have conſulted one who is well verſed in
'the Greek language, and he aſſures me upon his word,
'that your late quotation means no more than "that
"manners and not dreſs are the ornaments of a woman."
'If this comes to the knowledge of my female admirers,
'I ſhall be very hard put to it to bring myſelf off hand-
'ſomely. In the mean while, I give you this account,
'that you may take care hereafter not to betray any of
'your well-wiſhers into the like inconveniencies. It is
'in the number of theſe that I beg leave to ſubſcribe
'myſelf,

'TOM TRIPIT.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'YOUR readers are ſo well pleaſed with your charac-
'ter of Sir *Roger de Coverley*, that there appeared
'a ſenſible joy in every coffee-houſe, upon hearing the
'old knight was come to town. I am now with a knot

'of

'of his admirers, who make it their joint requeſt to you, 'that you would give us public notice of the window or 'balcony where the knight intends to make his appear-'ance. He has already given great ſatisfaction to ſeve-'ral who have ſeen him at Squire's coffee-houſe. If you 'think fit to place your ſhort face at Sir *Roger*'s left el-'bow, we ſhall take the hint, and gratefully acknow-'ledge ſo great a favour.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt devoted humble ſervant,

'C. D.'

'SIR,

'KNOWING that you are very inquiſitive after every 'thing that is curious in nature, I will wait on 'you if you pleaſe in the duſk of the evening, with my 'ſhow upon my back, which I carry about with me in a 'box, as only conſiſting of a man, a woman, and an 'horſe. The two firſt are married, in which ſtate the 'little cavalier has ſo well acquitted himſelf, that his lady 'is with child. The big-bellied woman, and her huſ-'band, with their whimſical palfry, are ſo very light, 'that when they are put together into a ſcale, an ordi-'nary man may weigh down the whole family. The 'little man is a bully in his nature; but when he grows 'choleric I confine h m to his box until his wrath 'is over, by which means I have hitherto prevented him 'from doing miſchief. His horſe is likewiſe very vi-'cious, for which reaſon I am forced to tie him cloſe to 'his manger with a packthread. The woman is a co-'quette. She ſtruts as much as it is poſſible for a lady of 'two foot high, and would ruin me in ſilks, were not the 'quantity that goes to a large pin-cuſhion ſufficient to 'make her a gown and petticoat. She told me the other 'day, that ſhe heard the ladies wore coloured hoods, and 'ordered me to get her one of the fineſt blue. I am 'forced to comply with her demands whilſt ſhe is in her 'preſent condition, being very willing to have more of 'the ſame breed. I do not know what ſhe may produce 'me, but provided it be a ſhow I ſhall be very well ſatis-

'fied. Such novelties ſhould not, I think, be concealed 'from the Britiſh Spectator; for which reaſon I hope 'you will excuſe this preſumption in

'Your moſt dutiful, moſt obedient,

'And moſt humble ſervant,

'S. T.'

No. CCLXXII. FRIDAY, JANUARY 11.

——Longa eſt injuria, longæ
Ambages—— VIRG.

Great is the injury, and long the tale.

'Mr. Spectator,

'THE occaſion of this letter is of ſo great import-'ance, and the circumſtance of it ſuch, that I 'know you will but think it juſt to inſert it, in preference 'of all other matters that can preſent themſelves to your 'conſideration. I need not, after I have ſaid this, tell 'you that I am in love. The circumſtances of my paſ-'ſion I ſhall let you underſtand as well as a diſordered 'mind will admit. That curſed pickthank Mrs. Jane! 'alas, I am railing at one to you by her name as famili-'arly as if you were acquainted with her as well as my-'ſelf: but I will tell you all, as faſt as the alternate in-'terruptions of love and anger will give me leave. There 'is a moſt agreeable young woman in the world whom I 'am paſſionately in love with, and from whom I have 'for ſome ſpace of time received as great marks of favour 'as were fit for her to give, or me to deſire. The ſuc-'ceſsful progreſs of the affair of all others the moſt eſ-'ſential towards a man's happineſs, gave a new life and 'ſpirit not only to my behaviour and diſcourſe, but alſo 'a certain grace to all my actions in the commerce of life 'in all things though never ſo remote from love. You 'know the predominant paſſion ſpreads itſelf through all 'a man's tranſactions, and exalts or depreſſes him ac-'cording to the nature of ſuch paſſions. But alas! I

'have

'have not yet begun my ſtory, and what is making ſen-
'tences and obſervations, when a man is pleading for his
'life? To begin then: this lady has correſponded with
'me under the names of love, ſhe my Belinda, I her
'Cleanthes. Though I am thus well got into the ac-
'count of my affair, I cannot keep in the thread of it
'ſo much as to give you the character of Mrs. Jane,
'whom I will not hide under a borrowed name; but let
'you know that this creature has been ſince I knew her
'very handſome, (though I will not allow her even ſhe
'has been for the future) and during the time of her
'bloom and beauty was ſo great a tyrant to her lovers,
'ſo over-valued herſelf, and under-rated all her preten-
'ders, that they have deſerted her to a man; and ſhe
'knows no comfort but that common one to all in her
'condition, the pleaſure of interrupting the amours of
'others. It is impoſſible but you muſt have ſeen ſeveral
'of theſe volunteers in malice, who paſs their whole
'time in the moſt laborious way of life, in getting in-
'telligence, running from place to place with new whiſ-
'pers, without reaping any other benefit but the hopes
'of making others as unhappy as themſelves. Mrs.
'Jane happened to be at a place where I, with many
'others well acquainted with my paſſion for Belinda,
'paſſed a Chriſtmas-evening. There was among the reſt
'a young lady, ſo free in mirth, ſo amiable in a juſt re-
'ſerve that accompanied it; I wrong her to call it a re-
'ſerve, but there appeared in her a mirth or chearfulneſs
'which was not a forbearance of more immoderate joy,
'but the natural appearance of all which could flow from
'a mind poſſeſſed of an habit of innocence and purity.
'I muſt have utterly forgot Belinda to have taken no
'notice of one who was growing up to the ſame womanly
'virtues which ſhine to perfection in her, had I not diſ-
'tinguiſhed one who ſeemed to promiſe to the world the
'ſame life and conduct with my faithful and lovely Be-
'linda. When the company broke up, the fine young
'thing permitted me to take care of her home. Mrs.
'Jane ſaw my particular regard to her, and was informed
'of my attending her to her father's houſe. She came

'early to Belinda the next morning, and asked her if 'Mrs. Such-a-one had been with her? No. If Mr. 'Such-a-one's lady? No. Nor your cousin Such-a-one? 'No. Lord, says Mrs Jane, what is the friendship of 'women?———Nay, they may well laugh at it. And 'did no one tell you any thing of the behaviour of your 'lover Mr. What-d'ye-call last night? But perhaps it 'it is nothing to you that he is to be married to young 'Mrs. ——— on Tuesday next? Belinda was here ready 'to die with rage and jealousy. Then Mrs. Jane goes 'on: I have a young kinsman who is clerk to a great 'conveyancer, who shall shew you the rough draught of 'the marriage settlement. The world says her father 'gives him two thousand pounds more than he could 'have with you. I went innocently to wait on Belinda 'as usual, but was not admitted: I writ to her, and my 'letter was sent back unopened. Poor Betty her maid, 'who is on my side, has been here just now blubbering, 'and told me the whole matter. She says she did 'not think I could be so base; and that she is now 'so odious to her mistress for having so often spoke well 'of me, that she dare not mention me more. All our 'hopes are placed in having these circumstances fairly re-'presented in the Spectator, which Betty says she dare not 'but bring up as soon as it is brought in; and has pro-'mised when you have broke the ice to own this was laid 'between us: and when I can come to an hearing, the 'young lady will support what we say by her testimony, 'that I never saw her but that once in my whole life. 'Dear Sir, do not omit this true relation, nor think it 'too particular; for there are crowds of forlorn co-'quettes who intermingle themselves with other ladies, 'and contract familiarities out of malice, and with no 'other design but to blast the hopes of lovers, the ex-'pectation of parents, and the benevolence of kindred. 'I doubt not but I shall be, Sir,

'Your most obliged humble servant

'CLEANTHES.'

'SIR,

'SIR, Will's Coffee-houſe, Jan. 10.

'THE other day entering a room adorned with the 'fair ſex, I offered, after the uſual manner, to each 'of them a kiſs; but one, more ſcornful than the reſt, 'turned her cheek. I did not think it proper to take 'any notice of it until I had aſked your advice.

'Your humble ſervant,

'E. S.'

The correſpondent is deſired to ſay which cheek the offender turned to him.

ADVERTISEMENT.

From the pariſh veſtry, January 9.

"All ladies who come to church in the new-faſhioned "hoods, are deſired to be there before divine ſervice be-"gins, leſt they divert the attention of the congregation.

T "RALPH."

No. CCLXXIII. SATURDAY, JANUARY 12.

———Notandi ſunt tibi mores. HOR.

Note well the manners.

HAVING examined the action of Paradiſe Loſt, let us in the next place conſider the actors. This is Ariſtotle's method of conſidering, firſt the fable, and ſecondly the manners; or, as we generally call them in Engliſh, the fable and the characters.

Homer has excelled all the heroic poets that ever wrote in the multitude and variety of his characters: every god that is admitted into his poem, acts a part which would

have been ſuitable to no other deity. His princes are as much diſtinguiſhed by their manners, as by their dominions; and even thoſe among them, whoſe characters ſeem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In ſhort, there is ſcarce a ſpeech or action in the Iliad, which the reader may not aſcribe to the perſon that ſpeaks or acts, without ſeeing his name at the head of it.

Homer does not only outſhine all other poets in the variety, but alſo in the novelty of his characters. He has introduced among his Grecian princes a perſon who had lived thrice the age of man, and converſed with Theſeus, Hercules, Polyphemus, and the firſt race of heroes. His principal actor is the ſon of a goddeſs, not to mention the offspring of other deities, who have likewiſe a place in his poem, and the venerable Trojan prince, who was the father of ſo many kings and heroes. There is in theſe ſeveral characters of Homer, a certain dignity as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic poem. Though at the ſame time, to give them the greater variety, he has deſcribed a Vulcan, that is a buffoon among his gods, and a Therſites among his mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely ſhort of Homer in the characters of his poem, both as to their variety and novelty. Æneas is indeed a perfect character, but as for Achates, though he is ſtiled the hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole poem which may deſerve that title. Gyas, Mneſtheus, Sergeſtus and Cloanthus, are all of them men of the ſame ſtamp and character.

——— "Fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum."

There are indeed ſeveral natural incidents in the part of Aſcanius, as that of Dido cannot be ſufficiently admired. I do not ſee any thing new or particular in Turnus. Pallas and Evander are remote copies of Hector and Priam, as Lauſus and Mezentius are almoſt parellels to Pallas and Evander. The characters of Niſus and Euryalus are beautiful, but common. We muſt not forget

forget the parts of Sinon, Camilla, and ſome few others, which are fine improvements on the Greek poet. In ſhort, there is neither that variety nor novelty in the perſons of the Æneid, which we meet with in thoſe of the Iliad.

If we look into the characters of Milton, we ſhall find that he has introduced all the variety his fable was capable of receiving. The whole ſpecies of mankind was in two perſons at the time to which the ſubject of his poem is confined. We have, however, four diſtinct characters in theſe two perſons. We ſee man and woman in the higheſt innocence and perfection, and in the moſt abject ſtate of guilt and infirmity. The two laſt characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two firſt are not only more magnificent, but more new than any characters either in Virgil or Homer, or indeed in the whole circle of nature.

Milton was ſo ſenſible of this defect in the ſubject of his poem, and of the few characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two actors of a ſhadowy and fictitious nature, in the perſons of Sin and Death, by which means he has wrought into the body of his fable a very beautiful and well-invented allegory. But notwithſtanding the fineneſs of this allegory may atone for it in ſome meaſure, I cannot think that perſons of ſuch a chimerical exiſtence are proper actors in an epic poem; becauſe there is not that meaſure of probability annexed to them which is requiſite in writings of this kind, as I ſhall ſhew more at large hereafter.

Virgil has, indeed, admitted Fame as an actreſs in the Æneid, but the part ſhe acts is very ſhort, and none of the moſt admired circumſtances in that divine work. We find in mock-heroick poems, particularly in the Diſpenſary and the Lutrin, ſeveral allegorical perſons of this nature, which are very beautiful in thoſe compoſitions, and may perhaps be uſed as an argument, that the authors of them were of opinion, ſuch characters might have a place in an epic work. For my own part I ſhould be glad the reader would think ſo, for the ſake of the poem I am now examining; and muſt further add, that if ſuch empty unſubſtantial beings may be ever made uſe

of

of on this occaſion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than thoſe of which I am now ſpeaking.

Another principal actor in this poem is the great enemy of mankind. The part of Ulyſſes in Homer's Odyſſey is very much admired by Ariſtotle, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the many adventures in his voyage, and the ſubtilty of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and diſcoveries of his perſon in ſeveral parts of that poem. But the crafty being I have now mentioned, makes a much longer voyage than Ulyſſes, puts in practice many more wiles and ſtratagems, and hides himſelf under a greater variety of ſhapes and appearances, all of which are ſeverally detected, to the great delight and ſurpriſe of the reader.

We may likewiſe obſerve with how much art the poet has varied ſeveral characters of the perſons that ſpeak in his internal aſſembly. On the contrary, how has he repreſented the whole Godhead exerting itſelf towards man in its full benevolence under the three-fold diſtinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

Nor muſt we omit the perſon of Raphael, who, amidſt his tenderneſs and friendſhip for man, ſhews ſuch a dignity and condeſcenſion in all his ſpeech and behaviour, as are ſuitable to a ſuperior nature. The angels are indeed as much diverſified in Milton, and diſtinguiſhed by their proper parts, as the gods are in Homer or Virgil. The reader will find nothing aſcribed to Uriel, Gabriel, Michael, or Raphael, which is not in a particular manner ſuitable to their reſpective characters.

There is another circumſtance in the principal actors of the Iliad and Æneid, which gives a peculiar beauty to thoſe two poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment. I mean the authors having choſen, for their heroes, perſons who were ſo nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. Achilles was a Greek, and Æneas the remote founder of Rome. By this means their countrymen, whom they principally propoſed to themſelves for their readers, were particularly attentive

to

to all the parts of their ſtory, and ſympathized with their heroes in all their adventures. A Roman could not but rejoice in the eſcapes, ſucceſſes and victories of Æneas, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes, or diſappointments that befel him; as a Greek muſt have had the ſame regard for Achilles. And it is plain that each of thoſe poems have loſt this great advantage, among thoſe readers to whom their heroes are as ſtrangers, or indifferent perſons.

Milton's poem is admirable in this reſpect, ſince it is impoſſible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country or people he may belong to, not to be related to the perſons who are the principal actors in it; but what is ſtill infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this poem are not only our progenitors, but our repreſentatives. We have an actual intereſt in every thing they do, and no leſs than our utmoſt happineſs is concerned, and lies at ſtake in all their behaviour.

I ſhall ſubjoin as a corollary to the foregoing remark, an admirable obſervation out of Ariſtotle, which hath been very much miſrepreſented in the quotations of ſome modern critics. "If a man of perfect and conſummate virtue falls into a misfortune, it raiſes our "pity, but not our terror, becauſe we do not fear that "it may be our own caſe, who do not reſemble the ſuffering perſon." But as this great philoſopher adds, "if we ſee a man of virtue mixt with infirmities, fall "into any misfortune, it does not only raiſe our pity "but our terror; becauſe we are afraid that the like "misfortunes may happen to ourſelves, who reſemble "the character of the ſuffering perſon."

I ſhall take another opportunity to obſerve, that a perſon of an abſolute and conſummate virtue ſhould never be introduced in tragedy, and ſhall only remark in this place, that the foregoing obſervation of Ariſtotle, though it may be true in other occaſions, does not hold in this; becauſe in the preſent caſe, though the perſons who fall into misfortune are of the moſt perfect and conſummate virtue, it is not to be conſidered as what may poſſibly be, but what actually is our own caſe; ſince we are embarked

barked with them on the ſame bottom, and muſt be partakers of their happineſs or miſery.

In this, and ſome other very few inſtances, Ariſtotle's rules for epic poetry, which he had drawn from his reflexions upon Homer, cannot be ſuppoſed to quadrate exactly with the heroic poems which have been made ſince his time; ſince it is plain his rules would ſtill have been more perfect, could he have peruſed the Æneid which was made ſome hundred years after his death.

In my next, I ſhall go through other parts of Milton's poem; and hope that what I ſhall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only ſerve as a comment upon Milton, but upon Ariſtotle. C

No. CCLXXIV. MONDAY, JANUARY 14.

Audire eſt operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mæchis non vultis—— Hor.

All you, who think the city ne'er can thrive,
Till ev'ry cuckold-maker's flay'd alive,
Attend.—— Pope.

I HAVE upon ſeveral occaſions, that have occurred ſince I firſt took into my thoughts the preſent ſtate of fornication, weighed with myſelf in behalf of guilty females, the impulſes of fleſh and blood, together with the arts and gallantries of crafty men; and reflect with ſome ſcorn that moſt part of what we in our youth think gay and polite, is nothing elſe but an habit of indulging a pruriency that way. It will coſt ſome labour to bring people to ſo lively a ſenſe of this, as to recover the manly modeſty in the behaviour of my men readers, and the baſhful grace in the faces of my women; but in all caſes which come into debate, there are certain things previouſly to be done before we can have a true light into the ſubject matter; therefore it will, in the firſt place, be neceſſary to conſider the impotent wenchers and induſtrious hags, who are ſupplied with, and are conſtantly

ſupplying

ſupplying, new ſacrifices to the devil of luſt. You are to know then, if you are ſo happy as not to know it already, that the great havock which is made in the habitations of beauty and innocence, is committed by ſuch as can only lay waſte and not enjoy the ſpoil. When you obſerve the preſent ſtate of vice and virtue, the offenders are ſuch as one would think ſhould have no impulſe to what they are purſuing; as in buſineſs, you ſee ſometimes fools pretend to be knaves, ſo in pleaſure, you will find old men ſet up for wenchers. This latter ſort of men are the great baſis and fund of iniquity in the kind we are ſpeaking of: you ſhall have an old rich man often receive ſcrawls from the ſeveral quarters of the town, with deſcriptions of the new wares in their hands, if he will pleaſe to ſend word when he will be waited on. This interview is contrived, and the innocent is brought to ſuch indecencies as from time to time baniſh ſhame and raiſe deſire. With theſe preparatives the hags break their wards by little and little, until they are brought to loſe all apprehenſions of what ſhall befal them in the poſſeſſion of younger men. It is a common poſtcript of an hag to a young fellow whom ſhe invites to a new woman, "She has, I aſſure you, ſeen none but old Mr. "Such-a-one." It pleaſes the old fellow that the nymph is brought to him unadorned, and from his bounty ſhe is accommodated with enough to dreſs her for other lovers. This is the moſt ordinary method of bringing beauty and poverty into the poſſeſſion of the town: but the particular caſes of kind keepers, ſkilful pimps, and all others who drive a ſeparate trade, and are not in the general ſociety or commerce of ſin, will require diſtinct conſideration. At the ſame time that we are thus ſevere on the abandoned, we are to repreſent the caſe of others with that mitigation as the circumſtances demand. Calling names does no good; to ſpeak worſe of any thing than it deſerves, does only take off from the credit of the accuſer, and has implicitly the force of an apology in the behalf of the perſon accuſed. We ſhall therefore, according as the circumſtances differ, vary our appellations of theſe criminals: thoſe who offend only againſt themſelves

themſelves, and are not ſcandals to ſociety, but out of deference to the ſober part of the world, have ſo much good left in them as to be aſhamed, muſt not be huddled in the common word due to the worſt of women; but regard is to be had to their circumſtances when they fell, to the uneaſy perplexity under which they lived under ſenſeleſs and ſevere parents, to the importunity of poverty, to the violence of a paſſion in its beginning well grounded, and all other alleviations which make unhappy women reſign the characteriſtic of their ſex, modeſty. To do otherwiſe than this, would be to act like a pedantic ſtoic, who thinks all crimes alike, and not like an impartial *Spectator*, who looks upon them with all the circumſtances that diminiſh or enhance the guilt. I am in hopes, if this ſubject be well purſued, women will hereafter from their infancy be treated with an eye to their future ſtate in the world; and not have their tempers made too untractable from an improper ſourneſs or pride, or too complying from familiarity or forwardneſs contracted at their own houſes. After theſe hints on this ſubject, I ſhall end this paper with the following genuine letter; and deſire all who think they may be concerned in future ſpeculations on this ſubject, to ſend in what they have to ſay for themſelves for ſome incidents in their lives, in order to have proper allowances made for their conduct.

'Mr. Spectator, Jan. 5, 1711.

'THE ſubject of your yeſterday's paper is of ſo great 'importance, and the thorough handling of it may 'be ſo very uſeful to the preſervation of many an innocent young creature, that I think every one is obliged 'to furniſh us with what lights he can, to expoſe the 'pernicious arts and practices of thoſe unnatural women called bawds. In order to this the incloſed is 'ſent you, which is *verbatim* the copy of a letter written 'by a bawd of figure in this town to a noble lord. I 'have concealed the names of both, my intention being 'not to expoſe the perſons but the thing.

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble ſervant.'

'My

'My Lord,

'I HAVING a great eſteem for your honour, and a better opinion of you than of any of the quality, 'makes me acquaint you of an affair that I hope will 'oblige you to know. I have a niece that came to town 'about a fortnight ago. Her parents being lately dead 'ſhe came to me, expecting to have found me in ſo good 'a condition as to ſet her up in a milliner's ſhop. Her 'father gave fourſcore pound with her for five years: 'her time is out, and ſhe is not ſixteen: as pretty a black 'gentlewoman as ever you ſaw, a little woman, which I 'know your lordſhip likes: well ſhaped, and as fine a com-'plexion for red and white as ever I ſaw; I doubt not but 'your lordſhip will be of the ſame opinion. She deſigns 'to go down about a month hence, except I can pro-'vide for her, which I cannot at preſent: her father 'was one with whom all he had died with him, ſo there 'is four children left deſtitute; ſo if your lordſhip thinks 'fit to make an appointment where I ſhall wait on you 'with my niece, by a line or two, I ſtay for your an-'ſwer; for I have no place fitted up ſince I left my 'houſe, fit to entertain your honour. I told her ſhe 'ſhould go with me to ſee a gentleman, a very good 'friend of mine; ſo I deſire you to take no notice of my 'letter, by reaſon ſhe is ignorant of the ways of the town. 'My lord, I deſire if you meet us to come alone; for 'upon my word and honour you are the firſt that ever I 'mentioned her to. So I remain,

'Your lordſhip's

'moſt humble ſervant to command.

'I beg of you to burn it when you have read it.' T

TUESDAY

No. CCLXXV. TUESDAY, JANUARY 15.

——tribus Anticyris caput insanabile—— Hor.

A head no hellebore can cure.

I WAS yesterday engaged in an assembly of virtuosos, where one of them produced many curious observations which he had lately made in the anatomy of an human body. Another of the company communicated to us several wonderful discoveries, which he had also made on the same subject, by the help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion, presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild extravagant dream.

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a beau's head, and of a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not such in reality, but an heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us, that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it: so we found that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, insomuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her beauties.

We

We obſerved a large antrum or cavity in the ſinciput, that was filled with ribbons, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a moſt curious piece of net-work, the parts of which were likewiſe imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of theſe antrums or cavities was ſtuffed with inviſible billet-doux, love-letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the ſame nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which ſet the whole company a ſneezing, and by the ſcent diſcovered itſelf to be right Spaniſh. The ſeveral other cells were ſtored with commodities of the ſame kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each ſide of the head, which I muſt not omit. That on the right ſide was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falſhoods, vows, promiſes, and proteſtations; that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There iſſued out a duct from each of theſe cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and paſſed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We diſcovered ſeveral little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their ſeveral paſſages. One of them extended itſelf to a bundle of ſonnets and little muſical inſtruments. Others ended in ſeveral bladders which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the ſkull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled wth a kind of ſpungy ſubſtance, which the French anatomiſts call galimatias, and the Engliſh nonſenſe.

The ſkins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and what very much ſurprized us, had not in them any ſingle blood-veſſel that we were able to diſcover, either with or without our glaſſes; from whence we concluded, that the party when alive muſt have been intirely deprived of the faculty of bluſhing.

The os cribriforme was exceedingly ſtuffed, and in ſome places damaged with ſnuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that ſmall muſcle which is not often diſcovered in diſſections, and draws the noſe upwards,

when it expreſſes the contempt which the owner of it has, upon ſeeing any thing he does not like, or hearing any thing he does not underſtand. I need not tell my learned reader, this is that muſcle which performs the motion ſo often mentioned by the Latin poets, when they talk of a man's cocking his noſe, or playing the rhinoceros.

We did not find any thing very remarkable in the eye, ſaving only, that the muſculi amatorii, or as we may tranſlate it into Engliſh, the ogling muſcles, were very much worn and decayed with uſe; whereas on the contrary, the elevator, or the muſcle which turns the eye towards heaven, did not appear to have been uſed at all.

I have only mentioned in this diſſection ſuch new diſcoveries as we were able to make, and have not taken any notice of thoſe parts which are to be met with in common heads. As for the ſkull, the face, and indeed the whole outward ſhape and figure of the head, we could not diſcover any difference from what we obſerve in the heads of other men. We were informed, that the perſon to whom this head belonged, had paſſed for a man above five and thirty years; during which time he eat and drank like other people, dreſſed well, talked loud, laughed frequently, and on particular occaſions had acquitted himſelf tolerably at a ball or an aſſembly; to which one of the company added, that a certain knot of ladies took him for a wit. He was cut off in the flower of his age by the blow of a paring-ſhovel, having been ſurpriſed by an eminent citizen, as he was tendering ſome civilities to his wife.

When we had thoroughly examined this head with all its apartments, and its ſeveral kinds of furniture, we put up the brain, ſuch as it was, into its proper place, and laid it aſide under a broad piece of ſcarlet cloth, in order to be prepared, and kept in a great repoſitory for diſſections; our operator telling us that the preparation would not be ſo difficult as that of another brain, for that he had obſerved ſeveral of the little pipes and tubes which ran through the brain were already filled with a kind of mercurial ſubſtance, which he looked upon to be true quick-ſilver.

He

He applied himſelf in the next place to the coquette's heart, which he likewiſe laid open with great dexterity. There occurred to us many particularities in this diſſection; but being unwilling to burthen my reader's memory too much, I ſhall reſerve this ſubject for the ſpeculation of another day. L.

No. CCLXXVI. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16.

Errori nomen virtus poſuiſſet honeſtum. Hor.

Miſconduct ſcreen'd behind a ſpecious name.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I HOPE you have philoſophy enough to be capable 'of bearing the mention of your faults. Your pa-'pers which regard the fallen part of the fair-ſex, are, 'I think, written with an indelicacy which makes them 'unworthy to be inſerted in the writings of a moraliſt 'who knows the world. I cannot allow that you are 'at liberty to obſerve upon the actions of mankind with 'the freedom which you ſeem to reſolve upon; at leaſt 'if you do ſo, you ſhould take along with you the diſ-'tinction of manners of the world, according to the 'quality and way of life of the perſons concerned. A 'man of breeding ſpeaks of even misfortune among la-'dies, without giving it the moſt terrible aſpect it can 'bear: and this tenderneſs towards them, is much more 'to be preſerved when you ſpeak of vices. All man-'kind are ſo far related, that care is to be taken, in 'things to which all are liable, you do not mention 'what concerns one in terms which ſhall diſguſt an-'other. Thus to tell a rich man of the indigence of a 'kinſman of his, or abruptly inform a virtuous woman 'of the lapſe of one who until then was in the ſame de-'gree of eſteem with herſelf, is in a kind involving 'each of them in ſome participation of thoſe diſadvan-'tages. It is therefore expected from every writer, to

'treat his argument in ſuch a manner, as is moſt pro-
'per to entertain the ſort of readers to whom his diſ-
'courſe is directed. It is not neceſſary when you write
'to the tea-table, that you ſhould draw vices which
'carry all the horror of ſhame and contempt: if you
'paint an impertinent ſelf-love, an artful glance, an aſ-
'ſumed complexion, you ſay all which you ought to
'ſuppoſe they can be poſſibly guilty of. When you
'talk with this limitation, you behave yourſelf ſo as
'that you may expect others in converſation may ſecond
'your raillery; but when you do it in a ſtyle which
'every body elſe forbears in reſpect to their quali-
'ty, they have an eaſy remedy in forbearing to read you,
'and hearing no more of their faults. A man that is
'now and then guilty of an intemperance is not to be
'called a drunkard; but the rule of polite raillery, is
'to ſpeak of a man's faults as if you loved him. Of
'this nature is what was ſaid by Cæſar: when one was
'railing with an uncourtly vehemence, and broke out,
'What muſt we call him who was taken in an intrigue
'with another man's wife? Cæſar anſwered very grave-
'ly, "a careleſs fellow." This was at once a repri-
'mand for ſpeaking of a crime which in thoſe days had
'not the abhorrence attending it as it ought, as well
'as an intimation that all intemperate behaviour before
'ſuperiors loſes its aim, by accuſing in a method unfit
'for the audience. A word to the wiſe. All I mean
'here to ſay to you is, that the moſt free perſon of qua-
'lity can go no farther than being a kind woman; and
'you ſhould never ſay of a man of figure worſe, than
'that he knows the world.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'Francis Courtly.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM a woman of an unſpotted reputation, and know
'nothing I have ever done which ſhould encourage
'ſuch inſolence; but here was one the other day, and

'he was dreſſed like a gentleman too, who took the li-
'berty to name the words, luſty fellow, in my pre-
'ſence. I doubt not but you will reſent it in behalf of,

'Sir, your humble ſervant,

'Celia.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'YOU lately put out a dreadful paper, wherein you
'promiſe a full account of the ſtate of criminal
'love; and call all the fair who have tranſgreſſed in
'that kind by one very rude name which I do not care
'to repeat: but I deſire to know of you whether I am
'or I am not one of thoſe? My caſe is as follows. I
'am kept by an old bachelor, who took me ſo young,
'that I knew not how he came by me: he is a bencher
'of one of the inns of court, a very gay healthy old
'man; which is a very lucky thing for him, who has
'been, he tells me, a ſcowerer, a ſcamperer, a breaker
'of windows, and invader of conſtables, in the days
'of yore, when all dominion ended with the day, and
'males and females met helter ſkelter, and the ſcowerers
'drove before them all who pretended to keep up order
'or rule to the interruption of love and honour. This
'is his way of talk, for he is very gay when he viſits
'me; but as his former knowledge of the town has
'alarmed him into an invincible jealouſy, he keeps me
'in a pair of ſlippers, neat bodice, warm petticoats, and
'my own hair woven in ringlets, after a manner, he
'ſays, he remembers. I am not miſtreſs of one farthing
'of money, but have all neceſſaries provided for me,
'under the guard of one who procured for him while
'he had any deſires to gratify. I know nothing of a
'wench's life, but the reputation of it: I have a natu-
'ral voice, and a pretty untaught ſtep in dancing. His
'manner is to bring an old fellow who has been his ſer-
'vant from his youth, and is grey-headed: this man
'makes on the violin a certain jiggiſh noiſe to which I
'dance, and when that is over I ſing to him ſome looſe
'air that has more wantonneſs than muſic in it. You
'muſt have ſeen a ſtrange windowed houſe near Hyde-

'Park

'Park, which is ſo built that no one can look out of any 'of the apartments; my rooms are after that manner, 'and I never ſee man, woman or child, but in company 'with the two perſons above-mentioned. He ſends me 'in all the books, pamphlets, plays, operas, and ſongs 'that come out; and his utmoſt delight in me as a wo-'man, is to talk over all his old amours in my preſence, 'to play with my neck, ſay "the time was," give me a 'kiſs, and bid me be ſure to follow the directions of my 'guardian (the above-mentioned lady) and I ſhall never 'want. The truth of my caſe is, I ſuppoſe, that I was 'educated for a purpoſe he did not know he ſhould be 'unfit for when I came to years. Now, Sir, what I 'aſk of you, as a caſuiſt, is to tell me how far in theſe 'circumſtances I am innocent, though ſubmiſſive; he 'guilty, though impotent?

'I am, Sir,

'Your conſtant reader,

'PUCELLA.'

'To the man called the Spectator.

'Friend,

'FORASMUCH as at the birth of thy labour, thou 'didſt promiſe upon thy word, that letting alone the 'vanities that do abound, thou wouldſt only endeavour 'to ſtrengthen the crooked morals of this our Babylon, 'I gave credit to thy fair ſpeeches, and admitted one of 'thy papers, every day ſave Sunday, into my houſe; for 'the edification of my daughter Tabitha, and to the end 'that Suſannah the wife of my boſom might profit there-'by. But alas! my friend, I find that thou art a liar, 'and that the truth is not in thee; elſe why didſt thou 'in a paper which thou didſt lately put forth, make 'mention of thoſe vain coverings for the heads of our 'females, which thou loveſt to liken unto tulips, and 'which are lately ſprung up among us? Nay, why didſt 'thou make mention of them in ſuch a ſeeming, as if 'thou didſt approve the invention, inſomuch that my 'daughter Tabitha beginneth to wax wanton, and to luſt

'after

'after theſe fooliſh vanities? Surely thou doſt ſee with 'the eyes of the fleſh. Verily therefore, unleſs thou doſt 'ſpeedily amend and leave off following thine own ima-'ginations, I will leave off thee,

'Thy friend as hereafter thou doſt demean thyſelf,

T 'HEZEKIAH BROADBRIM.'

No. CCLXXVII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 17.

—— fas eſt & ab hoſte doceri. OVID.

Receive inſtruction from an enemy.

I PRESUME I need not inform the polite part of my readers, that before our correſpondence with France was unhappily interrupted by the war, our ladies had all their faſhions from thence; which the milliners took care to furniſh them with by means of a jointed baby, that came regularly over once a month, habited after the manner of the moſt eminent toaſts in Paris.

I am credibly informed, that even in the hotteſt time of the war, the ſex made ſeveral efforts, and raiſed large contributions towards the importation of this wooden Madamoiſelle.

Whether the veſſel they ſet out was loſt or taken, or whether its cargo was ſeized on by the officers of the cuſtom-houſe as a piece of contraband goods, I have not yet been able to learn; it is, however, certain, their firſt attempts were without ſucceſs, to the no ſmall diſappointment of our whole female world; but as their conſtancy and application, in a matter of ſo great importance, can never be ſufficiently commended, I am glad to find, that in ſpite of all oppoſition, they have at length carried their point, of which I received advice by the two following letters.

'Mr.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM so great a lover of whatever is French, that I 'lately discarded an humble admirer, because he nei-'ther spoke that tongue, nor drank claret. I have long 'bewailed, in secret, the calamities of my sex during the 'war, in all which time we have laboured under the in-'supportable inventions of English tire-women, who, 'though they sometimes copy indifferently well, can 'never compose with that goût they do in France.

'I was almost in despair of ever more seeing a model 'from that dear country, when last Sunday I overheard 'a lady in the next pew to me, whisper another, that at 'the Seven-Stars in King-Street, Covent-Garden, there 'was a Madamoiselle completely dressed just come from 'Paris.

'I was in the utmost impatience during the remaining 'part of the service, and as soon as ever it was over, 'having learnt the milliner's address, I went directly to 'her house in King-Street, but was told that the French 'lady was at a person of quality's in Pall-Mall, and 'would not be back again until very late that night. I 'was therefore obliged to renew my visit early this morn-'ing, and had then a full view of the dear moppet from 'head to foot.

'You cannot imagine, worthy Sir, how ridiculously 'I find we have been trussed up during the war, and how 'infinitely the French dress excels ours.

'The mantua has no leads in the sleeves, and I hope 'we are not lighter than the French ladies, so as to want 'that kind of ballast; the petticoat has no whalebone, 'but sits with an air altogether gallant and degagé: 'the coiffure is inexpressibly pretty, and in short, the 'whole dress has a thousand beauties in it, which I 'would not have as yet made too public.

'I thought fit, however, to give this notice, that you 'may not be surprised at my appearing *à la mode de* '*Paris* on the next birth-night.

'I am, Sir, your humble servant,

'TERAMINTA.'

Within

Within an hour after I had read this letter, I received another from the owner of the puppet.

'SIR,

'ON Saturday laſt, being the 12th inſtant, there arrived at my houſe in King-Street, Covent-Garden, 'a French baby for the year 1712. I have taken the utmoſt care to have her dreſſed by the moſt celebrated 'tire-women and mantua-makers in Paris, and do not 'find that I have any reaſon to be ſorry for the expence 'I have been at in her cloaths and importation: however, as I know no perſon who is ſo good a judge of 'dreſs as yourſelf, if you pleaſe to call at my houſe in 'your way to the city, and take a view of her, I promiſe to amend whatever you ſhall diſapprove in your 'next paper, before I exhibit her as a pattern to the 'public

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble admirer,

'and moſt obedient ſervant,

BETTY CROSS-STITCH.'

As I am willing to do any thing in reaſon for the ſervice of my countrywomen, and had much rather prevent faults than find them, I went laſt night to the houſe of the above-mentioned Mrs. Croſs-ſtitch. As ſoon as I entered, the maid of the ſhop, who, I ſuppoſe, was prepared for my coming, without aſking me any queſtions, introduced me to the little damſel, and ran away to call her miſtreſs.

The puppet was dreſſed in a cherry-coloured gown and petticoat, with a ſhort working apron over it, which diſcovered her ſhape to the moſt advantage. Her hair was cut and divided very prettily, with ſeveral ribbons ſtuck up and down in it. The milliner aſſured me, that her complexion was ſuch as was worn by all the ladies of the beſt faſhion in Paris. Her head was extremely high, on which ſubject having long ſince declared my ſentiments, I ſhall ſay nothing more to it at preſent. I was alſo offended

tended at a ſmall patch ſhe wore on her breaſt, which I cannot ſuppoſe is placed there with any good deſign.

Her necklace was of an immoderate length, being tied before in ſuch a manner, that the two ends hung down to her girdle; but whether theſe ſupply the place of kiſſing-ſtrings in our enemy's country, and whether our Britiſh ladies have any occaſion for them, I ſhall leave to their ſerious conſideration.

After having obſerved the particulars of her dreſs, as I was taking a view of it altogether, the ſhop-maid, who is a pert wench, told me that Madamoiſelle had ſomething very curious in the tying of her garters; but as I pay a due reſpect even to a pair of ſticks when they are under petticoats, I did not examine into that particular.

Upon the whole I was well enough pleaſed with the appearance of this gay lady, and the more ſo becauſe ſhe was not talkative, a quality very rarely to be met with in the reſt of her countrywomen.

As I was taking my leave, the milliner farther informed me, that with the aſſiſtance of a watch-maker, who was her neighbour, and the ingenious Mr. Powel, ſhe had alſo contrived another puppet, which by the help of ſeveral little ſprings to be wound up within it, could move all its limbs, and that ſhe had ſent it over to her correſpondent in Paris to be taught the various leanings and bendings of the head, the riſings of the boſom, the courteſy and recovery, the genteel trip, and the agreeable jet, as they are now practiſed at the court of France.

She added that ſhe hoped ſhe might depend upon having my encouragement as ſoon as it arrived; but as this was a petition of too great importance to be anſwered *extempore*, I left her without reply, and made the beſt of my way to *Will Honeycomb*'s lodgings, without whoſe advice I never communicate any thing to the public of this nature.

No. CCLXXVIII. FRIDAY, JANUARY 18.

———Sermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum——— Hor.
I rather chooſe a low and creeping ſtyle.

'Mr. Spectator,

'SIR,

'YOUR having done conſiderable ſervices in this 'great city, by rectifying the diſorders of fa-'milies, and ſeveral wives having preferred your advice 'and directions to thoſe of their huſbands, emboldens me 'to apply to you at this time. I am a ſhop-keeper, and 'though but a young man, I find by experience that 'nothing but the utmoſt diligence both of huſband and 'wife, among trading people, can keep affairs in any to-'lerable order. My wife at the beginning of our eſta-'bliſhment ſhewed herſelf very aſſiſting to me in my bu-'neſs as much as could lie in her way, and I have reaſon 'to believe it was with her inclination; but of late ſhe 'has got acquainted with a ſchoolman, who values him-'ſelf for his great knowledge in the Greek tongue. He 'entertains her frequently in the ſhop with diſcourſes of 'the beauties and excellencies of that language; and re-'peats to her ſeveral paſſages out of the Greek poets, 'wherein he tells her, there is unſpeakable harmony and 'agreeable ſounds that all other languages are wholly 'unacquainted with. He has ſo infatuated her with his 'jargon, that inſtead of uſing her former diligence in the 'ſhop, ſhe now neglects the affairs of the houſe, and is 'wholly taken up with her tutor in learning by heart 'ſcraps of Greek, which ſhe vents upon all occaſions. She 'told me ſome days ago, that whereas I uſe ſome Latin 'inſcriptions in my ſhop, ſhe adviſed me with a great 'deal of concern to have them changed into Greek; it 'being a language leſs underſtood, would be more con-'formable to the myſtery of my profeſſion; that our good 'friend would be aſſiſting to us in this work; and that

'a certain faculty of gentlemen would find themselves so 'much obliged to me, that they would infallibly make 'my fortune: in short, her frequent importunities upon 'this and other impertinencies of the like nature make me 'very uneasy; and if your remonstrances have no more 'effect upon her than mine, I am afraid I shall be obliged 'to ruin myself to procure her a settlement at Oxford 'with her tutor, for she is already too mad for Bedlam. 'Now, Sir, you see the danger my family is exposed to, 'and the likelihood of my wife's becoming both trou-'blesome and useless, unless her reading herself in your 'paper may make her reflect. She is so very learned that 'I cannot pretend by word of mouth to argue with her. 'She laughed out at your ending a paper in Greek, and 'said it was a hint to women of literature, and very 'civil not to translate it to expose them to the vulgar. 'You see how it is with,

'Sir, your humble servant.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'IF you have that humanity and compassion in your 'nature that you take such pains to make one think 'you have, you will not deny your advice to a distressed 'damsel, who intends to be determined by your judg-'ment in a matter of great importance to her. You must 'know then, there is an agreeable young fellow, to 'whose person, wit, and humour no body makes any 'objection, that pretends to have been long in love with 'me. To this I must add, whether it proceeds from the 'vanity of my nature, or the seeming sincerity of my 'lover, I will not pretend to say, that I verily believe he 'has a real value for me; which if true, you will allow 'may justly augment his merit with his mistress. In 'short, I am so sensible of his good qualities, and what 'I owe to his passion, that I think I could sooner resolve 'to give up my liberty to him than any body else, were 'there not an objection to be made to his fortunes, in 'regard they do not answer the utmost mine may expect, 'and are not sufficient to secure me from undergoing the

'reproachful

'reproachful phraſe, ſo commonly uſed, that ſhe has 'play'd the fool. Now, though I am one of thoſe few 'who heartily deſpiſe equipage, diamonds, and a cox-'comb, yet ſince ſuch oppoſite notions from mine pre-'vail in the world, even amongſt the beſt, and ſuch as 'diſcerned the moſt prudent people, I cannot find in my 'heart to reſolve upon incurring the cenſure of thoſe 'wiſe folks, which I am conſcious I ſhall do, if when I 'enter into a married ſtate, I diſcover a thought beyond 'that of equalling, if not advancing my fortunes. Un-'der this difficulty I now labour, not being in the leaſt 'determined whether I ſhall be governed by the vain 'world, and the frequent examples I meet with, or 'hearken to the voice of my lover, and the motions I 'find in my heart in favour of him. Sir, your opinion 'and advice in this affair, is the only thing I know can 'turn the balance; and which I earneſtly intreat I may 'receive ſoon; for until I have your thoughts upon it, 'I am engaged not to give my ſwain a final diſcharge.

'Beſides the particular obligation you will lay on me, 'by giving this ſubject room in one of your papers, it is 'poſſible it may be of uſe to ſome others of my ſex, who 'will be as grateful for the favour as,

'Sir, your humble ſervant,

'FLORINDA.'

'P. S. To tell you the truth, I am married to him 'already, but pray ſay ſomething to juſtify me.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'YOU will forgive us profeſſors of muſic if we make 'a ſecond application to you, in order to promote 'our deſign of exhibiting entertainments of muſic in 'York-buildings. It is induſtriouſly inſinuated that our 'intention is to deſtroy operas in general, but we beg of 'you to inſert this plain explanation of ourſelves in your 'paper. Our purpoſe is only to improve our circum-'ſtances, by improving the art which we profeſs. We 'ſee it utterly deſtroyed at preſent, and as we were the

'perſons who introduced operas, we think it a ground-
'leſs imputation that we ſhould ſet up againſt the opera
'itſelf. What we pretend to aſſert is, that the ſongs of
'different authors injudiciouſly put together, and a fo-
'reign tone and manner which are expected in every thing
'now performed amongſt us, has put muſic itſelf to a ſtand;
'inſomuch that the ears of the people cannot now be
'entertained with any thing but what has an impertinent
'gaiety, without any juſt ſpirit, or a languiſhment of
'notes, without any paſſion or common ſenſe. We hope
'thoſe perſons of ſenſe and quality who have done us the
'honour to ſubſcribe, will not be aſhamed of their pa-
'tronage towards us, and not receive impreſſions that
'patroniſing us is being for or againſt the opera, but
'truly promoting their own diverſions in a more juſt and
'elegant manner than has been hitherto performed.

'We are, Sir

'Your moſt humble ſervants,

'Thomas Clayton.
'Nicolino Haym.
'Charles Dieupart.

'There will be no performances in York-buildings
'until after that of the ſubſcription.' T

No. CCLXXIX. SATURDAY, JANUARY 19.

Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique. Hor.

He knows what beſt befits each character.

WE have already taken a general ſurvey of the fable and characters in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt. The parts which remain to be conſidered, according to Ariſtotle's method, are the ſentiments and the language. Before I enter upon the firſt of theſe, I muſt advertiſe my reader, that it is my deſign, as ſoon as I have finiſhed my general reflexions on theſe four ſeveral heads, to give particular

particular inſtances out of the poem which is now before us of beauties and imperfections which may be obſerved under each of them, as alſo of ſuch other particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premiſe, that the reader may not judge too haſtily of this piece of criticiſm, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has ſeen the whole extent of it.

The ſentiments in an epic poem are the thoughts and behaviour which the author aſcribes to the perſons whom he introduces, and are juſt when they are conformable to the characters of the ſeveral perſons. The ſentiments have likewiſe a relation to things as well as perſons, and are then perfect when they are ſuch as are adapted to the ſubject. If in either of theſe caſes the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminiſh, to raiſe love or hatred, pity or terror, or any other paſſion, we ought to conſider whether the ſentiments he makes uſe of are proper for thoſe ends. Homer is cenſured by the critics for his defect as to this particular in ſeveral parts of the Iliad and Odyſſey, though at the ſame time thoſe, who have treated this great poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the age, and not of Homer, if there wants that delicacy in ſome of his ſentiments, which now appears in the works of men of a much inferior genius. Beſides, if there are blemiſhes in any particular thoughts, there is an infinite beauty in the greateſt part of them. In ſhort, if there are many poets who would not have fallen into the meanneſs of ſome of his ſentiments, there are none who could have riſen up to the greatneſs of others. Virgil has excelled all others in the propriety of his ſentiments. Milton ſhines likewiſe very much in this particular: nor muſt we omit one conſideration which adds to his honour and reputation. Homer and Virgil introduced perſons whoſe characters are commonly known among men, and ſuch as are to be met with either in hiſtory, or in ordinary converſation. Milton's characters, moſtly of them lie out of nature, and were to be formed purely by his own invention. It ſhews a greater genius in Shakeſpear to have drawn his Calyban, than his Hot-

ſpur or Julius Cæſar: the one was to be ſupplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, hiſtory and obſervation. It was much eaſier therefore for Homer to find proper ſentiments for an aſſembly of Grecian generals, than for Milton to diverſify his infernal council with proper characters, and inſpire them with a variety of ſentiments. The loves of Dido and Æneas are only copies of what has paſſed between other perſons. Adam and Eve, before the fall, are a different ſpecies from that of mankind, who are deſcended from them; and none but a poet of the moſt unbounded invention, and the moſt exquiſite judgment, could have filled their converſation and behaviour with ſo many apt circumſtances during their ſtate of innocence.

Nor is it ſufficient for an epic poem to be filled with ſuch thoughts as are natural, unleſs it abound alſo with ſuch as are ſublime. Virgil in this particular falls ſhort of Homer. He has not indeed ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but at the ſame time has not ſo many thoughts that are ſublime and noble. The truth of it is, Virgil ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments, where he is not fired by the Iliad. He every where charms and pleaſes us by the force of his own genius; but ſeldom elevates and tranſports us where he does not fetch his hints from Homer.

Milton's chief talent, and indeed his diſtinguiſhing excellence, lies in the ſublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatneſs of his ſentiments he triumphs over all the poets both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impoſſible for the imagination to diſtend itſelf with greater ideas, than thoſe which he has laid together in his firſt, ſecond, and ſixth books. The ſeventh, which deſcribes the creation of the world, is likewiſe wonderfully ſublime, though not ſo apt to ſtir up emotion in the mind of the reader, nor conſequently ſo perfect in the epic way of writing, becauſe it is filled with leſs action. Let the judicious reader compare what Longinus has obſerved on ſeveral paſſages in Homer, and he will find parallels for moſt of them in the Paradiſe Loſt.

From

From what has been ſaid we may infer, that as there are two kinds of ſentiments, the natural and the ſublime, which are always to be purſued in an heroic poem, there are alſo two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The firſt are ſuch as are affected and unnatural; the ſecond ſuch as are mean and vulgar. As for the firſt kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil: he has none of thoſe trifling points and puerilities that are ſo often to be met with in Ovid, none of the epigrammatic turns of Lucan, none of thoſe ſwelling ſentiments which are ſo frequent in Statius and Claudian, none of theſe mixed embelliſhments of Taſſo. Every thing is juſt and natural. His ſentiments ſhew that he had a perfect inſight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the moſt proper to affect it.

Mr. Dryden has in ſome places, which I may hereafter take notice of, miſrepreſented Virgil's way of thinking as to this particular, in the tranſlation he has given us of the *Æneid*. I do not remember that Homer any where falls into the faults above-mentioned, which were indeed the falſe refinements of later ages. Milton, it muſt be confeſt, has ſometimes erred in this reſpect, as I ſhall ſhow more at large in another paper; though conſidering how all the poets of the age in which he writ were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did ſometimes comply with the vicious taſte which ſtill prevails ſo much among modern writers.

But ſince ſeveral thoughts may be natural which are low and groveling, an epic poet ſhould not only avoid ſuch ſentiments as are unnatural or affected, but alſo ſuch as are mean and vulgar. Homer has opened a great field of raillery to men of more delicacy than greatneſs of genius, by the homelineſs of ſome of his ſentiments. But, as I have before ſaid, theſe are rather to be imputed to the ſimplicity of the age in which he lived, to which I may alſo add, of that which he deſcribed, than to any imperfection in that divine poet. Zoilus, among the ancients, and Monſieur Perrault, among the moderns, puſhed

puſhed their ridicule very far upon him, on account of ſome ſuch ſentiments. There is no blemiſh to be obſerved in Virgil under this head, and but a very few in Milton.

I ſhall give but one inſtance of this impropriety of thought in Homer, and at the ſame time compare it with an inſtance of the ſame nature, both in Virgil and Milton. Sentiments, which raiſe laughter, can very ſeldom be admitted with any decency into an heroic poem, whoſe buſineſs it is to excite paſſions of a much nobler nature. Homer, however, in his characters of Vulcan and Therſites, in his ſtory of Mars and Venus, in his behaviour of Irus, and in other paſſages, has been obſerved to have lapſed in o the burleſque character, and to have departed from that ſerious air which ſeems eſſential to the magnificence of an epic poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole Æneid, which riſes in the fifth book, upon Monœtes, where he is repreſented as thrown overboard, and drying himſelf upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is ſo well timed, that the ſevereſt critic can have nothing to ſay againſt it; for it is in the book of games and diverſions, where the reader's mind may be ſuppoſed to be ſufficiently relaxed for ſuch an entertainment. The only piece of pleaſantry in Paradiſe Loſt, is where the evil ſpirits are deſcribed as rallying the angels upon the ſucceſs of their new-invented artillery. This paſſage I look upon to be the moſt exceptionable in the whole poem, as being nothing elſe but a ſtring of puns, and thoſe too very indifferent ones.

Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd.
O friends, why come not on thoſe victors proud!
Ere-while they fierce were coming, and when we
To entertain them fair with *open front*,
And breaſt, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of compoſition, ſtraight they chang'd their minds,
Flew off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell
As they would dance: yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant, and wild; perhaps

For

For joy of offer'd peace; but I ſuppoſe
If our propoſals once again were *heard*
We ſhould compel them to a quick *reſult*.
To whom thus Belial in like gamelome mood:
Leader, the terms we ſent were terms of *weight*,
Of *hard contents*, and full of force urg'd home;
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And *ſtumbled* many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well *underſtand*;
Not *underſtood*, this gift they have beſides,
They ſhew us when our foes *walk not upright*.
Thus they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing MILTON.

No. CCLXXX. MONDAY, JANUARY 21.

Principibus placuiſſe virus non ultima laus eſt. HOR.

To pleaſe the great is not the ſmalleſt praiſe. CREECH.

THE deſire of pleaſing makes a man agreeable or unwelcome to thoſe with whom he converſes, according to the motive from which that inclination appears to flow. If your concern for pleaſing others ariſes from an innate benevolence, it never fails of ſucceſs; if from a vanity to excel, its diſappointment is no leſs certain. What we call an agreeable man, is he who is endowed with the natural bent to do acceptable things from a delight he takes in them merely as ſuch; and the affectation of that character is what conſtitutes a fop. Under theſe leaders one may draw up all thoſe who make any manner of figure, except in dumb ſhow. A rational and ſelect converſation is compoſed of perſons, who have the talent of pleaſing with delicacy of ſentiments flowing from habitual chaſtity of thought; but mixed company is frequently made up of pretenders to mirth, and is uſually peſtered with conſtrained, obſcene, and painful witticiſms. Now and then you meet with a man ſo exactly formed for pleaſing, that it is no matter what he is doing or ſaying, that is to ſay, that there need

need be no manner of importance in it, to make him gain upon every body who hears or beholds him. This felicity is not the gift of nature only, but muſt be attended with happy circumſtances, which add a dignity to the familiar behaviour which diſtinguiſhes him whom we call an agreeable man. It is from this that every body loves and eſteems Polycarpus. He is in the vigour of his age and the gaiety of life, but has paſſed through very conſpicuous ſcenes in it. Though no ſoldier, he has ſhared the danger, and acted with great gallantry and generoſity on a deciſive day of battle. To have thoſe qualities which only make other men conſpicuous in the world as it were ſupernumerary to him, is a circumſtance which gives weight to his moſt indifferent actions; for as a known credit is ready caſh to a trader, ſo is acknowledged merit immediate diſtinction, and ſerves in the place of equipage to a gentleman. This renders Polycarpus graceful in mirth, important in buſineſs, and regarded with love, in every ordinary occurrence. But not to dwell upon characters which have ſuch particular recommendations to our hearts, let us turn our thoughts rather to the methods of pleaſing which muſt carry men through the world who cannot pretend to ſuch advantages. Falling in with the particular humour or manner of one above you, abſtracted from the general rules of good behaviour, is the life of a ſlave. A paraſite differs in nothing from the meaneſt ſervant, but that the footman hires himſelf for bodily labour, ſubjected to go and come at the will of his maſter, but the other gives up his very ſoul: he is proſtituted to ſpeak, and profeſſes to think after the mode of him whom he courts. This ſervitude to a patron, in an honeſt nature, would be more grievous than that of wearing his livery; therefore we will ſpeak of thoſe methods only, which are worthy and ingenious.

The happy talent of pleaſing either thoſe above you or below you, ſeems to be wholly owing to the opinion they have of your ſincerity. This quality is to attend the agreeable man in all the actions of his life; and I think there need no more be ſaid in honour of it, than that it is what forces the approbation even of your opponents.

ponents. The guilty man has an honour for the judge who with juſtice pronounces againſt him the ſentence of death itſelf. The author of the ſentence at the head of this paper, was an excellent judge of human life, and paſſed his own in company the moſt agreeable that ever was in the world. Auguſtus lived among his friends as if he had his fortune to make in his own court: candour and affability, accompanied with as much power as ever mortal was veſted with, were what made him in the utmoſt manner agreeable among a ſet of admirable men, who had thoughts too high for ambition: and views too large to be gratified by what he could give them in the diſpoſal of an empire, without the pleaſures of their mutual converſation. A certain unanimity of taſte and judgment, which is natural to all of the ſame order in the ſpecies, was the band of this ſociety; and the emperor aſſumed no figure in it, but what he thought was his due from his private talents and qualifications, as they contributed to advance the pleaſures and ſentiments of the company.

Cunning people, hypocrites, all who are but half virtuous, or half wiſe, are incapable of taſting the refined pleaſure of ſuch an equal company as could wholly exclude the regard of fortune in their converſations. Horace, in the diſcourſe from whence I take the hint of the preſent ſpeculation, lays down excellent rules for conduct in converſation with men of power; but he ſpeaks with an air of one who had no need of ſuch an application for any thing which related to himſelf. It ſhews he underſtood what it was to be a ſkilful courtier, by juſt admonitions againſt importunity, and ſhewing how forcible it was to ſpeak modeſtly of your own wants. There is indeed ſomething ſo ſhameleſs in taking all opportunities to ſpeak of your own affairs, that he who is guilty of it towards him on whom he depends, fares like the beggar, who expoſes his ſores, which inſtead of moving compaſſion makes the man he begs of turn away from the object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I remember about ſixteen years ago an honeſt fellow, who ſo juſtly underſtood how diſagreeable the mention or appearance of his wants would make him, that I have often reflected upon

upon him as a counterpart of Irus, whom I have formerly mentioned. This man, whom I have miſſed for ſome years in my walks, and have heard was ſome way employed about the army, made it a maxim, that good wigs, delicate linen, and a chearful air, were to a poor dependent the ſame that working tools were to a poor artificer. It was no ſmall entertainment to me, who knew his circumſtances, to ſee him, who had faſted two days, attribute the thinneſs they told him of to the violence of ſome gallantries he had lately been guilty of. The ſkilful diſſembler carried this on with the utmoſt addreſs; and if any ſuſpected his affairs were narrow, it was attributed to indulging himſelf in ſome faſhionable vice rather than an irreproachable poverty, which ſaved his credit with thoſe on whom he depended.

The main art is to be as little troubleſome as you can, and make all you hope for come rather as a favour from your patron than claim from you. But I am here prating of what is the method of pleaſing ſo as to ſucceed in the world, when there are crowds who have, in city, town, court, and country, arrived to conſiderable acquiſitions, and yet ſeem incapable of acting in any conſtant tenor of life, but have gone on from one ſucceſsful error to another: therefore I think I may ſhorten this enquiry after the method of pleaſing; and as the old beau ſaid to his ſon, once for all, "Pray, Jack, be a fine gentleman," ſo may I, to my reader, abridge my inſtructions, and finiſh the art of pleaſing, in a word, "Be rich." T

No. CCLXXXI. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22.

Pectoribus inhians ſpirantia conſulit exta. VIRG.
Anxious the reeking entrails he conſults.

HAVING already given an account of the diſſection of a beau's head, with the ſeveral diſcoveries made on that occaſion; I ſhall here, according to my promiſe, enter upon the diſſection of a coquette's heart, and communicate

municate to the public such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waved this undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore in compliance with the request of friends, that I have looked over the minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without farther preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us, that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the pericardium, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice, by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this pericardium, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and, being stopped here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer, to shew the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us, that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; but that instead of acquainting him with the variations of the at-

mosphere, it shewed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped perriwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house: nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sunk again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us, that he knew very well by this invention whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the pericardium, or the case and liquor above-mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the *mucro*, or point, so very cold withal, that, upon endeavouring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibres were turned and twisted in a more intricate and perplexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together in a Gordian knot, and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, whilst it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewise, that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower. Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall

I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and I shall therefore only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-coloured hood.

We are informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made every one that conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprise not a single print of this nature discovered itself until we came into the very core and center of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when, at length, one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, shewed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features; that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that of the heart in other females. Accordingly we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed, or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phænomenon, and flaming round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapour. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

No. CCLXXXII. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23.

——Spes incerta futuri. VIRG.

Hope and fears in equal balance laid. DRYDEN.

IT is a lamentable thing that every man is full of complaints, and conſtantly uttering ſentences againſt the ficklenеſs of fortune, when people generally bring upon themſelves all the calamities they fall into, and are conſtantly heaping up matter for their own ſorrow and diſappointment. That which produces the greateſt part of the deluſions of mankind, is a falſe hope which people indulge with ſo ſanguine a flattery to themſelves, that their hearts are bent upon fantaſtical advantages which they had no reaſon to believe ſhould ever have arrived to them. By this unjuſt meaſure of calculating their happineſs, they often mourn with real affliction for imaginary loſſes. When I am talking of this unhappy way of accounting for ourſelves, I cannot but reflect upon a particular ſet of people, who, in their own favour, reſolve every thing that is poſſible into what is probable, and then reckon on that probability as on what muſt certainly happen. *Will Honeycomb*, upon my obſerving his looking on a lady with ſome particular attention, gave me an account of the great diſtreſſes which had laid waſte that her very fine face, and had given an air of melancholy to a very agreeable perſon. That lady and a couple of ſiſters of her's, were, ſaid *Will*, fourteen years ago, the greateſt fourtunes about town; but without having any loſs by bad tenants, by bad ſecurities, or any damage by ſea or land, are reduced to very narrow circumſtances. They were at that time the moſt inacceſſible haughty beauties in town; and their pretenſions to take upon them at that unmerciful rate, were raiſed upon the following ſcheme, according to which all their lovers were anſwered.

'Our father is a youngiſh man, but then our mo-
'ther is ſomewhat older, and not likely to have any
'children;

'children; his estate, being worth 800l. per annum, at 20 'years purchase, is worth 16,000l. Our uncle, who 'is above 50, has 400l. per annum, which at the afore- 'said rate is 8000l. There's a widow aunt, who 'has 10,000l. at her own disposal left by her husband, 'and an old maiden aunt who has 6000l. Then our 'father's mother has 900l. per annum, which is worth '18,000l. and 1000l. each of us has of her own, which 'cannot be taken from us. These summed up together 'stand thus.

	£.	
Father's 800 - - - - -	16,000	This equally divided between us three amounts to 20,000l. each; an allowance being given for enlargement upon common fame, we may lawfully pass for 30,000l. fortunes.
Uncle's 400 - - - - -	8,000	
Aunts { 10,000 / 6,000 }	16,000	
Grandmother 900 - -	18,000	
Own 1000 each - - - -	3,000	
Total	61,000	

'In prospect of this, and the knowledge of their own 'personal merit, every one was contemptible in their 'eyes, and they refused those offers which had been fre- 'quently made them. But mark the end: the mother 'dies, the father is married again and has a son, on him 'was entailed the father's, uncle's, and grandmother's 'estate. This cut off 42,000l. The maiden aunt mar- 'ried a tall Irishman, and with her went the 6000l. 'The widow died, and left but enough to pay her debts 'and bury her; so that there remained for these three 'girls but their own 1000l. They had by this time 'passed their prime, and got on the wrong side of thirty; 'and must pass the remainder of their days, upbraiding 'mankind that they mind nothing but money, and be- 'wailing that virtue, sense, and modesty, are had at 'present in no manner of estimation.'

I mention this case of ladies before any other, because it is the most irreparable: for though youth is the time less capable of reflexion, it is in that sex the only season in which they can advance their fortunes. But if we turn our thoughts to the men, we see such crowds of un-

happy from no other reason, but an ill-grounded hope, that it is hard to say which they rather deserve, our pity or contempt. It is not unpleasant to see a fellow, grown old in attendance, and after having passed half a life in servitude, call himself the unhappiest of all men, and pretend to be disappointed because a courtier broke his word. He that promises himself any thing but what may naturally arise from his own property or labour, and goes beyond the desire of possessing above two parts in three even of that, lays up for himself an increasing heap of afflictions and disappointments. There are but two means in the world of gaining by other men, and these are by being either agreeable or considerable. The generality of mankind do all things for their own sakes; and when you hope any thing from persons above you, if you cannot say, I can be thus agreeable or thus serviceable, it is ridiculous to pretend to the dignity of being unfortunate when they leave you; you were injudicious, in hoping for any other than to be neglected for such as can come within these descriptions of being capable to please or serve your patron, when his humour or interests call for their capacity either way.

It would not methinks be an useless comparison between the condition of a man who shuns all the pleasures of life, and of one who makes it his business to pursue them. Hope in the recluse makes his austerities comfortable, while the luxurious man gains nothing but uneasiness from his enjoyments. What is the difference in the happiness of him who is macerated by abstinence, and his who is surfeited with excess? He who resigns the world, has no temptation to envy, hatred, malice, anger, but is in constant possession of a serene mind; he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care, solicitude, remorse, and confusion.

'Mr. Spectator, January 14, 1711.

'I AM a young woman, and have my fortune to make, 'for which reason I come constantly to church to hear 'divine service, and make conquests: but one great hin-

'drance

'drance in this my deſign is, that our clerk, who was 'once a gardner, has this Chriſtmas ſo over-decked the 'church with greens, that he has quite ſpoiled my proſ-'pect, inſomuch that I have ſcarce ſeen the young baro-'net I dreſs at theſe three weeks, though we have both 'been very conſtant at our devotions, and do not ſit 'above three pews off. The church, as it is now equip-'ped, looks more like a green-houſe than a place of wor-'ſhip: the middle aiſle is a very pretty ſhady walk, and 'the pews look like ſo many arbours on each ſide of it. 'The pulpit itſelf has ſuch cluſters of ivy, holly, and 'roſemary about it, that a light fellow in our pew took 'occaſion to ſay, that the congregation heard the word 'out of a buſh, like Moſes. Sir Anthony Love's pew 'in particular is ſo well hedged, that all my batteries 'have no effect. I am obliged to ſhoot at random 'among the boughs, without taking any manner of aim. 'Mr. *Spectator*, unleſs you will give orders for remov-'ing theſe greens, I ſhall grow a very aukward creature 'at church, and ſoon have little elſe to do there but to 'ſay my prayers. I am in haſte,

'Dear Sir,

'Your moſt obedient ſervant,

T 'JENNY SIMPER.'

No. CCLXXXIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 24.

Magiſter artis & largitor ingeni
Venter ——— PERS. PROLOG.

Neceſſity is the mother of Invention.
ENGLISH PROV.

LUCIAN rallies the philoſophers in his time, who could not agree whether they ſhould admit riches into the number of real goods; the profeſſors of the ſeveral ſects threw them quite out, while others as reſolutely inſerted them.

I am apt to believe, that as the world grew more polite, the rigid doctrines of the firſt were wholly diſcarded; and

and I do not find any one so hardy at present as to deny that there are very great advantages in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune. Indeed the best and wisest of men, though they may possibly despise a good part of those things which the world calls pleasures, can, I think, hardly be insensible of that weight and dignity which a moderate share of wealth adds to their characters, counsels, and actions.

We find it is a general complaint in professions and trades, that the richest members of them are chiefly encouraged, and this is falsely imputed to the ill-nature of mankind, who are ever bestowing their favours on such as least want them: whereas if we fairly consider their proceedings in this case, we shall find them founded on undoubted reason: since supposing both equal in their natural integrity, I ought, in common prudence, to fear foul play from an indigent person, rather than from one whose circumstances seem to have placed him above the bare temptation of money.

This reason also makes the commonwealth regard her richest subjects, as those who are most concerned for her quiet and interest, and consequently fitted to be intrusted with her highest employments. On the contrary, Catiline's saying to those men of desperate fortunes, who applied themselves to him, and of whom he afterwards composed his army, that "they had nothing to hope for "but a civil war," was too true not to make the impressions he desired.

I believe I need not fear but that what I have said in praise of money, will be more than sufficient with most of my readers to excuse the subject of my present paper, which I intend as an essay on "the ways to raise a man's "fortune, or the art of growing rich."

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift: all men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue; and I believe there are few persons, who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they

they might at preſent have been maſters of a competent fortune. Diligence juſtly claims the next place to thrift: I find both theſe excellently well recommended to common uſe in the three following Italian proverbs.

"Never do that by proxy which you can do yourſelf."
"Never defer that until to-morrow which you can do "to-day."
"Never neglect ſmall matters and expences."

A third inſtrument in growing rich, is method in buſineſs, which, as well as the two former, is alſo attainable by perſons of the meaneſt capacities.

The famous De Wit, one of the greateſt ſtateſmen of the age in which he lived, being aſked by a friend, how he was able to diſpatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged? replied, That his whole art conſiſted in doing one thing at once. If, ſays he, I have any neceſſary diſpatches to make, I think of nothing elſe until thoſe are finiſhed; if any domeſtic affairs require my attention, I give myſelf up wholly to them until they are ſet in order.

In ſhort, we often ſee men of dull and phlegmatic tempers, arriving to great eſtates, by making a regular and orderly diſpoſition of their buſineſs, and that without it the greateſt parts and moſt lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs, than bring them to an happy iſſue.

From what has been ſaid, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of good common ſenſe may, if he pleaſes, in his particular ſtation of life, moſt certainly be rich. The reaſon why we ſometimes ſee that men of the greateſt capacities are not ſo, is either becauſe they deſpiſe wealth in compariſon of ſomething elſe; or at leaſt are not content to be getting an eſtate, unleſs they may do it their own way, and at the ſame time enjoy all the pleaſures and gratifications of life.

But beſides theſe ordinary forms of growing rich, it muſt be allowed that there is room for genius as well in this as in all other circumſtances of life.

Though

Though the ways of getting money were long ſince very numerous, and though ſo many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly ſtill remaining ſo large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might eaſily ſit down and draw up ſuch a plan for the conduct and ſupport of his life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily ſee methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonſtrate the power of invention in this particular.

It is reported of Scaramouche, the firſt famous Italian comedian, that being at Paris and in great want, he bethought himſelf of conſtantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying ſnuff, never failed to deſire a taſte of them: when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of ſeveral different ſorts, he ſold it again at a lower rate to the ſame perfumer, who finding out the trick, called it *Tabac de mille fleurs*, or "ſnuff of a thou-"ſand flowers." The ſtory further tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable ſubſiſtence, until making too much haſte to grow rich, he one day took ſuch an unreaſonable pinch out of the box of a Swiſs officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

Nor can I in this place omit doing juſtice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is ſcarce yet twelve years old, has with great induſtry and application attained to the art of beating the grenadiers march on his chin. I am credibly informed that by this means he does not only maintain himſelf and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a deſign, if the war continues, to purchaſe a drum at leaſt, if not a pair of colours.

I ſhall conclude theſe inſtances with the device of the famous Rabelais, when he was at a great diſtance from Paris, and without money to bear his expences thither. This ingenious author being thus ſharp ſet, got together a convenient quantity of brick-duſt, and having diſpoſed of it into ſeveral papers, writ upon one, "poiſon for "Monſieur,"

« Monſieur," upon a ſecond, " poiſon for the Dauphin," and on a third, " poiſon for the King." Having made this proviſion for the royal family of France, he laid his papers ſo that his landlord, who was an inquiſitive man, and a good ſubject, might get a ſight of them.

The plot ſucceeded as he deſired: the hoſt gave immediate intelligence to the ſecretary of ſtate. The ſecretary preſently ſent down a ſpecial meſſenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expence with proper accommodations on the road. As ſoon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais, and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jeſt was only laughed at; for which a leſs eminent droll would have been ſent to the gallies.

Trade and commerce might doubtleſs be ſtill varied a thouſand ways, out of which would ariſe ſuch branches as have not yet been touched. The famous Doily is ſtill freſh in every one's memory, who raiſed a fortune by finding out materials for ſuch ſtuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that had not he diſcovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we ſhould hardly have been ſo well able to carry on the laſt war.

I regard trade not only as highly advantageous to the commonwealth in general, but as the moſt natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, having obſerved, ſince my being a *Spectator* in the world, greater eſtates got about 'Change, than at Whitehall or St. James's. I believe I may alſo add, that the firſt acquiſitions are generally attended with more ſatisfaction, and as good a conſcience.

I muſt not however cloſe this eſſay, without obſerving that what has been ſaid is only intended for perſons in the common ways of thriving, and is not deſigned for thoſe men who from low beginnings puſh themſelves up to the top of ſtates, and the moſt conſiderable figures in life. My maxim of ſaving is not deſigned for ſuch as theſe, ſince nothing is more uſual than for thrift to diſappoint the ends of ambition; it being almoſt impoſſible that

that the mind ſhould be intent upon trifles, while it is at the ſame time forming ſome great deſign.

I may therefore compare theſe men to a great poet, who, as Longinus ſays, while he is full of the moſt magnificent ideas, is not always at leiſure to mind the little beauties and niceties of his art,

I would however have all my readers take great care how they miſtake themſeves for uncommon geniuſſes, and men above rule, ſince it is very eaſy for them to be deceived in this particular.

No. CCLXXXIV. FRIDAY, JANUARY 25.

Poſthabui tamen illorum mea ſeria ludo. VIRG.

Their mirth to ſhare, I bid my buſineſs wait.

AN unaffected behaviour is without queſtion a very great charm; but under the notion of being unconſtrained and diſengaged, people take upon them to be unconcerned in any duty of life. A general negligence is what they aſſume upon all occaſions, and ſet up for an averſion to all manner of buſineſs and attention. "I am the careleſſeſt creature in the world, I have ter-"rainly the worſt memory of any man living," are frequent expreſſions in the mouth of a pretender of this ſort. It is a profeſſed maxim with theſe people never to think; there is ſomething ſo ſolemn in reflexion, they, forſooth, can never give themſelves time for ſuch a way of employing themſelves. It happens often that this ſort of man is heavy enough in his nature to be a good proficient in ſuch matters as are attainable by induſtry; but alas! he has ſuch an ardent deſire to be what he is not, to be too volatile, to have the faults of a perſon of ſpirit, that he profeſſes himſelf the moſt unfit man living for any manner of application. When this humour enters into the head of a female, ſhe generally profeſſes ſickneſs upon all occaſions, and acts all things with an indiſpoſed air: ſhe is offended, but her mind is too lazy to raiſe her to anger,

ger, therefore she lives only as actuated by a violent spleen and gentle scorn. She has hardly curiosity to listen to scandal of her acquaintance, and has never attention enough to hear them commended. This affectation in both sexes makes them vain of being useless, and take a certain pride in their insignificancy.

Opposite to this folly is another no less unreasonable, and that is the impertinence of being always in a hurry. There are those who visit ladies and beg pardon, before they are well seated in their chairs, that they just called in, but are obliged to attend business of importance elsewhere the very next moment: thus they run from place to place, professing that they are obliged to be still in another company than that which they are in. These persons who are just going somewhere else should never be detained; let all the world allow that business is to be minded, and their affairs will be at an end. Their vanity is to be importuned, and compliance with their multiplicity of affairs would effectually dispatch them. The travelling ladies, who have the town to see in an afternoon, may be pardoned for being in a constant hurry; but it is inexcusable in men to come where they have no business, to profess they absent themselves where they have. It has been remarked by some nice observers and critics, that there is nothing discovers the true temper of a person so much as his letters. I have by me two epistles, which are written by two people of the different humours above-mentioned. It is wonderful that a man cannot observe upon himself when he sits down to write, but that he will gravely commit himself to paper the same man that he is in the freedom of conversation. I have hardly seen a line from any of these gentlemen, but spoke them as absent from what they were doing, as they profess they are when they come into company. For the folly is, that they have persuaded themselves they really are busy. Thus their whole time is spent in suspence of the present moment to the next, and then from the next to the succeeding, which to the end of life, is to pass away with pretence to many things, and execution of nothing.

'SIR,

'THE poſt is juſt going out, and I have many other 'letters of very great importance to write this 'evening, but I could not omit making my compliments 'to you for your civilities to me ſince I was laſt in 'town. It is my misfortune to be ſo full of buſineſs, 'that I cannot tell you a thouſand things which I have 'to ſay to you. I muſt deſire you to communicate the 'contents of this to no one living; but believe me to be 'with the greateſt fidelity, Sir,

'Your moſt obedient,

'humble ſervant,

'STEPHEN COURIER.'

'Madam,

'I HATE writing, of all things in the world; how-'ever though I have drank the waters, and am told I 'ought not to uſe my eyes ſo much, I cannot forbear 'writing to you, to tell you I have been to the laſt de-'gree hipped ſince I ſaw you. How could you entertain 'ſuch a thought, as that I ſhould hear of that ſilly fel-'low with patience? Take my word for it, there is no-'thing in it; and you may believe it when ſo lazy a 'creature as I am, undergo the pains to aſſure you of it, 'by taking pen, ink, and paper in my hand. Forgive 'this, you know I ſhall not often offend in this kind. 'I am very much

'Your ſervant,

'BRIDGET EITHERDOWN.'

'The fellow is of your country, pr'ythee ſend me 'word however whether he has ſo great an eſtate.'

'Mr. Spectator, Jan. 24, 1712.

'I AM clerk of the pariſh from whence Mrs. Simper 'ſends her complaint, in your Spectator, of Wednes-'day laſt. I muſt beg of you to publiſh this as a public ad-'monition to the aforeſaid Mrs. Simper, otherwiſe all my 'honeſt care in the diſpoſition of the greens in the church 'will have no effect: I ſhall therefore with your leave lay before

'before you the whole matter. I was formerly, as she 'charges me, for several years a gardener in the county 'of Kent: but I must absolutely deny, that it is out of 'any affection I retain for my old employment that I 'have placed my greens so liberally about the church, 'but out of a particular spleen I conceived against Mrs. 'Simper, and others of the same sisterhood, some time 'ago. As to herself, I had one day set the hundredth psalm, 'and was singing the first line in order to put the congre-'gation into the tune, she was all the while courtsying 'to Sir Anthony, in so affected and indecent a manner, 'that the indignation I conceived made me forget myself 'so far, as from the tune of that psalm to wander into 'Southwell tune, and from thence into Windsor tune, 'still unable to recover myself, until I had with the ut-'most confusion set a new one. Nay, I have often 'seen her rise up and smile, and courtesy to one at the 'lower end of the church in the midst of a *gloria patri*; 'and when I have spoken the assent to a prayer with a 'long Amen, uttered with decent gravity, she has been 'rolling her eyes around about in such a manner, as 'plainly shewed, however she was moved, it was not 'towards an heavenly object. In fine, she extended her 'conquests so far over the males, and raised such envy in 'the females, that what between love of those, and the 'jealousy of these, I was almost the only person that 'looked in a prayer-book all church time. I had seve-'ral projects in my head to put a stop to this growing 'mischief; but as I have long lived in Kent, and there often 'heard how the Kentish men envaded the conqueror, by 'carrying green boughs over their heads, it put me in 'mind of practising this device against Mrs. Simper. 'I find I have preserved many a young man from her eye-'shot by this means: therefore humbly pray the boughs 'may be fixed, until she shall give security for her 'peaceable intentions.

'Your humble servant,

'FRANCIS STERNHOLD.'

No. CCLXXXV. SATURDAY, JANUARY 26.

Ne, quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur Heros,
Regali conſpectus in auro nuper & oſtro,
Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas:
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet. Hor.

But then they did not wrong themſelves ſo much,
To make a god, a hero, or a king,
(Stript of his golden crown, and purple robe)
Deſcend to a mechanic dialect;
Nor (to avoid ſuch meanneſs, ſoaring high,
With empty ſound, and airy notions, fly.

Roscommon.

HAVING already treated of the fable, the characters, and ſentiments in the Paradiſe Loſt, we are in the laſt place to conſider the language; and as the learned world is very much divided upon Milton as to this point, I hope they will excuſe me if I appear particular in any of my opinions, and incline to thoſe who judge the moſt advantageouſly of the author.

It is requiſite that the language of an heroic poem ſhould be both perſpicuous and ſublime. In proportion as either of theſe two qualities are wanting, the language is imperfect. Perſpicuity is the firſt and moſt neceſſary qualification; inſomuch that a good-natured reader ſometimes overlooks a little ſlip even in the grammar or ſyntax, where it is impoſſible for him to miſtake the poet's ſenſe. Of this kind is that paſſage in Milton, wherein he ſpeaks of Satan;

——God and his Son accept,
Created thing nought valu'd he nor ſhunn'd.

And that in which he deſcribes Adam and Eve.

Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters Eve.

It is plain, that in the former of theſe paſſages according to the natural ſyntax, the divine perſons mentioned in the firſt line are repreſented as created beings; and that

that, in the other, Adam and Eve are confounded with their ſons and daughters. Such little blemiſhes as theſe, when the thought is great and natural, we ſhould with Horace, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakneſs of human nature, which cannot attend to each minute particular, and give the laſt finiſhing to every circumſtance in ſo long a work. The ancient critics therefore, who were acted by a ſpirit of candour, rather than that of cavilling, invented certain figures of ſpeech, on purpoſe to palliate little errors of this nature in the writings of thoſe authors who had ſo many greater beauties to atone for them.

If clearneſs and perſpicuity were only to be conſulted, the poet would have nothing elſe to do but to clothe his thoughts in the moſt plain and natural expreſſions. But ſince it often happens that the moſt obvious phraſes, and thoſe which are uſed in ordinary converſation, become too familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of meanneſs by paſſing through the mouths of the vulgar; a poet ſhould take particular care to guard himſelf againſt idiomatic ways of ſpeaking. Ovid and Lucan have many poorneſſes of expreſſion upon this account, as taking up with the firſt phraſes that offered, without putting themſelves to the trouble of looking after ſuch as would not only have been natural, but alſo elevated and ſublime. Milton has but few failings in this kind, of which, however, you may meet with ſome inſtances, as in the following paſſages.

Embrios and idiots, eremites and friars
White, *black*, and *gray*, with all their *trumpery*,
Here pilgrims roam ———
———A while diſcourſe they hold,
No fear leſt dinner cool; when thus began
Our author ———
Who of all ages to ſucceed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
My head, ill fare our anceſtor impure,
For this we may thank Adam. ———

The great maſters in compoſition know very well that many an elegant phraſe becomes improper for a poet or an orator, when it has been debaſed by common

uſe. For this reaſon the works of ancient authors, which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over thoſe which are written in languages that are now ſpoken. Were there any mean phraſes or idioms in Virgil and Homer, they would not ſhock the ear of the moſt delicate modern reader, ſo much as they would have done that of an old Greek or Roman, becauſe we never hear them pronounced in our ſtreets, or in ordinary converſation.

It is not therefore ſufficient, that the language of an epic poem be perſpicuous, unleſs it be alſo ſublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phraſes of ſpeech. The judgment of a poet very much diſcovers itſelf in ſhunning the common roads of expreſſion, without falling into ſuch ways of ſpeech as may ſeem ſtiff and unnatural; he muſt not ſwell into a falſe ſublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other extreme. Among the Greeks, Æſchylus, and ſometimes Sophocles, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins, Claudian and Statius; and among our own countrymen, Shakeſpear and Lee. In theſe authors the affectation of greatneſs often hurts the perſpicuity of the ſtyle, as in many others the endeavour after perſpicuity prejudices its greatneſs.

Ariſtotle has obſerved, that the idiomatic ſtyle may be avoided, and the ſublime formed, by the following methods. Firſt, by the uſe of metaphors; ſuch are thoſe of Milton.

Imparadis'd in one another's arms
——— And in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire. ———
The graſſy clods now *calv'd*. ———
Spangled with eyes ———

In theſe and innumerable other inſtances, the metaphors are very bold but juſt; I muſt however obſerve that the metaphors are not ſo thick ſown in Milton, which always favours too much of wit; that they never claſh with one another, which, as Ariſtotle obſerves, turns a ſentence

ſentence into a kind of an enigma or riddle; and that he ſeldom has recourſe to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

Another way of raiſing the language, and giving it a poetical turn, is to make uſe of the idioms of other tongues. Virgil is full of the Greek forms of ſpeech, which the critics call Helleniſms, as Horace in his odes abounds with them much more than Virgil. I need not mention the ſeveral dialects which Homer has made uſe of for this end. Milton, in conformity with the practice of the ancient poets, and with Ariſtotle's rule, has infuſed a great many Latiniſms, as well as Græciſms, and ſometimes Hebraiſms, into the language of his poem; as towards the beginning of it.

Nor did they *not* perceive the evil plight
In which they were, *or* the fierce pains *not* feel.
Yet to their gen'ral's voice they ſoon obey'd——
————Who ſhall tempt with wand'ring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyſs,
And through the *palpable obſcure* find out
His uncouth way, or ſpread his airy flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the *vaſt abrupt!*

——So both *aſcend*
In *the viſions* of God——

Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the ſubſtantive, the tranſpoſition of words, the turning the adjective into a ſubſtantive, with ſeveral other foreign modes of ſpeech which this poet has naturalized to give his verſe the greater ſound, and throw it out of proſe.

The third method mentioned by Ariſtotle is what agrees with the genius of the Greek language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more uſed by Homer than by any other poet. I mean the lengthening of a phraſe by the addition of words, which may either be inſerted or omitted, as alſo by the extending or contracting of particular words by the inſertion or omiſſion of certain ſyllables. Milton has put in practice this method of raiſing his language, as far as the nature of our

our tongue will permit, as in the paſſage above-mentioned, *Eremite*, for what is hermit, in common diſcourſe. If you obſerve the meaſure of his verſe, he has with great judgment ſuppreſſed a ſyllable in ſeveral words, and ſhortened thoſe of two ſyllables into one, by which method, beſides the above-mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of perſons and of countries, as *Beelzebub*, *Heſſebon*, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made uſe of that which is not the moſt commonly known, that he might the better deviate from the language of the vulgar.

The ſame reaſon recommended to him ſeveral old words, which alſo makes his poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I muſt likewiſe take notice, that there are in Milton ſeveral words of his own coining, as *cerberean*, *miſcreated*, *hell-doom'd*, *embryon* atoms, and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our Engliſh poet, I would recommend him to a diſcourſe in Plutarch, which ſhews us how frequently Homer has made uſe of the ſame liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps, and by the choice of the nobleſt words and phraſes which our tongue would afford him, has carried our language to a greater height than any of the Engliſh poets have ever done before or after him, and made the ſublimity of his ſtyle equal to that of his ſentiments.

I have been the more particular in theſe obſervations on Milton's ſtyle, becauſe it is in that part of him in which he appears the moſt ſingular. The remarks I have here made upon the practice of other poets, with my obſervations out of Ariſtotle, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which ſome have taken to his poem upon this account; though after all, I muſt confeſs that I think his ſtyle, though admirable in general, is in ſome places too much ſtiffened and obſcured by the frequent uſe of thoſe methods, which Ariſtotle has preſcribed for the raiſing of it.

This redundancy of thoſe ſeveral ways of ſpeech, which Ariſtotle

Ariſtotle calls "foreign language," and with which Milton has ſo very much enriched, and in ſome places darkened the language of his poem, was the more proper for his uſe, becauſe his poem is written in blank verſe. Rhyme, without any other aſſiſtance, throws the language off from proſe, and very often makes an indifferent phraſe paſs unregarded; but where the verſe is not built upon rhymes, there pomp of ſound and energy of expreſſion, are indiſpenſably neceſſary to ſupport the ſtyle, and keep it from falling into the flatneſs of proſe.

Thoſe who have not a taſte for this elevation of ſtyle, and are apt to ridicule a poet when he departs from the common forms of expreſſion, would do well to ſee how Ariſtotle has treated an ancient author called Euclid, for his inſipid mirth upon this occaſion. Mr. Dryden uſed to call theſe ſort of men his proſe-critics.

I ſhould under this head of the language, conſider Milton's numbers, in which he has made uſe of ſeveral eliſions, which are not cuſtomary among other Engliſh poets, as may be particularly obſerved in his cutting off the letter Y, when it precedes a vowel. This, and ſome other innovations in the meaſure of his verſe, has varied his numbers in ſuch a manner, as makes them incapable of fatiating the ear, and cloying the reader, which the ſame uniform meaſure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. I ſhall cloſe theſe reflexions upon the language of Paradiſe Loſt, with obſerving that Milton has copied after Homer rather than Virgil in the length of his periods, the copiouſneſs of his phraſes, and the running of his verſes into one another. L

MONDAY,

No. CCLXXXVI. MONDAY, JANUARY 28.

Nomina honesta prætenduntur vitiis. TACIT.

Specious names are lent to cover vices.

'Mr. Spectator, York, Jan. 18, 1711-12.

'I PRETEND not to inform a gentleman of so just a 'taste, whenever he pleases to use it; but it may not 'be amiss to inform your readers, that there is a false 'delicacy as well as a true one. True delicacy, as I 'take it, consists in exactness of judgement and dignity 'of sentiment, or if you will, purity of affection, as 'this is opposed to corruption and grossness. There 'are pedants in breeding as well as in learning. The 'eye that cannot bear the light is not delicate but sore. 'A good constitution appears in the soundness and vi-'gour of the parts, not in the squeamishness of the sto-'mach: and a false delicacy is affectation, not polite-'ness. What then can be the standard of delicacy but 'truth and virtue? Virtue, which, as the satirist long 'since observed, is real honour; whereas the other dis-'tinctions among mankind are merely titular. Judg-'ing by that rule in my opinion, and in that of many 'of your virtuous female readers, you are so far from de-'serving Mr. Courtly's accusation, that you seem too 'gentle, and to allow too many excuses for an enormous 'crime, which is the reproach of the age, and is in all 'its branches and degrees expressly forbidden by that re-'ligion we pretend to profess; and whose laws, in a 'nation that calls itself christian, one would think should 'take place of those rules which men of corrupt minds, 'and those of weak understandings, follow. I know 'not any thing more pernicious to good manners, than 'the giving fair names to foul actions; for this confounds 'vice and virtue, and takes off that natural horror we 'have to evil. An innocent creature, who would start 'at the name of strumpet, may think it pretty to be

'called

'called a miſtreſs, eſpecially if her ſeducer has taken
'care to inform her, that a union of hearts is the prin-
'cipal matter in the ſight of heaven, and that the buſi-
'neſs at church is a mere idle ceremony. Who knows
'not that the difference between obſcene and modeſt
'words expreſſing the ſame action, conſiſts only in the
'acceſſary idea, for there is nothing immodeſt in letters
'and ſyllables. Fornication and adultery are modeſt
'words; becauſe they expreſs an evil action as criminal,
'and ſo as to excite horror and averſion: whereas words
'repreſenting the pleaſure rather than the ſin, are for
'this reaſon indecent and diſhoneſt. Your papers
'would be chargeable with ſomething worſe than inde-
'licacy, they would be immoral, did you treat the de-
'teſtable ſins of uncleanneſs in the ſame manner as you
'rally an impertinent ſelf-love, and an artful glance; as
'thoſe laws would be very unjuſt, that ſhould chaſtiſe
'murder and petty larceny with the ſame puniſhment.
'Even delicacy requires that the pity ſhewn to diſtreſ-
'ſed indigent wickedneſs, firſt betrayed into and then
'expelled the harbours of the brothel, ſhould be chang-
'ed to deteſtation, when we conſider pampered vice in
'the habitations of the wealthy. The moſt free perſon
'of quality, in Mr. Courtly's phraſe, that is, to ſpeak
'properly, a woman of figure who has forgot her birth
'and breeding, diſhonoured her relations and herſelf,
'abandoned her virtue and reputation, together with
'the natural modeſty of her ſex, and riſked her very
'ſoul, is ſo far from deſerving to be treated with no
'worſe character than that of a kind woman, (which
'is doubtleſs Mr. Courtly's meaning, if he has any)
'that one can ſcarce be too ſevere on her, in as much as
'ſhe ſins againſt greater reſtraints, is leſs expoſed, and
'liable to fewer temptations, than beauty in poverty
'and diſtreſs. It is hoped therefore, Sir, that you
'will not lay aſide your generous deſign of expoſing
'that monſtrous wickedneſs of the town, whereby a
'multitude of innocents are ſacrificed in a more barba-
'rous manner than thoſe offered to Moloch. The un-
'chaſte are provoked to ſee their vice expoſed, and the

chaſte

'chaſte cannot rake into ſuch filth without danger of 'defilement, but a mere *Spectator* may look into the 'bottom, and come off without partaking in the guilt. 'The doing ſo will convince us you purſue public good, 'and not merely your own advantage: but if your 'zeal ſlackens, how can one help thinking that Mr. 'Courtly's letter is but a feint to get off from a 'ſubject, in which either your own, or the private 'and baſe ends of others to whom you are partial, 'or thoſe of whom you are afraid, would not endure 'a reformation?

'I am, Sir, your humble ſervant and admirer, ſo 'long as you tread in the paths of truth, virtue, 'and honour.'

'Mr. Spectator, Trin Coll. Cantab. Jan. 12, 1711-12.

'IT is my fortune to have a chamber-fellow, with 'whom, though I agree very well in many ſen- 'timents, yet there is one in which we are as contrary 'as light and darkneſs. We are both in love: his 'miſtreſs is a lovely fair, and mine a lovely brown. 'Now as the praiſe of our miſtreſſes beauty employs 'much of our time, we have frequent quarrels in en- 'tering upon that ſubject, while each ſays all he 'can to defend his choice. For my own part, I have 'racked my fancy to the utmoſt; and ſometimes, 'with the greateſt warmth of imagination, have told 'him, that night was made before day, and many 'more fine things, though without any effect: nay, 'laſt night I could not forbear ſaying with more heat 'than judgment, that the devil ought to be painted 'white. Now, my deſire is, Sir, that you will be 'pleaſed to give us in black and white, your opinion 'in the matter of diſpute between us; which will either 'furniſh me with freſh and prevailing arguments 'to maintain my own taſte, or make me with leſs 'repining allow that of my chamber-fellow. I know 'very well that I have Jack Cleveland and Bond's 'Horace on my ſide; but then he has ſuch a band of 'rhymers and romance-writers, with which he op-

poſes

'poſes me, and is ſo continually chiming to the tune of 'golden treſſes, yellow locks, milk, marble, ivory ſil-'ver, ſwans, ſnow, daiſies, doves, and the lord knows 'what; which he is always ſounding with ſo much vehe-'mence in my ears, that he often puts me into a brown 'ſtudy how to anſwer him; and I find that I am in a 'fair way to be quite confounded, without your timely 'aſſiſtance afforded to,

'Sir,

'Your humble ſervant,

'PHILOBRUNE.'

No. CCLXXXVII. TUESDAY, JANUARY 29.

Ω φιλτάτη γῆ μῆτερ, ὡς σεμνὸν σφόδ' εἶ
Τοῖς νῶν ἔχουσι κλῆμα;—— MENAND.

Dear native land, how do the good and wiſe
Thy happy clime and countleſs bleſſings prize!

I LOOK upon it as a peculiar happineſs, that were I to chooſe of what religion I would be, and under what government I would live, I ſhould moſt certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is eſtabliſhed in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reaſon and conviction; but if I ſhall be told that I am acted by prejudice, I am ſure it is an honeſt prejudice, it is a prejudice that ariſes from the love of my country, and therefore ſuch an one as I will always indulge. I have in ſeveral papers endeavoured to expreſs my duty and eſteem for the church of England, and deſign this as an eſſay upon the civil part of our conſtitution, having often entertained myſelf with reflexions on this ſubject, which I have not met with in other writers.

That form of government appears to me the moſt reaſonable, which is moſt conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be conſiſtent with

public peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called liberty, which exempts one man from subjection to another, so far as the order and œconomy of government will permit.

Liberty should reach every individual of a people, as they all share one common nature; if it only spreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all, since such a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of those who are deprived of it, by setting before them a disagreeable subject of comparison.

This liberty is best preserved, where the legislative power is lodged in several persons, especially if those persons are of different ranks and interests; for where they are of the same rank, and consequently have an interest to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a despotical government in a single person. But the greatest security a people can have for their liberty, is when the legislative power is in the hands of persons so happily distinguished, that by providing for the particular interests of their several ranks, they are providing for the whole body of the people; or in other words, when there is no part of the people that has not a common interest with at least one part of the legislators.

If there be but one body of legislators, it is no better than a tyranny; if there are only two, there will want a casting voice, and one of them must at length be swallowed up by disputes and contentions that will necessarily arise between them. Four would have the same inconvenience as two, and a greater number would cause too much confusion. I could never read a passage in Polybius, and another in Cicero, to this purpose, without a secret pleasure in applying it to the English constitution, which it suits much better than the Roman. Both these great authors give the pre-eminence to a mixt government, consisting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. They had doubtless in their thoughts the constitution of the Roman commonwealth, in which the consul represented the king, the senate the nobles, and the tribunes the people. This division of the three powers in the Roman constitution was by no means so distinct

distinct and natural, as it is in the English form of government. Among several objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are those that affect the consular power, which had only the ornaments without the force of the regal authority. Their number had not a casting voice in it; for which reason, if one did not chance to be employed abroad, while the other sat at home, the public business was sometimes at a stand, while the consuls pulled two different ways in it. Besides, I do not find that the consuls had ever a negative voice in the passing of a law, or decree of senate, so that indeed they were rather the chief body of the nobility, or the first ministers of state, than a distinct branch of the sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as a part, who are not a part of the legislature. Had the consuls been invested with the regal authority to as great a degree as our monarchs, there would never have been any occasions for a dictatorship, which had in it the power of all the three orders, and ended in the subversion of the whole constitution

Such an history as that of Suetonius, which gives us a succession of absolute princes, is to me an unanswerable argument against despotic power. Where the prince is a man of wisdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is absolute; but since in the common run of mankind, for one that is wise and good you find ten of a contrary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to stand to its chance, or to have its public happiness or misery depend on the virtues or vices of a single person. Look into the history I have mentioned, or into any series of absolute princes, how many tyrants must you read through, before you come to an emperor that is supportable. But this is not all; an honest private man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleases with impunity, you extinguish his fear, and consequently overturn him in one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs apparent to grand empires, when in the possession of them, have become such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature.

Some tell us we ought to make our governments on earth like that in heaven, which, ſay they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodneſs aud juſtice, I ſhould be for following this great model; but where goodneſs and juſtice are not eſſential to the ruler, I would by no means put myſelf into his hands to be diſpoſed of according to his particular will and pleaſure.

It is odd to conſider the connexion between deſpotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one perſon more than man, makes the reſt leſs. About nine parts of the world in ten are in the loweſt ſtate of ſlavery, and conſequently ſunk in the moſt groſs and brutal ignorance. European ſlavery is indeed a ſtate of liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three diviſions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that thoſe who grovel under it have many tracks of light among them, of which the others are wholly deſtitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty, and where theſe abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flouriſh. As a man muſt have no ſlaviſh fears and apprehenſions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or ſpeculation, and puſh his reſearches into all the abſtruſe corners of truth, ſo it is neceſſary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniences of life.

The firſt thing every one looks after, is to provide himſelf with neceſſaries. This point will ingroſs our thoughts until it be ſatisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleaſures and amuſements; and among a great number of idle people, there will be many whoſe pleaſures will lie in reading and contemplation. Theſe are the great ſources of knowledge, and as men grow wiſe they naturally love to communicate their diſcoveries; and others ſeeing the happineſs of ſuch a learned life, and improving by their converſation, emulate, imitate, and ſurpaſs one another, until a nation is filled with races of wiſe and underſtanding perſons. Eaſe and plenty are therefore the great cheriſhers of knowledge: and as moſt of the deſpotic governments of the world have neither

of

of them, they are naturally over-run with ignorance and barbarity. In Europe, indeed, notwithstanding several of its princes are absolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning; but the reason is because the subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full tyranny like the princes of the eastern nations lest his subjects should be invited to new-mould their constitution, having so many prospects of liberty within their view. But in all despotic governments, though a particular prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind, as you may observe from Augustus's reign, how the Romans lost themselves by degrees until they fell to an equality with the most barbarous nations that surrounded them. Look upon Greece under its free states, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens, for those at present; so different are the geniuses which are formed under Turkish slavery, and Grecian liberty.

Besides poverty and want, there are other reasons that debase the minds of men, who live under slavery, though I look on this as the principal. This natural tendency of despotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not insisted upon by others, is I think, an unanswerable argument against that form of government, as it shews how repugnant it is to the good of mankind, and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil institutions.

No. CCLXXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, JAN. 30.

—Pavor est utrique molestus HOR.
Both fear alike

'Mr. *Spectator*,

'WHEN you spoke of the jilts and coquettes, you 'then promised to be very impartial and not to 'spare even your own sex, should any of their secret or

'open faults come under your cognizance; which has 'given me encouragement to describe a certain species of 'mankind under the denomination of male jilts. They 'are gentlemen who do not design to marry, yet, that 'they may appear to have some sense of gallantry, think 'they must pay their devoirs to one particular fair; 'in order to which they single out from amongst the herd 'of females her to whom they design to make their fruit-'less addresses. This done, they first take every oppor-'tunity of being in her company, and then never fail 'upon all occasions to be particular to her, laying them-'selves at her feet, protesting the reality of their passion 'with a thousand oaths, soliciting a return, and saying 'as many fine things as their stock of wit will allow; 'and if they are not deficient that way, generally speak 'so as to admit of a double interpretation; which the 'credulous fair is too apt to turn to her own advantage 'since it frequently happens to be a raw, innocent, young 'creature, who thinks all the world as sincere as herself, 'and so her unwary heart becomes an easy prey to those 'deceitful monsters, who no sooner perceive it, but im-'mediately they grow cool, and shun her whom they 'before seemed so much to admire, and proceed to act 'the same common-place villainy towards another. A 'coxcomb flushed with many of these infamous victories 'shall say he is sorry for the poor fools, protest and vow 'he never thought of matrimony, and wonder talking 'civilly can be so strangely misinterpreted. Now, Mr. '*Spectator*, you that are a professed friend to love, will, 'I hope, observe upon those who abuse that noble passion, 'and raise it in innocent minds by a deceitful affectation 'of it, after which they desert the enamoured. Pray be-'stow a little of your counsel to those fond believing fe-'males who already have or are in danger of broken 'hearts; in which you will oblige a great part of this 'but in a particular manner,

'Sir your (yet heart-whole) admirer,

'and devoted humble servant,

'MELANIA.'

Melania's

Melainia's complaint is occaſioned by ſo general a folly that it is wonderful one could ſo long overlook it. But this falſe gallantry proceeds from an impotence of mind which makes thoſe who are guilty of it incapable of purſuing what they themſelves approve. Many a man wiſhes a woman his wife whom he dare not take for ſuch. Though no one has power over his inclinations or fortunes, he is a ſlave to common fame. For this reaſon I think Melainia gives them too ſoft a name in that of male coquettes. I knew not why irreſolution of mind ſhould not be more contemptible than impotence of body; and theſe frivolous admirers would be but tenderly uſed, in being only included in the ſame term with the inſufficient another way. They whom my correſpondent calls male coquettes, ſhould hereafter be called fribblers. A fribbler is one who profeſſes rapture and admiration for the woman to whom he addreſſes, and dreads nothing ſo much as her conſent. His heart can flutter by the force of imagination, but cannot fix from the force of judgment. It is not uncommon for the parents of young women of moderate fortune to wink at the addreſſes of fribblers, and expoſe their children to the ambiguous behaviour which Melainia complains of, until by the fondneſs to one they are to loſe, they become incapable of love towards others, and by conſequence in their future marriage lead a joyleſs or a miſerable life. As therefore I ſhall in the ſpeculations which regard love be as ſevere as I ought on jilts and libertine women, ſo will I be as little merciful to inſignificant and miſchievous men. In order to this, all viſitants who frequent families wherein there are young females, are forthwith required to declare themſelves, or abſent from places where their preſence baniſhes ſuch as would paſs their time more to the advantage to thoſe whom they viſit. It is a matter of too great moment to be dallied with: and I ſhall expect from all my young people a ſatisfactory account of appearances. Strephon has from the publication hereof ſeven days to explain the riddle he preſented to Eudamia; Chloris an hour after this comes to her hand, to declare whether ſhe will have Philotas, whom

a woman of no leſs merit than herſelf, and of ſuperior fortune, languiſhes to call her own.

'To the Spectator.

'SIR,

'SINCE ſo many dealers turn authors, and write quaint 'advertiſements in praiſe of their wares, one who 'from an author turned dealer may be allowed for the 'advancement of trade to turn author again. I will not 'however ſet up like ſome of them, for ſelling cheaper 'than the moſt able honeſt tradeſmen can; nor do I ſend 'this to be better known for choice and cheapneſs of 'china and japan wares, tea, fans, muſlins, pictures, 'arrack, and other Indian goods. Placed as I am in 'Leadenhall-ſtreet, near the India company, and the 'centre of that trade, thanks to my fair cuſtomers, my 'warehouſe is graced as well as the benefit days of my 'plays and operas; and the foreign goods I ſell ſeem no 'leſs acceptable than the foreign books I tranſlated, 'Rabelais and Don Quixote: this the critics allow me, 'and while they like my wares they may diſpraiſe my 'writing. But as it is not ſo well known yet that I 'frequently croſs the ſeas of late, and ſpeaking Dutch 'and French, beſides other languages, I have the conve-'nience of buying and importing rich brocades, Dutch 'atlaſſes, with gold and ſilver, or without, and other fo-'reign ſilks of the neweſt modes and beſt fabrics, fine 'Flanders lace, linens, and pictures, at the beſt hand; 'this my new way of trade I have fallen into I cannot 'better publiſh than by an application to you. My 'wares are fit only for ſuch as your readers; and I 'would beg of you to print this addreſs in your paper, 'that thoſe whoſe minds you adorn may take the orna-'ments for their perſons and houſes from me. This, 'Sir, if I may preſume to beg it, will be the greater 'favour as I received have lately rich ſilks and fine lace 'to a conſiderable value, which will be ſold cheap for a 'quick return, and I have alſo a large ſtock of other 'goods. Indian ſilks were formerly a great branch of

'our

Orbould del. Engraved for Parsons, Paternoster Row, June 2. 1789. Sharp sculp.

'our trade; and ſince we muſt not ſell them, we muſt 'ſeek amends by dealing in others. This I hope will 'plead for one who would leſſen the number of teazers 'of the muſes, and who ſuiting his ſpirit to his circum-'ſtances, humbles the poet to exalt the citizen. Like a 'true tradeſman, I hardly ever look into any books but 'thoſe of accounts. To ſay the truth, I cannot, I think, 'give you a better idea of my being a downright man 'of traffic, than by acknowledging I oftener read the 'advertiſements, than the matter of even your paper. I 'am under a great temptation to take this opportunity 'of admoniſhing other writers to follow my example, and 'trouble the town no more; but as it is my preſent buſi-'neſs to increaſe the number of buyers rather than ſel-'lers, I haſten to tell you that I am,

'Sir, your moſt humble
'and moſt obedient ſervant,
PETER MOTTEUX.'

No. CCLXXXIX. THURSDAY, JANUARY 14.

Vitæ ſumma brevis ſpem nos vetat inchoare longam.
HOR.

Life's ſpan forbids us to extend our cares,
And ſtretch our hopes beyond our years. CREECH.

UPON taking my ſeat in a coffee-houſe I often draw the eyes of the whole room upon me, when in the hotteſt ſeaſons of news, and at a time perhaps that the Dutch mail is juſt come in, they hear me aſk the coffee-man for his laſt week's bill of mortality: I find that I have been ſometimes taken on this occaſion for a pariſh ſexton, ſometimes for an undertaker, and ſometimes for a doctor of phyſic. In this, however, I am guided by the ſpirit of a philoſopher, as I take occaſion from hence to reflect upon the regular increaſe and diminution of mankind, and conſider the ſeveral various ways through which we paſs from life to eternity. I am very well

pleaſed

pleaſed with theſe weekly admonitions, that bring into my mind ſuch thoughts as ought to be the daily entertainment of every reaſonable creature; and can conſider with pleaſure to myſelf, by which of thoſe deliverances, or, as we commonly call them, diſtempers, I may poſſibly make my eſcape out of this world of ſorrows, into that condition of exiſtence, wherein I hope to be happier than it is poſſible for me at preſent to conceive.

But this is not all the uſe I make of the above-mentioned weekly paper. A bill of mortality is in my opinion an unanſwerable argument for a Providence. How can we, without ſuppoſing ourſelves under the conſtant care of a ſupreme Being, give any poſſible account for that nice proportion, which we find in every great city, between the deaths and births of its inhabitants, and between the number of males and that of females, who are brought into the world? What elſe could adjuſt in ſo exact a manner the recruits of every nation to its loſſes, and divide theſe new ſupplies of people into ſuch equal bodies of both ſexes? Chance could never hold the balance with ſo ſteady a hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent ſupervifor, we ſhould ſometimes be overcharged with multitudes, and at others waſte away into a deſert: we ſhould be ſometimes a *populus vivorum*, as Florus elegantly expreſſes it, "a generation of males," and at others a ſpecies of women. We may extend this conſideration to every ſpecies of living creatures, and conſider the whole animal world as an huge army made up of innumerable corps, if I may uſe that term, whoſe quotas have been kept intire near five thouſand years, in ſo wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a ſingle ſpecies loſt during this long tract of time. Could we have general bills of mortality of every kind of animals, or particular ones of every ſpecies in each continent and inland, I could almoſt ſay in every wood, marſh or mountain, what aſtoniſhing inſtances would they be of that Providence which watches over all its works

I have heard of a great man in the Romiſh church, who, upon reading thoſe words in the fifth chapter of Geneſis,

ness, "and all the days that Adam lived were nine hun-
"dred and thirty years, and he died; and all the days
"of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years, and he
"died; and all the days of Methuselah were nine hun-
"dred and sixty-nine years, and he died; immediately
shut himself up in a convent, and retired from the world,
as not thinking any thing in this life worth pursuing,
which had not regard to another.

The truth of it is, there is nothing in history which is
so improving to the reader, as those accounts which we
meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their
behaviour in that dreadful season. I may also add, that
there are no parts in history which affect and please the
reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be
this, because there is no other single circumstance in the
story of any person, which can possibly be the case of every
one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjunctures
in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged;
but when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot
forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, be-
cause we are sure that some time or other we shall ourselves
be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general,
the statesman, or the philosopher, are perhaps characters
which we may never act in, but the dying man is one
whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble.

It is, perhaps, for the same kind of reason that few
books, written in English, have been so much perused as
Dr. Sherlock's discourse upon death; though at the same
time I must own, that he who has not perused this excel-
lent piece, has not perhaps read one of the strongest per-
suasives to a religious life that ever was written in any
language.

The consideration, with which I shall close this essay
upon death, is one of the most ancient and most beaten
morals that has been recommended to mankind. But its
being so very common, and so universally received, though
it takes away from it the grace of novelty, adds very
much to the weight of it, as it shews that it falls in with
the general sense of mankind. In short, I would have
every one consider, that he is in this life nothing more
than

than a paſſenger, and that he is not to ſet up his reſt here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that ſtate of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This ſingle conſideration would be ſufficient to extinguiſh the bitterneſs of hatred, the thirſt of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

I am very much pleaſed with the paſſage of Antiphanes, a very ancient poet, who lived near an hundred years before Socrates, which repreſents the life of man under this view, as I have here tranſlated it word for word. "Be "not grieved," ſays he, "above meaſure for thy de- "ceaſed friends. They are not dead, but have only "finiſhed that journey which it is neceſſary for every one "of us to take. We ourſelves muſt go to that great "place of reception in which they are all of them aſ- "ſembled, and in this general rendezvous of mankind, "live together in another ſtate of being."

I think I have, in a former paper taken notice of thoſe beautiful metaphors in ſcripture, where life is termed a pilgrimage, and thoſe who paſs through it are called ſtrangers and ſojourners upon earth. I ſhall conclude this with a ſtory, which I have ſomewhere read in the travels of Sir John Chardin; that gentleman after having told us, that the inns which receive the caravans in Perſia, and the eaſtern countries, are called by the name of caravanſaries, gives us a relation to the following purpoſe.

A derviſe travelling through Tartary being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by miſtake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravanſary. Having looked about him for ſome time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and ſpread his carpet in order to repoſe himſelf upon it, after the manner of the eaſtern nations. He had not been long in this poſture before he was diſcovered by ſome of the guards, who aſked him what was his buſineſs in that place? The derviſe told them he intended to to take up his night's lodging in that caravanſary. The guards let him know in a very angry manner, that the houſe he was in was not a caravanſary but the king's palace. It happened that the king himſelf paſſed through the gallery during

this

this debate, and ſmiling at the miſtake of the derviſe, aſked him how he could poſſibly be ſo dull as not to diſtinguiſh a palace from a caravanſary? Sir, ſays the derviſe, give me leave to aſk your majeſty a queſtion or two. Who were the perſons that lodged in this houſe when it was firſt built? The king replied, "His anceſtors." And who, ſays the derviſe, was the laſt perſon that lodged here? The king replied, "His father." And who is it, ſays the derviſe, that lodges here at preſent? The king told him, "that it was he himſelf." And who is it, ſays the derviſe, will be here after you? The king anſwered, "the young prince his ſon." "Ah, ſir," ſaid the derviſe, "a houſe that changes its inhabitants "ſo often, and receives ſuch a perpetual ſucceſſion of "guests, is not a palace but a caravanſary." L

No. CCXC. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

Projicit ampullas & ſeſquipedalia verba. HOR.

Forgets his ſwelling and gigantic words.

ROSCOMMON.

THE players, who know I am very much their friend, take all opportunities to expreſs a gratitude to me for being ſo. They could not have a better occaſion of obliging me, than one which they lately took hold of. They deſired my friend *Will Honeycomb* to bring me to the reading of a new tragedy; it is called The Diſtreſſed Mother. I muſt confeſs, though ſome days are paſſed ſince I enjoyed that entertainment, the paſſions of the ſeveral characters dwell ſtrongly upon my imagination; and I congratulate the age, that they are at laſt to ſee truth and human life repreſented in the incidents which concern heroes and heroines. The ſtyle of the play is ſuch as becomes thoſe of the firſt education, and the ſentiments worthy thoſe of the higheſt figure. It was a moſt exquiſite pleaſure to me, to obſerve real

tears drop from the eyes of thoſe who had long made it their profeſſion to diſſemble affliction; and the player, who read, frequently throw down the book, until he had given vent to the humanity which roſe in him at ſome irreſiſtible touches of the imagined ſorrow. We have ſeldom had any female diſtreſs on the ſtage, which did not, upon cool examination, appear to flow from the weakneſs rather than the misfortune of the perſon repreſented: but in this tragedy you are not entertained with the ungoverned paſſions of ſuch as are enamoured of each other, merely as they are men and women, but their regards are founded upon high conceptions of each other's virtue and merit; and the character which gives name to the play, is one who has behaved herſelf with heroic virtue in the moſt important circumſtances of a female life, thoſe of a wife, a widow, and a mother. If there be thoſe whoſe minds have been too attentive upon the affairs of life, to have any notion of the paſſion of love in ſuch extremes as are known only to particular tempers, yet, in the above-mentioned conſiderations, the ſorrow of the heroine will move even the generality of mankind. Domeſtic virtues concern all the world, and there is no one living who is not intereſted that Andromache ſhould be an imitable character. The generous affection to the memory of her deceaſed huſband, that tender care for her ſon, which is ever heightened with the conſideration of his father, and theſe regards preſerved in ſpite of being tempted with the poſſeſſion of the higheſt greatneſs, are what cannot but be venerable even to ſuch an audience as at preſent frequents the Engliſh theatre. My friend *Will Honeycomb* commended ſeveral tender things that were ſaid, and told me they were very genteel; but whiſpered me, that he feared the piece was not buſy enough for the preſent taſte. To ſupply this he recommended to the players to be very careful in their ſcenes, and above all things, that every part ſhould be perfectly new dreſſed. I was very glad to find that they did not neglect my friend's admonition, becauſe there are a great many in this claſs of criticiſm who may be gained by it; but indeed the truth is, that as to the work itſelf, it is

every

every where nature. The perſons are of the higheſt quality in life; even that of princes; but their quality is not repreſented by the poet, with direction that guards and waiters ſhould follow them in every ſcene, but their grandeur appears in greatneſs of ſentiment, flowing from minds worthy their condition. To make a character truly great, this author underſtands that it ſhould have its foundation in ſuperior thoughts and maxims of conduct. It is very certain, that many an honeſt woman would make no difficulty, though ſhe had been the wife of Hector, for the ſake of a kingdom, to marry the enemy of her huſband's family and country; and indeed who can deny but ſhe might be ſtill an honeſt woman, but no heroine? That may be defenſible, nay laudable in one character, which would be in the higheſt degree exceptionable in another. When Cato Uticenſis killed himſelf, Cottius, a Roman of ordinary quality and character, did the ſame thing; upon which one ſaid, ſmiling, "Cottius might have lived, though Cæſar has ſeized the "Roman liberty." Cottius's condition might have been the ſame, let things at the upper end of the world paſs as they would. What is further very extraordinary in this work, is, that the perſons are all of them laudable, and their misfortunes ariſe rather from unguarded virtue than propenſity to vice. The town has an opportunity of doing itſelf juſtice in ſupporting the repreſentations of paſſion, ſorrow, indignation, even deſpair itſelf, within the rules of decency, honour, and good-breeding; and ſince there is no one can flatter himſelf his life will be always fortunate, they may here ſee ſorrow as they would wiſh to bear it whenever it arrives.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM appointed to act a part in the new tragedy 'called The Diſtreſſed Mother: it is the celebrated 'grief of Oreſtes which I am to perſonate; but I ſhall 'not act it as I ought, for I ſhall feel it too intimately 'to be able to utter it. I was laſt night repeating a 'paragraph to myſelf, which I took to be an expreſſion 'of rage, and in the middle of the ſentence there was a

'ſtroke of ſelf-pity which quite unmanned me. Be 'pleaſed, Sir, to print this letter, that when I am op-'preſſed in this manner at ſuch an interval, a certain 'part of the audience may not think I am out; and I 'hope, with this allowance, to do it to ſatisfaction.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'GEORGE POWELL.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'AS I was walking the other day in the Park, I ſaw 'a gen leman with a very ſhort face; I deſire to 'know whether it was you. Pray inform me as ſoon as 'you can, leſt I become the moſt heroic Hecatiſſa's rival.

'Your humble ſervant to command,

'SOPHIA.'

'Dear Madam,

'IT is not me you are in love with, for I was very ill 'and kept my chamber all that day.

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

T 'The SPECTATOR.'

No. CCXCI. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

——Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offender maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.——— Hor.

But in a poem elegantly writ,
I will not quarrel with a ſlight miſtake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuſe.

Roscommon.

I HAVE now conſidered Milton's Paradiſe Loſt under thoſe four great heads of the fable, the characters, the ſentiments, and the language; and have ſhewn that he excels, in general, under each of theſe heads. I hope that

that I have made ſeveral diſcoveries which may appear new, even to thoſe who are verſed in critical learning. Were I indeed to chooſe my readers, by whoſe judgment I would ſtand or fall, they ſhould not be ſuch as are acquainted only with the French and Italian critics, but alſo with the ancient and modern who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, I would have them well verſed in the Greek and Latin poets, without which a man very often fancies that he underſtands a critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticiſm as in all other ſciences and ſpeculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and obſervations, which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflexions methodized and explained, and perhaps ſeveral little hints that had paſſed in his mind, perfected and improved in the works of a good critic; whereas one who has not theſe previous lights is very often an utter ſtranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it ſufficient, that a man, who ſets up for a judge in criticiſm, ſhould have peruſed the authors abovementioned, unleſs he has alſo a clear and logical head. Without this talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidſt his own blunders, miſtakes the ſenſe of thoſe he would confute, or, if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearneſs and perſpicuity. Ariſtotle, who was the beſt critic, was alſo one of the beſt logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himſelf maſter of, who would get a reputation by critical writings; though at the ſame time it is very certain that an author, who has not learned the art of diſtinguiſhing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts and ſetting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will loſe himſelf in confuſion and obſcurity. I might further obſerve that there is not a Greek or Latin critic, who has not ſhewn, even in the ſtyle of his criti-

ciſms, that he was a maſter of all the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is there is nothing more abſurd, than for a man to ſet up for a critic, without a good inſight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of thoſe, who have endeavoured to ſignalize themſelves by works of this nature, among our Engliſh writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly diſcover, by the phraſes which they make uſe of, and by their confuſed way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the moſt common and ordinary ſyſtems of arts and ſciences. A few general rules extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has ſometimes ſet up an illiterate heavy writer for a moſt judicious and formidable critic.

One great mark, by which you may diſcover a critic who has neither taſte nor learning, is this, that he ſeldom ventures to praiſe any paſſage in an author which has not been before received and applauded by the public, and that his criticiſm turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a critic is ſo very eaſy to ſucceed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publiſhing of a new poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn ſeveral paſſages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. Dryden has very agreeably remarked in thoſe two celebrated lines,

"Errors, like ſtraws, upon the ſurface flow;
"He who would ſearch for pearl, muſt dive below."

A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to diſcover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world ſuch things as are worth their obſervation. The moſt exquiſite words and fineſt ſtrokes of an author are thoſe which very often appear the moſt doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a reliſh for polite learning; and they are theſe, which a ſour undiſtinguiſhing critic generally attacks with the greateſt violence. Tully obſerves, that it is very eaſy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered in Engliſh, "a glowing

"bold

a bold expreſſion," and to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticiſm. A little wit is equally capable of expoſing a beauty, and of aggravating a fault; and though ſuch a treatment of an author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an underſtanding reader, it has however its effect among the generality of thoſe whoſe hands it falls into, the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at, with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in itſelf.

Such a mirth as this is always unſeaſonable in a critic, as it rather prejudices the reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty, as well as a blemiſh, the ſubject of deriſion. A man who cannot write with wit on a proper ſubject, is dull and ſtupid; but one, who ſhews it in an improper place, is as impertinent and abſurd. Beſides, a man who has the gift of ridicule is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, and very often cenſures a paſſage, not becauſe there is any fault in it, but becauſe he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleaſantry are very unfair and diſingenuous in works of criticiſm, in which the greateſt maſters, both ancient and modern, have always appeared with a ſerious and inſtructive air.

As I intend in my next paper to ſhew the defects in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, I thought fit to premiſe theſe few particulars, to the end that the reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful work, and that I ſhall juſt point at the imperfections, without endeavouring to inflame them with ridicule. I muſt alſo obſerve with Longinus, that the productions of a great genius, with many lapſes and inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of author, which are ſcrupulouſly exact and conformable to all the rules of correct writing.

I ſhall conclude this paper with a ſtory out of Boccalini, which ſufficiently ſhews us the opinion that judicious author entertained of the ſort of critics I have been here mentioning. A famous critic, ſays he, having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a preſent

ſent of them to Apollo, who received them very graciouſly, and reſolved to make the author a ſuitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he ſet before him a ſack of wheat, as it had been juſt threſhed out of the ſheat. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aſide by itſelf. The critic applied himſelf to the taſk with great induſtry and pleaſure, and, after having made the due ſeparation, was preſented by Apollo with the chaff for his pains. L.

No. CCXCII. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4.

Illam, quicquid agit, quoquó veſtigia flectit,
Componit furtim, ſubſequiturque decor. TIBULL.

Whate'er ſhe does, where'er her ſteps ſhe bends,
Grace on each action ſilently attends.

AS no one can be ſaid to enjoy health, who is only not ſick, without he feel within himſelf a lightſome and invigorating principle, which will not ſuffer him to remain idle, but ſtill ſpurs him on to action; ſo in the practice of every virtue, there is ſome additional grace required, to give a claim of excelling in this or that particular action. A diamond may want poliſhing, though the value be ſtill intrinſically the ſame; and the ſame good may be done with different degrees of luſtre. No man ſhould be contented with himſelf that he barely does well, but he ſhould perform every thing in the beſt and moſt becoming manner that he is able.

Tully tells us he wrote his book of Offices, becauſe there was no time of life in which ſome correſpondent duty might not be practiſed; nor is there a duty without a certain decency accompanying it, by which every virtue it is joined to will ſeem to be doubled. Another may do the ſame thing, and yet the action want that air and beauty which diſtinguiſh it from others; like that inimitable

inimitable ſunſhine Titian is ſaid to have diffuſed over his landſkips; which denotes them his, and has been always unequalled by any other perſon.

There is no one action in which this quality I am ſpeaking of will be more ſenſibly perceived, than in granting a requeſt or doing an office of kindneſs. Mummus, by his way of conſenting to a benefaction, ſhall make it loſe its name; while Carus doubles the kindneſs and the obligation: from the firſt the deſired requeſt drops indeed at laſt, but from ſo doubtful a brow, that the obliged has almoſt as much reaſon to reſent the manner of beſtowing it, as to be thankful for the favour itſelf. Carus invites with a pleaſing air, to give him an opportunity of doing an act of humanity, meets the petition half way, and conſents to a requeſt with a countenance which proclaims the ſatisfaction of his mind in aſſiſting the diſtreſſed.

The decency then that is to be obſerved in liberality ſeems to conſiſt in its being performed with ſuch chearfulneſs, as may expreſs the godlike pleaſure that is to be met with in obliging one's fellow-creatures; that may ſhew good-nature and benevolence overflowed, and do not, as in ſome men, run upon the tilt, and taſte of the ſediments of a grutching uncommunicative diſpoſition.

Since I have intimated that the greateſt decorum is to be preſerved in the beſtowing our good offices, I will illuſtrate it a little by an example drawn from private life, which carries with it ſuch a profuſion of liberality, that it can be exceeded by nothing but the humanity and good-nature which accompanies it. It is a letter of Pliny's, which I ſhall here tranſlate, becauſe the action will beſt appear in its firſt dreſs of thought, without any foreign or ambitious ornaments.

Pliny to Quintilian.

'THOUGH I am fully acquainted with the content-
'ment and juſt moderation of your mind, and the
'conformity the education you have given your daugh-
'ter bears to your own character; yet ſince ſhe is ſud-
'denly to be married to a perſon of diſtinction, whoſe
'figure

'figure in the world makes it neceſſary for her to be at a 'more than ordinary expence in clothes and equipage 'ſuitable to her huſband's quality; by which, though 'her intrinſic worth be not augmented, yet will it re- 'ceive both ornament and luſtre: and knowing your 'eſtate to be as moderate as the riches of your mind are 'abundant, I muſt challenge to myſelf ſome part of the 'burden: and as a parent of your child, I preſent her 'with twelve hundred and fifty crowns towards theſe ex- 'pences; which ſum had been much larger, had I not 'feared the ſmalneſs of it would be the greateſt induce- 'ment with you to accept it. Farewel.'

Thus ſhould a benefaction be done with a good grace, and ſhine in the ſtrongeſt point of light; it ſhould not only anſwer all the hopes and exigencies of the receiver, but even out-run his wiſhes: it is this happy manner of behaviour which adds new charms to it, and ſoftens theſe gifts of art and nature, which otherwiſe would be rather diſtaſteful than agreeable. Without it, valour would degenerate into brutality, learning into pedantry, and the genteeleſt demeanour into affectation. Even religion itſelf, unleſs decency be the handmaid which waits upon her, is apt to make people appear guilty of ſourneſs and ill-humour: but this ſhews virtue in her firſt original form, adds a comelineſs to religion, and gives its profeſſors the juſteſt title to the beauty of holineſs. A man fully inſtructed in this art, may aſſume a thouſand ſhapes, and pleaſe in all: he may do a thouſand actions ſhall become none other but himſelf; not that the things themſelves are different, but the manner of doing them.

If you examine each feature by itſelf, Aglaura and Calliclea are equally handſome; but take them in the whole, and you cannot ſuffer the compariſon: the one is full of numberleſs nameleſs graces, the other of as many nameleſs faults.

The comelineſs of perſon, and the decency of behaviour, add infinite weight to what is pronounced by any one. It is the want of this that often makes the rebukes and

and advice of old rigid perſons of no effect, and leave a diſpleaſure in the minds of thoſe they are directed to: but youth and beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming ſeverity, is of mighty force to raiſe, even in the moſt profligate, a ſenſe of ſhame. In Milton, the devil is never deſcribed aſhamed but once, and that at the rebuke of a beauteous angel.

So ſpake the cherub, and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible: abaſh'd the devil ſtood,
And felt how awful goodneſs is, and ſaw,
Virtue in her own ſhape how lovely! ſaw, and pin'd
His loſs.

The care of doing nothing unbecoming has accompanied the greateſt minds to their laſt moments. They avoided even an indecent poſture in the very article of death. Thus Cæſar gathered his robe about him, that he might not fall in a manner unbecoming of himſelf; and the greateſt concern that appeared in the behaviour of Lucretia when ſhe ſtabbed herſelf, was, that her body ſhould lie in an attitude worthy the mind which had inhabited it.

——Ne non procumbat honeſtè,
Extrema hæc etiam cura cadendis erat. OVID.

'Twas her laſt thought, how decently to fall.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM a young woman without a fortune; but of a 'very high mind: that is, good Sir, I am to the laſt 'degree proud and vain. I am ever railing at the rich, 'for doing things, which, upon ſearch into my heart, I 'find I am only angry becauſe I cannot do the ſame 'myſelf. I wear the hooped petticoat, and am all in 'calicoes when the fineſt are in ſilks. It is a dreadful 'thing to be poor and proud; therefore if you pleaſe, a 'lecture on that ſubject for the ſatisfaction of

'Your uneaſy humble ſervant,

'JEZEBEL.

No.

No. CCXCIII. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5.

Πᾶσιν γὰρ εὐπρονοῦσι συμμαχεῖ τύχη.

FRAG. VET. POET.

The prudent ſtill have fortune on their ſide.

THE famous Gratian, in his little book wherein he lays down maxims for a man's advancing himſelf at court, adviſes his reader to aſſociate himſelf with the fortunate, and to ſhun the company of the unfortunate; which, notwithſtanding the baſeneſs of the precept to an honeſt mind, may have ſomething uſeful in it for thoſe who puſh their intereſt in the world. It is certain a great part of what we call good or ill fortune, riſes out of right or wrong meaſures and ſchemes of life. When I hear a man complain of his being unfortunate in all his undertakings, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect him for a very weak man in his affairs. In conformity with this way of thinking, cardinal Richlieu uſed to ſay, that unfortunate and imprudent were but two words for the ſame thing. As the cardinal himſelf had a great ſhare both of prudence and good fortune, his famous antagoniſt, the count d'Olivarez, was diſgraced at the court of Madrid, becauſe it was alledged againſt him that he had never any ſucceſs in his undertakings. This ſays an eminent author, was directly accuſing him of imprudence.

Cicero recommended Pompey to the Romans for their general upon three accounts, as he was a man of courage, conduct, and good fortune. It was perhaps, for the reaſon above-mentioned, namely, that a ſeries of good fortune ſuppoſes a prudent management in the perſon whom it befals, that not only Sylla the dictator, but ſeveral of the Roman emperors, as is ſtill to be ſeen upon their medals, among their other titles, gave themſelves that of Felix or fortunate. The heathens, indeed, ſeem to have valued a man more for his good fortune than for any other quality, which I think is very natural for thoſe who have

have not a ſtrong belief of another world. For how can I conceive a man crowned with many diſtinguiſhing bleſſings, that has not ſome extraordinary fund of merit and perfection in him, which lies open to the ſupreme eye, though perhaps it is not diſcovered by my obſervations? What is the reaſon Homer's and Virgil's heroes do not form a reſolution, or ſtrike a blow, without the conduct and direction of ſome deity? Doubtleſs, becauſe the poets eſteemed it the greateſt honour to be favoured by the gods, and thought the beſt way of praiſing a man was to recount thoſe favours which naturally implied an extraordinary merit in the perſon on whom they deſcended.

Thoſe who believe a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments acts very abſurdly, if they form their opinions of a man's merit from his ſucceſſes. But certainly, if I thought the whole circle of our being was concluded between our births and deaths, I ſhould think a man's good fortune the meaſure and ſtandard of his real merit, ſince Providence would have no opportunity of rewarding his virtue and perfections, but in the preſent life. A virtuous believer, who lies under the preſſure of misfortunes, has reaſon to cry out, as they ſay Brutus did a little before his death, "O virtue, I have worſhipped "thee as a ſubſtantial good, but I find thou art an "empty name."

But to return to our firſt point: though prudence does undoubtedly in a great meaſure produce our good or ill fortune in the world, it is certain there are many unforeſeen accidents and occurrences, which very often pervert the fineſt ſchemes that can be laid by human wiſdom. "The race is not always to the ſwift, nor the battle to the ſtrong." Nothing leſs than infinite wiſdom can have an abſolute command over fortune; the higheſt degree of it, which man can poſſeſs, is by no means equal to fortuitous events, and to ſuch contingencies as may riſe in the proſecution of our affairs. Nay, it very often happens, that prudence, which has always in it a great mixture of caution, hinders a man from being ſo fortunate as he might poſſibly have been without it. A

perſon who only aims at what is likely to ſucceed, and follows cloſely the dictates of human prudence, never meets with thoſe great and unforeſeen ſucceſſes, which are often the effect of a ſanguine temper, or a more happy rathneſs; and this perhaps may be the reaſon, that, according to the common obſervation, fortune, like other females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

Upon the whole, ſince man is ſo ſhort-ſighted a creature, and the accidents which may happen to him ſo various, I cannot but be of Dr. Tillotſon's opinion in another caſe, that were there any doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very deſirable there ſhould be ſuch a Being of infinite wiſdom and goodneſs, on whoſe direction we might rely in the conduct of human life.

It is a great preſumption to aſcribe our ſucceſſes to our own management, and not to eſteem ourſelves upon any bleſſing, rather as it is the bounty of heaven, than the acquiſition of our own prudence. I am very well pleaſed with a medal which was ſtruck by queen Elizabeth, a little after the defeat of the invincible armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the king of Spain, and others who were the enemies of that great princeſs, to derogate from her glory, aſcribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of ſtorms and tempeſts, than to the bravery of the Engliſh. Queen Elizabeth, inſtead of looking upon this as a diminution of her honour, valued herſelf upon ſuch a ſignal favour of Providence, and accordingly, in the reverſe of the medal above-mentioned, has repreſented a fleet beaten by a tempeſt, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inſcription, *Afflavit Deus, & diſſipantur*. "He blew with "his wind, and they were ſcattered."

It is remarkable of a famous Grecian general, whoſe name I cannot at preſent recollect, and who had been a particular favourite of fortune, that, upon recounting his victories among his friends, he added at the end of ſeveral great actions, "and in this fortune had no ſhare."

After

After which it is obſerved in hiſtory, that he never proſpered in any thing he undertook.

As arrogance, and a conceitedneſs of our own abilities, are very ſhocking and offenſive to men of ſenſe and virtue, we may be ſure they are highly diſpleaſing to that Being who delights in an humble mind, and by ſeveral of his diſpenſations ſeems purpoſely to ſhew us, that our own ſchemes or prudence have no ſhare in our advancements.

Since on this ſubject I have already admitted ſeveral quotations which have occurred to my memory upon writing this paper, I will conclude it with a little Perſian fable. A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the ſea, and finding itſelf loſt in ſuch an immenſity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: "Alas! "what an inſignificant creature am I in this prodigious "ocean of waters; my exiſtence is of no concern to the "univerſe, I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am "leſs than the leaſt of the works of God." It ſo happened that an oyſter, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and ſwallow it up in the midſt of this its humble ſoliloquy. The drop, ſays the fable, lay a great while hardening in the ſhell, until by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long ſeries of adventures, is at preſent that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the Perſian diadem. T

No. CCXCIV. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6.

Difficile eſt plurimùm virtutem revereri qui ſemper ſecundâ fortunâ ſit uſus. TULL.

The man who is always fortunate, cannot eaſily have a great reverence for virtue.

INSOLENCE is the crime of all others which every man is apt to rail at; and yet is there one reſpect in which all men living are guilty of it, and that is in the

caſe of laying a greater value upon the gifts of fortune than we ought. It is here in England come into our very language, as a propriety of diſtinction, to ſay, when we would ſpeak of perſons to their advantage, they are people of condition. There is no doubt but the proper uſe of riches implies that a man ſhould exert all the good qualities imaginable; and if we mean by a man of condition or quality, one who, according to the wealth he is maſter of, ſhews himſelf juſt, beneficent, and charitable, that term ought very deſervedly to be had in the higheſt veneration; but when wealth is uſed only as it is the ſupport of pomp and luxury, to be rich is very far from being a recommendation to honour and reſpect. It is indeed the greateſt inſolence imaginable, in a creature who would feel the extremes of thirſt and hunger, if he did not prevent his appetites before they call upon him, to be ſo forgetful of the common neceſſity of human nature, as never to caſt an eye upon the poor and needy. The fellow who eſcaped from a ſhip which ſtruck upon a rock in the weſt, and joined with the country people to deſtroy his brother ſailors, and make her a wreck, was thought a moſt execrable creature; but does not every man who enjoys the poſſeſſion of what he naturally wants, and is unmindful of the unſupplied diſtreſs of other men, betray the ſame temper of mind? When a man looks about him, and with regard to riches and poverty beholds ſome drawn in pomp and equipage, and they and their very ſervants with an air of ſcorn and triumph overlooking the multitude that paſs by them; and, in the ſame ſtreet, a creature of the ſame make, crying out in the name of all that is good and ſacred to behold his miſery and give him ſome ſupply againſt hunger and nakedneſs; who would believe theſe two beings were of the ſame ſpecies? But ſo it is, that the conſideration of fortune has taken up all our minds, and, as I have often complained, poverty and riches ſtand in our imaginations in the places of guilt and innocence. But in all ſeaſons there will be ſome inſtances of perſons who have ſouls too large to be taken with popular prejudices, and while the reſt of mankind are contending for ſuperiority in

power

power and wealth, have their thoughts bent upon the neceſſities of thoſe below them. The charity-ſchools, which have been erected of late years, are the greateſt inſtances of public ſpirit the age has produced: but indeed when we conſider how long this ſort of beneficence has been on foot, it is rather from the good management of thoſe inſtitutions, than from the number or value of the benefactions to them, that they make ſo great a figure. One would think it impoſſible that in the ſpace of fourteen years there ſhould not have been five thouſand pounds beſtowed in gifts this way, nor ſixteen hundred children, including males and females, put out to methods of induſtry. It is not allowed me to ſpeak of luxury and folly with the ſevere ſpirit they deſerve; I ſhall only therefore ſay, I ſhall very readily compound with any lady in a hoop petticoat, if ſhe gives the price of one half yard of the ſilk towards clothing, feeding, and inſtructing an innocent helpleſs creature of her own ſex in one of theſe ſchools. The conſciouſneſs of ſuch an action will give her features a nobler life on this illuſtrious day, than all the jewels that can hang in her hair, or can be cluſtered in her boſom. It would be uncourtly to ſpeak in harſher words to the fair, but to men one may take a little more freedom. It is monſtrous how a man can live with ſo little reflection as to fancy he is not in a condition very unjuſt and diſproportioned to the reſt of mankind, while he enjoys wealth, and exerts no benevolence or bounty to others. As for this particular occaſion of theſe ſchools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous mind. Would you do an handſome thing without return? do it for an infant that is not ſenſible of the obligation. Would you do it for public good? do it for one who would be an honeſt artificer. Would you do it for the ſake of heaven? give it to one who ſhall be inſtructed in the worſhip of him for whoſe ſake you gave it. It is methinks a moſt laudable inſtitution this, if it were of no other expectation than that of producing a race of good and uſeful ſervants, who will have more than a liberal, a religious education. What would not a man do, in common pru-

dence, to lay out in purchaſe of one about him, who would add to all his orders he gave the weight of the commandments to enforce an obedience to them? for one who would conſider his maſter as his father, his friend, and benefactor, upon the eaſy terms, and in expectation of no other return but moderate wages and gentle uſage? It is the common vice of children to run too much among the ſervants; from ſuch as are educated in theſe places they would ſee nothing but lowlineſs in the ſervant, which would not be diſingenuous in the child. All the ill offices and defamatory whiſpers, which take their birth from domeſtics, would be prevented, if this charity could be made univerſal; and a good man might have a knowledge of the whole life of the perſons he deſigns to take into his houſe for his own ſervice, or that of his family or children, long before they were admitted. This would create endearing dependencies: and the obligation would have a paternal air in the maſter, who would be relieved from much care and anxiety from the gratitude and diligence of an humble friend attending him as a ſervant. I fall into this diſcourſe from a letter ſent to me, to give me notice that fifty boys would be clothed, and take their ſeats, at the charge of ſome generous benefactors, in St. Bride's church on Sunday next. I wiſh I could promiſe to myſelf any thing which my correſpondent ſeems to expect from a publication of it in this paper; for there can be nothing added to what ſo many excellent and learned men have ſaid on this occaſion: but that there may be ſomething here which would move a generous mind, like that of him who writ to me, I ſhall tranſcribe an handſome paragraph of Dr. Snape's ſermon on theſe charities, which my correſpondent incloſed with his letter.

"The wiſe Providence has amply compenſated the "diſadvantages of the poor and indigent, wanting many "of the conveniencies of this life, by a more abundant "proviſion for their happineſs in the next. Had they "been higher born or more richly endowed, they would "have wanted this manner of education, of which they "only enjoy the benefit, who are low enough to ſubmit

"to

" to it; where they have such advantages without mo-
" ney, and without price, as the rich cannot purchase
" with it. The learning which is given, is generally
" more edifying to them, than that which is sold to
" others: thus do they become more exalted in good-
" ness, by being depressed in fortune, and their poverty
" is, in reality, their preferment.' T

No. CCXCV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

Prodiga non sentit pereuntum fœmina censum:
At velit exhausti redivivus pullulet arci
Nummus, & è pleno semper tollatur acervo,
Non unquam reputat, quanti sibi gaudia constant.

JUV.

But woman kind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their sinking fortunes drain:
Hourly they give, and spend and waste, and wear,
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.

DRYDEN.

' Mr. Spectator,

' I AM turned of my great climacteric, and am natu-
' rally a man of a meek temper. About a dozen years
' ago I was married, for my sins, to a young woman of
' a good family and of an high spirit; but could not
' bring her to close with me, before I had entered into
' a treaty with her longer than that of the grand alli-
' ance. Among other articles, it was therein stipulated,
' that she should have 400l. a year for pin-money, which
' I obliged myself to pay quarterly into the hands of one
' who acted as her plenipotentiary in that affair. I have
' ever since religiously observed my part in this solemn
' agreement. Now, Sir, so it is, that the lady has had
' several children since I married her; to which, if I
' should credit our malicious neighbours, her pin-mone
' has not a little contributed. The education of these

my

'my children, who, contrary to my expectation, are 'born to me every year, ſtraitens me ſo much, that I 'have begged their mother to free me from the obliga- 'tion of the above-mentioned pin-money, that it may 'go towards making a proviſion for her family. This 'propoſal makes her noble blood ſwell in her veins, in- 'ſomuch that finding me a little tardy in her laſt quar- 'ter's payment, ſhe threatens me every day to arreſt 'me; and proceeds ſo far as to tell me, that if I do not 'do her juſtice, I ſhall die in a jail. To this ſhe adds, 'when her paſſion will let her argue calmly, that ſhe 'has ſeveral play-debts on her hand, which muſt be diſ- 'charged very ſuddenly, and that ſhe cannot loſe her 'money as becomes a woman of her faſhion, if ſhe 'makes me any abatements in this article. I hope, Sir, 'you will take an occaſion from hence to give your opi- 'nion upon a ſubject which you have not yet touched, 'and inform us if there are any precedents for this uſage 'among our anceſtors; or whether you find any men- 'tion of pin-money in Grotius, Puffendorf, or any other 'of the civilians.

'I am ever the humbleſt of your admirers,

JOSIAH FRIBBLE, eſq.'

As there is no man living who is a more profeſſed advocate for the fair-ſex than myſelf, ſo there is none who would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient rights and privileges; but as the doctrine of pin-money is of a very late date, unknown to our great grand-mothers, and not yet received by many of our modern ladies, I think it is for the intereſt of both ſexes to keep it from ſpreading.

Mr. Fribble may not, perhaps, be much miſtaken where he intimates, that the ſupplying a man's wife with pin-money, is furniſhing her with arms againſt himſelf, and in a manner becoming acceſſary to his own diſhonour. We may, indeed, generally obſerve, that in proportion as a woman is more or leſs beautiful, and her huſband advanced in years, ſhe ſtands in need of a greater or leſs number of pins, and upon a treaty of marriage, riſes or falls

falls in her demands accordingly. It muſt likewiſe be owned, that high quality in a miſtreſs does very much inflame this article in the marriage reckoning.

But where the age and circumſtances of both parties are pretty much upon a level, I cannot but think the inſiſting upon pin-money is very extraordinary; and yet we find ſeveral matches broken off upon this very head. What would a foreigner, or one who is a ſtranger to this practice, think of a lover that forſakes his miſtreſs, becauſe he is not willing to keep her in pins; or what would he think of the miſtreſs, ſhould he be informed that ſhe aſks five or ſix hundred pounds a year for this uſe? Should a man unacquainted with our cuſtoms be told the ſums which are allowed in Great-Britain, under the title of pin-money, what a prodigious conſumption of pins would he think there was in this iſland? "A pin "a day" ſays our frugal proverb "is a groat a year," ſo that, according to this calculation, my friend Fribble's wife muſt every year make uſe of eight millions ſix hundred and forty thouſand new pins.

I am not ignorant that our Britiſh ladies alledge they comprehend under this general term ſeveral other conveniencies of life; I could therefore wiſh, for the honour of my countrywomen, that they had rather called it needle-money, which might have implied ſomething of good houſewifery, and not have given the malicious world occaſion to think, that dreſs and trifle have always the uppermoſt place in a woman's thoughts.

I know ſeveral of my fair readers urge, in defence of this practice, that it is but a neceſſary proviſion they make for themſelves, in caſe their huſband proves a churl or a miſer; ſo that they conſider this allowance as a kind of alimony, which they may lay their claim to without actually ſeparating from their huſbands. But with ſubmiſſion, I think a woman who will give up herſelf to a man in marriage, where there is the leaſt room for ſuch an apprehenſion, and truſt her perſon to one whom ſhe will not rely on for the common neceſſaries of life, may very properly be accuſed, in the phraſe of an homely proverb, of being "penny wiſe and pound fooliſh."

Mr.

It is obſerved of over-cautious generals, that they never engage in a battle without ſecuring a retreat, in caſe the event ſhould not anſwer their expectations; on the other hand, the greateſt conquerors have burnt their ſhips, or broke down the bridges behind them, as being determined either to ſucceed, or die in the engagement. In the ſame manner I ſhould very much ſuſpect a woman who takes ſuch precautions for her retreat, and contrives methods how ſhe may live happily, without the affection of one to whom ſhe joins herſelf for life. Separate purſes between man and wife are, in my opinion, as unnatural as ſeparate beds. A marriage cannot be happy, where the pleaſures, inclinations, and intereſts of both parties are not the ſame. There is no greater incitement to love in the mind of man, than the ſenſe of a perſon's depending upon him for her eaſe and happineſs; as a woman uſes all her endeavours to pleaſe the perſon whom ſhe looks upon as her honour, her comfort, and her ſupport.

For this reaſon I am not very much ſurpriſed at the behaviour of a rough country 'ſquire, who, being not a little ſhocked at the proceeding of a young widow that would not recede from her demands of pin money, was ſo enraged at her mercenary temper, that he told her in great wrath, "as much as ſhe thought him her ſlave, he ſhould ſhew all "the world he did not care a pin for her." Upon which he flew out of the room, and never ſaw her more.

Socrates, in Plato's Alcibiades, ſays, he was informed by one who had travelled through Perſia, that as he paſſed over a great tract of lands, and inquired what the name of the place was, they told him it was the Queen's Girdle; to which he adds, that another wide field, which lay by it, was called the Queen's Veil; and that in the ſame manner there was a large portion of ground ſet aſide for every part of her majeſty's dreſs. Theſe lands might not improperly be called the queen of Perſia's pin-money.

I remember my friend Sir *Roger*, who I dare ſay never read this paſſage in Plato, told me ſome time ſince, that upon his courting the perverſe widow, of whom I have given an account in former papers, he had diſpoſed of an hundred acres in a diamond-ring, which he would have preſented

presented her with, had she thought fit to accept it; and that upon her wedding-day she would have carried on her head fifty of the tallest oaks upon his estate. He further informed me that he would have given her a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen; that he would have allowed her the profits of a wind-mill for her fans, and have presented her once in three years with the shearing of his sheep for her under petticoats. To which the knight always adds, that though he did not care for fine clothes himself, there should not have been a woman in the country better dressed than my lady Coverley. Sir *Roger*, perhaps, may in this, as well as in many other of his devices, appear something odd and singular; but if the humour of pin-money prevails, I think it would be very proper for every gentleman of an estate to mark out so many acres of it under the title of "The Pins." L

No. CCXCVI. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8.

—Nugis addere pondus. HOR.

—Add weight to trifles.

'Dear Spec.

'HAVING lately conversed much with the fair-sex 'on the subject of your speculations, which, since 'their appearance in public, have been the chief exer- 'cise of the female loquacious faculty, I found the fair 'ones possessed with a dissatisfaction at your prefixing 'Greek mottoes to the frontispiece of your late papers; 'and, as a man of gallantry, I thought it a duty incum- 'bent on me to impart it to you, in hopes of a reforma- 'tion, which is only to be effected by a restoration of the 'Latin to the usual dignity in your papers, which, of 'late, the Greek, to the great displeasure of your female 'readers, has usurped; for though the Latin has the re- 'commendation of being as unintelligible to them as the 'Greek, yet being written of the same character with- 'their mother-tongue, by the assistance of a spelling-

'book

'book it is legible; which quality the Greek wants: 'and since the introduction of operas into this nation, 'the ladies are so charmed with sounds abstracted from 'their ideas, that they adore and honour the sound of 'Latin as it is old Italian. I am a solicitor for the fair-'sex, and therefore think myself in that character more 'likely to be prevalent in this request, than if I should 'subscribe myself by my proper name.

J. M.

'I desire you may insert this in one of your specula-'tions, to shew my zeal for removing the dissatisfaction 'of the fair-sex, and restoring you to their favour.'

'SIR,

'I WAS some time since in company with a young of-'ficer, who entertained us with the conquest he had 'made over a female neighbour of his; when a gentle-'man who stood by, as I suppose, envying the captain's 'good fortune, asked him what reason he had to believe 'the lady admired him? Why, says he, my lodgings are 'opposite to her's and she is continually at her window 'either at work, reading, taking snuff, or putting her-'self in some toying posture on purpose to draw my eyes 'that way. The confession of this vain soldier made me 'reflect on some of my own actions; for you must know, 'Sir, I am often at a window which fronts the apartments 'of several gentlemen, who I doubt not have the same 'opinion of me. I must own I love to look at them all, 'one for being well dressed, a second for his fine eye, and 'one particular one, because he is the least man I ever 'saw; but there is something so easy and pleasant in the 'manner of my little man, that I observe he is a favourite 'of all his acquaintance. I could go on to tell you of 'many others, that I believe think I have encouraged 'them from my window: but pray let me have your opi-'nion of the use of the window in a beautiful lady; and 'how often she may look out at the same man, without 'being supposed to have a mind to jump out to him.

'Your's,

'AURELIA CARELESS.'

'Mr. Spectator,

Twice.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I HAVE for some time made love to a lady, who received it with all the kind returns I ought to expect: 'but without any provocation, that I know of, she has of 'late shunned me with the utmost abhorrence, insomuch 'that she went out from church last Sunday in the midst 'of divine service, upon my coming into the same pew. 'Pray, Sir, what must I do in this business?

'Your servant,

'EUPHUES.'

Let her alone ten days.

'Mr. Spectator, York, Jan. 20, 1711-12.

'WE have in this town a sort of people who pretend to wit, and write lampoons: I have lately 'been the subject of one of them. The scribbler had not 'genius enough in verse to turn my age, as indeed I am 'an old maid, into raillery, for affecting a youthier turn 'than is consistent with my time of day; and therefore 'he makes the title of his Madrigal, the character of Mrs. 'Judith Lovebane, born in the year 1680. What I de'sire of you is, that you disallow that a coxcomb, who 'pretends to write verse, should put the most malicious 'thing he can say in prose. This I humbly conceive 'will disable our country wits, who indeed take a 'great deal of pains to say any thing in rhyme, though 'they say it very ill.

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble servant,

'SUSANNA LOVEBANE.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'WE are several of us, gentlemen and ladies, who board in the same house, and after dinner one 'of our company, an agreeable man enough otherwise, 'stands up and reads your paper to us all. We are the 'civilest people in the world to one another, and there'fore I am forced to this way of desiring our reader, when 'he is doing this office, not to stand afore the fire. This 'will be a general good to our family this cold weather. 'He will, I know, take it to be our common request

'when he comes to these words, "Pray Sir sit down;" 'which I desire you to insert, and you will particularly 'oblige

'Your daily reader,

'CHARITY FROST.'

'SIR,

'I AM a great lover of dancing, but cannot perform 'so well as some others: however, by my out-of-the-'way capers, and some original grimaces, I do not fail 'to divert the company, particularly the ladies, who laugh 'immoderately all the time. Some, who pretend to be my 'friends, tell me they do it in derision, and would advise 'me to leave it off, withal that I make myself ridiculous. 'I do not know what to do in this affair, but I am re-'solved not to give over upon any account, until I have 'the opinion of the Spectator.

'Your humble servant,

'JOHN TROTT.'

IF Mr. Trott is not aukward out of time, he has a right to dance let who will laugh: but if he has no ear he will interrupt others; and I am of opinion he should sit still. Given under my hand this fifth of February, 1711-12

T The SPECTATOR.

No. CCXCVII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9.

——————velut si
Egregio inspersos reprendas corpore nævos. HOR.

As perfect beauties often have a mole. CREECH.

AFTER what I have said in my last Saturday's paper, I shall enter on the subject of this without further preface, and remark the several defects which appear in the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language of Milton's Paradise Lost; not doubting but the reader

reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the ſame time whatever may be ſaid for the extenuation of ſuch defects. The firſt imperfection which I ſhall obſerve in the fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

The fable of every poem is, according to Ariſtotle's diviſion, either ſimple or implex. It is called ſimple when there is no change of fortune in it; implex, when the fortune of the chief actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The implex fable is thought the perfect; I ſuppoſe, becauſe it is more proper to ſtir up the paſſions of the reader, and to ſurpriſe him with a greater variety of accidents.

The implex fable is therefore of two kinds; in the firſt the chief actor makes his way through a long ſeries of dangers and difficulties, until he arrives at honour and proſperity, as we ſee in the ſtory of Ulyſſes. In the ſecond, the chief actor in the poem falls from ſome eminent pitch of honour and proſperity, into miſery and diſgrace. Thus we ſee Adam and Eve ſinking from a ſtate of innocence and happineſs, into the moſt abject condition of ſin and ſorrow.

The moſt taking tragedies among the ancients, were built on this laſt ſort of implex fable, particularly the tragedy of Oedipus, which proceeds upon a ſtory, if we may believe Ariſtotle, the moſt proper for tragedy that could be invented by the wit of man. I have taken ſome pains in a former paper to ſhew, that this kind of implex fable, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the firſt kind; notwithſtanding many excellent pieces among the ancients, as well as moſt of thoſe which have been written of late years in our own country, are raiſed upon contrary plans. I muſt however own, that I think this kind of fable, which is the moſt perfect tragedy, is not ſo proper for an heroic poem.

Milton ſeems to have been ſenſible of this imperfection in his fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by ſeveral expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great adverſary of mankind meets with upon his return to the aſſembly of infernal ſpirits, as it is deſcribed in a beautiful paſſage of the tenth book; and likewiſe by the

viſion wherein Adam at the cloſe of the poem ſees his off-ſpring triumphing over his great enemy, and himſelf reſtored to a happier Paradiſe than that from which he fell.

There is another objection againſt Milton's fable, which is indeed almoſt the ſame with the former, though placed in a different light, namely, that the hero in the Paradiſe Loſt is unſucceſsful, and by no means a match for his enemies. This gave occaſion to Mr. Dryden's reflexion, that the devil was in reality Milton's hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my firſt paper. The Paradiſe Loſt is an epic or a narrative poem, and he that looks for an hero in it, ſearches for that which Milton never intended; but if he will needs fix the name of an hero upon any perſon in it, it is certainly the Meſſiah who is the hero, both in the principal action, and in the chief epiſode. Paganiſm could not furniſh out a real action for a fable greater than that of the Iliad or Æneid, and therefore an heathen could not form an higher notion of a poem than one of that kind, which they call an heroic. Whether Milton's is not of a ſublimer nature I will not preſume to determine: it is ſufficient that I ſhew there is in the Paradiſe Loſt all the greatneſs of plan, regularity of deſign, and maſterly beauties which we diſcover in Homer and Virgil.

I muſt in the next place obſerve, that Milton has interwoven in the texture of his fable ſome particulars which do not ſeem to have probability enough for an epic poem, particularly in the actions which he aſcribes to ſin and death, and the picture which he draws of the limbo of Vanity, with other paſſages in the ſecond book. Such allegories rather favour of the ſpirit of Spenſer and Arioſto, than of Homer and Virgil.

In the ſtructure of his poem he has likewiſe admitted too many digreſſions. It is finely obſerved by Ariſtotle, that the author of an heroic poem ſhould ſeldom ſpeak himſelf, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of thoſe who are his principal actors. Ariſtotle has given no reaſon for this precept: but I preſume it is becauſe the mind of the reader is more awed and elevated when he hears Æneas or Achilles ſpeak, than when Virgil or Homer talk in their own perſons. Beſides, that

that assuming the character of an eminent man is apt to fire the imagination, and raise the ideas of the author. Tully tells us, mentioning his dialogue of old age, in which Cato is the chief speaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably imposed upon, and fancied that it was Cato and not he himself, who uttered his thoughts on that subject.

If the reader would be at the pains to see how the story of the Iliad and the Æneid is delivered by those persons who act in it, he will be surprised to find how little in either of these poems proceeds from the authors. Milton has, in the general disposition of his fable, very finely observed this great rule; insomuch, that there is scarce a third part of it which comes from the poet; the rest is spoken either by Adam and Eve, or by some good or evil spirit who is engaged either in their destruction or defence.

From what has been here observed it appears, that digressions are by no means to be allowed of in an epic poem. If the poet, even in the ordinary course of his narration, should speak as little as possible, he should certainly never let his narration sleep for the sake of any reflexions of his own. I have often observed, with secret admiration, that the longest reflexion in the Æneid is in that passage of the tenth book, where Turnus is represented as dressing himself in the spoils of Pallas, whom he had slain. Virgil here lets his fable stand still for the sake of the following remark. "How is the mind of man "ignorant of futurity, and unable to bear prosperous "fortune with moderation! The time will come when "Turnus shall wish that he had left the body of "Pallas untouched, and curse the day on which he dress-"ed himself in these spoils. As the great event of the Æneid, and the death of Turnus, whom Æneas slew because he saw him adorned with the spoils of Pallas, turns upon this incident, Virgil went out of his way to make this reflexion upon it, without which so small a circumstance might possibly have slipt out of his reader's memory. Lucan, who was an injudicious poet, lets drop his story very frequently for the sake of his unnecessary digressions, or his Diverticula, as Scaliger calls them. If he gives us an account of the prodigies which preceded

the civil war, he declaims upon the occasion, and shews how much happier it would be for man, if he did not feel his evil fortune before it comes to pass; and suffer not only by its real weight, but by the apprehension of it. Milton's complaint for his blindness, his panegyric on marriage, his reflexions on Adam and Eve's going naked, of the angels eating, and several other passages in his poem, are liable, to the same exception, though I must confess there is so great a beauty in these very digressions, that I would not wish them out of his poem.

I have, in a former paper, spoken of the characters of Milton's Paradise Lost, and declared my opinion, as to the allegorical persons who are introduced in it.

If we look into the sentiments, I think they are sometimes defective under the following heads; first, as there are several of them too much pointed, and some that degenerate even into puns. Of this last kind I am afraid is that in the first book, where, speaking of the pygmies, he calls them,

——The small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes——

Another blemish that appears in some of his thoughts, is his frequent allusion to heathen fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the divine subject of which he treats. I do not find fault with these allusions, where the poet himself represents them as fabulous, as he does in some places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. The limits of my paper will not give me leave to be particular instances of this kind; the reader will easily remark them in his perusal of the poem. A third fault in his sentiments, is an unnecessary ostentation of learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain that both Homer and Virgil were masters of all the learning of their times, but shews itself in their works after an indirect and concealed manner. Milton seems ambitious of letting us know, by his excursions on free-will and predestination, and his many glances upon history, astronomy, geography, and the like, as well as by the terms and phrases he sometimes makes

makes uſe of that he was acquainted with the whole circle of arts and ſciences.

If in the laſt place we conſider the language of this great poet, we muſt allow what I have hinted at in a former paper, that it is often too much laboured, and ſometimes obſcured by old words, tranſpoſitions, and foreign idioms. Seneca's objection to the ſtile of a great author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eâ placidum, nihil lene*, is what many critics make to Milton: as I cannot wholly refute it, ſo I have already apologized for it in another paper: to which I may further add, that Milton's ſentiments and ideas were ſo wonderfully ſublime, that it would have been impoſſible for him to have repreſented them in their full ſtrength and beauty, without having recourſe to theſe foreign aſſiſtances. Our language ſunk under him, and was unequal to that greatneſs of ſoul, which furniſhed him with ſuch glorious conceptions.

A ſecond fault in his language is that he often affects a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following paſſages, and many others:

> And brought into the World a World of woe.
> ———Begirt th' Almighty throne
> Beſeeching or beſieging———
> This tempted our attempt———
> At one ſlight bound high overleapt all bound.

I know there are figures for this kind of ſpeech, that ſome of the greateſt ancients have been guilty of it, and that Ariſtotle himſelf has given it a place in his rhetoric among the beauties of that art. But as it is in itſelf poor and trifling, it is I think at preſent univerſally exploded by all the maſters of polite writing.

The laſt fault which I ſhall take notice of in Milton's ſtile, is the frequent uſe of what the learned call Technical Words, or terms of art. It is one of the greateſt beauties of poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abſtruſe of itſelf in ſuch eaſy language as may be underſtood by ordinary readers: beſides, that the knowledge of a poet ſhould rather ſeem born with

with him, or inſpired, than drawn from books and ſyſtems. I have often wondered how Mr. Dryden could tranſlate a paſſage out of Virgil after the following manner.

"Tack to the larboard, and ſtand off to ſea,
"Veer ſtarboard ſea and land."——

Milton makes uſe of larboard in the ſame manner. When he is upon building he mentions "Doric pillars, "pilaſters, cornice, freeze, architrave." When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with "ecliptic, and ec- "centric, the trepidation, ſtars dropping from the ze- "nith, rays culminating from the equator:" to which might be added many inſtances of the like in ſeveral other arts and ſciences.

I ſhall in my next papers give an account of the many particular beauties in Milton, which would have been too long to inſert under thoſe general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of criticiſm.

No. CCXCVIII. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11.

Nuſquam tuta fides—— VIRG.

Honour is no where ſafe.

'Mr. Spectator, London, Feb. 9, 1711-12.

'I AM a virgin, and in no caſe deſpicable; but yet 'ſuch as I am I muſt remain, or elſe become, it is to 'be feared, leſs happy; for I find not the leaſt good ef- 'fect from the juſt correction you ſome time ſince gave 'that too free, that looſer part of our ſex which ſpoils the 'men: the ſame connivance at the vices, the ſame eaſy 'admittance of addreſſes, the ſame vitated reliſh of the 'converſation of the greateſt of rakes, or, in a more fa- 'ſhionable way of expreſſing one's ſelf, of ſuch as have 'ſeen the world moſt, ſtill abounds, increaſes, multiplies.

'The humble petition therefore of many of the moſt 'ſtrictly virtuous, and of myſelf, is, that you will once

'more

'more exert your authority, and that according to your 'late promiſe, your full, your impartial authority, on 'this illiter branch of our kind: for why ſh uld they be 'the uncontrouiable miſtreſſes of our fate? Why ſhould 'they with impunity indulge the males in licentiouſneſs 'whilſt ſingle, and we have the diſmal hazard and plague 'of reforming them when married? Strike home, Sir, 'then, and ſpare not, or all our maiden hopes, our gild-'ed hopes of nuptial felicity are fruſtrated, are vaniſhed, 'and you yourſelf, as well as Mr. Courtly, will, by 'ſmoothing over immodeſt practices with the gloſs of ſoft 'and harmleſs names, for ever forfeit our eſteem. Nor 'think that I am herein more ſevere than need be: if I 'have not reaſon more than enough, do you and the 'world judge from this enſuing account, which, I think, 'will prove the evil to be univerſal.

'You muſt know then, that ſince your apprehenſion of 'this female degeneracy came out, I have had a tender of 'reſpects from no leſs than five perſons, of tolerable 'figure too as times go: but the misfortune is, that four 'of the five are profeſſed followers of the mode. They 'would face me down, that all women of good ſenſe ever 'were, and ever will be, latitudinarians in wedlock; and 'always did, and will give and take what they profanely 'term conjugal liberty of conſcience.

'The two firſt of them, a captain and a merchant, to 'ſtrengthen their argument, pretend to repeat after a 'couple of ladies of quality and wit, that Venus was 'always kind to Mars: and what ſoul, that has the leaſt 'ſpark of generoſity, can deny a man of bravery any 'thing? and how pitiful a trader that, whom no woman 'but his own wife will have coreſpondence and dealings 'with? Thus theſe; whilſt the third, the country 'ſquire, 'confeſſed, that indeed he was ſurpriſed into good-breed-'ing, and entered into the knowledge of the world una-'wares; that dining the other day at a gentleman's houſe, 'the perſon who entertained was obliged to leave him 'with his wife and nieces; where they ſpoke with ſo much 'contempt of an abſent gentlemen for being ſo ſlow at a 'hint, that he reſolved never to be drowſy, unmannerly

or

'or ſtupid for the future at a friend's houſe; and on a 'hunting morning, not to purſue the game either with 'the huſband abroad, or with the wife at home.

'The next that came was a tradeſman, no leſs full of 'the age than the former; for he had the gallantry to tell 'me, that at a late junket which he was invited to, the 'motion being made, and the queſtion being put, it was 'by maid, wife and widow reſolved, *nemine contradicente*, 'that a young ſprightly journeymen is abſolutely neceſ-'ſary in their way of buſineſs: to which they had the 'aſſent and concurrence of their huſbands preſent. I 'dropped him a courteſy, and gave him to underſtand 'that was his audience of leave.

'I am reckoned pretty, and have had very many ad-'vances beſides theſe; but have been very averſe to hear 'any of them, from my obſervation on theſe above-men-'tioned, until I hoped ſome good from the character of 'my preſent admirer, a clergyman. But I find even 'amongſt them there are indirect practices in relation to 'love, and our treaty is at preſent a little in ſuſpence, 'until ſome circumſtances are cleared. There is a charge 'againſt him among the women, and the caſe is this: it 'is alledged, that a certain endowed female would have 'appropriated herſelf to, and conſolidated herſelf with a 'church, which my divine now enjoys; (or, which is 'the ſame thing, did proſtitute herſelf to obtain the 'doing this for her;) that my eccleſiaſtic, to her friend's 'one, did engage himſelf to take off the other that lay 'on hand; but that on his ſucceſs in the ſpiritual, he 'again renounced the carnal.

'I put this cloſely to him, and taxed him with diſin-'genuity. He to clear himſelf made the ſubſequent de-'fence, and that in the moſt ſolemn manner poſſible. 'That he was applied to, and inſtigated to accept of a 'benefice: that a conditional offer thereof was indeed 'made him at firſt, but with diſdain by him rejected: that 'when nothing, as they eaſily perceived, of this nature 'could bring him to their purpoſe, aſſurance of his being 'intirely unengaged beforehand, and fate from all their 'after-expectations (the only ſtratagem left to draw him

in

'in) was given him: that purſuant to this the donation 'itſelf was without delay, before ſeveral reputable wit-'neſſes, tendered to him *gratis*, with the open profeſſion 'of not the leaſt reſerve, or the moſt minute condition; 'but that yet immediately after induction, his inſidious 'introducer, (or her crafty procurer, which you will) 'induſtriouſly ſpread the report which had reached my 'ears, not only in the neighbourhood of that ſaid church, 'but in London, in the univerſity, in mine and his own 'country, and wherever elſe it might probably obviate 'his application to any other woman, and ſo confine him 'to this alone: and in a word, that as he never did make 'any previous offer of his ſervice, or the leaſt ſtep to her 'affection; ſo on his diſcovery of theſe deſigns thus laid 'to trick him, he could not but afterwards, in juſtice to 'himſelf, vindicate both his innocence and freedom by 'keeping his proper diſtance.

'This is his apology, and I think I ſhall be ſatisfied 'with it. But I cannot conclude my tedious epiſtle with-'out recommending to you not only to reſume your for-'mer chaſtiſement, but to add to your criminals the ſimo-'niacal ladies, who ſeduce the ſacred order into the diffi-'culty of either breaking a mercenary troth made to them 'whom they ought not to deceive, or by breaking or keep-'ing it offending againſt him whom they cannot deceive. 'Your aſſiſtance and labours of this ſort would be of 'great benefit, and your ſpeedy thoughts on this ſubject 'would be very ſeaſonable to,

'Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant,

T 'CHASTITY LOVEWORTH.'

No. CCXCIX. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12,

Malo Venuſinam, quàm te, Cornelia mater
Gracchorum, ſi cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande ſupercilium, & numeras in dote triumphos.
Tolle tuum, precor, Annibalem, victumque Syphacem
In caſtris; et cum totâ Carthagine migra, Juv.

Some country-girl, ſcarce to a curtſy bred,
Wou'd I much rather than Cornelia wed,
If ſupercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train,
Away with all your Carthaginian ſtate;
Let vanquiſh'd Hannibal without doors wait,
Too burly and too big to paſs my narrow gate.
DRYDEN.

IT is obſerved, that a man improves more by reading the ſtory of a perſon eminent for prudence and virtue, than by the fineſt rules and precepts of morality. In the ſame manner a repreſentation of thoſe calamities and misfortunes which a weak man ſuffers from wrong meaſures, and ill-concerted ſchemes of life, is apt to make a deeper impreſſion upon our minds, than the wiſeſt maxims and inſtructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like follies and indiſcretions in our own private conduct. It is for this reaſon that I lay before my reader the following letter, and leave it with him to make his own uſe of it, without adding any reflexions of my own upon the ſubject matter.

'Mr. Spectator,

'HAVING carefully peruſed a letter ſent you by Jo-
'ſiah Fribble Eſq; with your ſubſequent diſcourſe
'upon pin-money, I do preſume to trouble you with an
'account of my own caſe, which I look upon to be no
'leſs deplorable than that of 'ſquire Fribble. I am a
'perſon of no extraction, having begun the world with
'a ſmall parcel of ruſty iron, and was for ſome years
'commonly known by the name of Jack Anvil. I have
'naturally

'naturally a very happy genius for getting money, in-'ſomuch that by the age of five and twenty I had ſcraped 'together four thouſand two hundred pounds, five ſhil-'lings and a few odd pence. I then launched out into 'conſiderable buſineſs, and became a bold trader both 'by ſea and land, which in a few years raiſed me a very 'conſiderable fortune. For theſe my good ſervices I was 'knighted in the thirty-fifth year of my age, and lived 'with great dignity among my city neighbours by the 'name of Sir John Anvil. Being in my temper very am-'bitious, I was now bent upon making a family, and 'accordingly reſolved that my deſcendents ſhould have a 'daſh of good blood in their veins. In order to this I 'made love to the lady Mary Oddly, an indigent young 'woman of quality. To cut ſhort the marriage-treaty, 'I threw her a *carte blanche*, as our news-papers call 'it, deſiring her to write upon it her own terms. She 'was very conciſe in her demands, inſiſting only that 'the diſpoſal of my fortune and the regulation of my 'family ſhould be intirely in her hands. Her father and 'brothers appeared exceedingly averſe to this match, and 'would not ſee me for ſome time; but at preſent are ſo 'well reconciled, that they dine with me almoſt every 'day, and have borrowed conſiderable ſums of me; which 'my lady Mary very often twits me with, when ſhe would 'ſhew me how kind her relations are to me. She had 'no portion, as I told you before; but what ſhe wanted 'in fortune, ſhe makes up in ſpirit. She at firſt changed 'my name to Sir John Enville, and at preſent writes her-'ſelf Mary Enville. I have had ſome children by her, 'whom ſhe has chriſtened with the ſirnames of her fa-'mily, in order, as ſhe tells me, to wear out the home-'neſs of their parentage by the father's ſide. Our eldeſt 'ſon is the honourable Oddly Enville, Eſq; and our eldeſt 'daughter Harriot Enville. Upon her firſt coming into 'my family, ſhe turned off a parcel of very careful ſer-'vants, who had been long with me, and introduced in 'their ſtead a couple of black-a-moors, and three or four 'very genteel fellows in laced liveries, beſides her French-'woman, who is perpetually making a noiſe in the houſe

'in a language which nobody underſtands, except my 'lady Mary. She next ſet herſelf to reform every room 'of my houſe, having glazed all my chimney-pieces with 'looking glaſſes, and planted every corner with ſuch heaps 'of china, that I am obliged to move about my own 'houſe with the greateſt caution and circumſpection, for 'fear of hurting ſome of our brittle furniture. She makes 'an illumination once a week with wax-candles in one 'of the largeſt rooms, in order, as ſhe phraſes it, to ſee 'company. At which time ſhe always deſires me to 'be abroad, or to confine myſelf to the cock-loft, that 'I may not diſgrace her among her viſitants of quality. 'Her footmen, as I told you before, are ſuch beaus 'that I do not much care for aſking them queſtions; 'when I do, they anſwer me with a ſaucy frown, and ſay 'that every thing that I find fault with, was done by 'my lady Mary's order. She tells me that ſhe intends 'they ſhall wear ſwords with their next liveries, having 'lately obſerved the footmen of two or three perſons of 'quality hanging behind the coach with ſwords by their 'ſides. As ſoon as the firſt honey-moon was over I re-'preſented to her the unreaſonableneſs of thoſe daily in-'novations which ſhe made in my family; but ſhe told 'me I was no longer to conſider myſelf as Sir John Anvil, 'but as her huſband; and added with a frown, that I 'did not ſeem to know who ſhe was. I was ſurpriſed to 'be treated thus, after ſuch familiarities as had paſſed be-'tween us. But ſhe has ſince given me to know, that 'whatever freedoms ſhe may ſometimes indulge me in, 'ſhe expects in general to be treated with the reſpect 'that is due to her birth and quality. Our children have 'been trained up from their infancy with ſo many ac-'counts of their mother's family, that they know the 'ſtories of all the great men and women it has produced. 'Their mother tells them, that ſuch an one commanded 'in ſuch a ſea-engagement, that their great grandfather 'had a horſe ſhot under him at Edge-hill, that their uncle 'was at the ſiege of Buda, and that her mother danced 'in a ball at court with the duke of Monmouth; with 'abundance of fiddle-faddle of the ſame nature. I was

the

'the other day a little out of countenance at a queſtion 'of my little daughter Harriot, who aſked me with a great 'deal of innocence, why I never told them of the gene- 'rals and admirals that had been in my family. As for 'my eldeſt ſon Oddly, he has been ſo ſpirited up by his 'mother, that if he does not mend his manners I ſhall 'go near to diſinherit him. He drew his ſword upon 'me before he was nine years old, and told me that he 'expected to be uſed like a gentleman; upon my offer- 'ing to correct him for his inſolence, my lady Mary ſtept 'in between us, and told me, that I ought to conſider 'there was ſome difference between his mother and mine. 'She is perpetually finding out the features of her own 'relations in every one of my children, though by the 'way I have a little chub-faced boy as like me as he can 'ſtare, if I durſt ſay ſo; but what moſt angers me, when 'ſhe ſees me playing with any of them upon my knee, 'ſhe has begged me more than once to converſe with the 'children as little as poſſible, that they may not learn 'any of my aukward tricks.

'You muſt farther know, ſince I am opening my heart 'to you, that ſhe thinks herſelf my ſuperior in ſenſe, as 'much as ſhe is in quality, and therefore treats me like a 'plain well-meaning man, who does not know the world. 'She dictates to me in my own buſineſs, ſets me right 'in point of trade, and if I diſagree with her about any 'of my ſhips at ſea, wonders that I will diſpute with her 'when I know very well that her great grandfather was 'a flag-officer.

'To compleat my ſufferings ſhe has teazed me for 'this quarter of a year laſt paſt to remove into one of 'the ſquares at the other end of the town, promiſing for 'my encouragement, that I ſhall have as good a cock- 'loft as any gentleman in the ſquare; to which the ho- 'nourable Oddly Enville, Eſq; always adds, like a jack- 'a-napes as he is, that he hopes it will be as near the 'court as poſſible..

'In ſhort, Mr. *Spectator*, I am ſo much out of my na- 'tural element, that to recover my old way of life I would 'be content to begin the world again, and be plain Jack

'Anvil; but alas! I am in for life, and am bound to 'ſubſcribe myſelf, with great ſorrow of heart,

'Your humble ſervant,

L 'JOHN ENVILLE, Kt.'

No. CCC. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13.

——Diverſum vitio vitium propè majus. Hor.

——Another failing of the mind,
Greater than this, of a quite different kind. Poeli.

'Mr. Spectator.

'WHEN you talk of the ſubject of love, and the 'relations ariſing from it, methinks you ſhould 'take care to leave no fault unobſerved which concerns 'the ſtate of marriage. The great vexation that I have 'obſerved in it is, that the wedded couple ſeem to 'want opportunities of being often enough, alone to-'gether, and are forced to quarrel and be fond before 'company. Mr. Hotſpur and his lady, in a room full 'of their friends, are ever ſaying ſomething ſo ſmart 'to each other, and that but juſt within rules, that 'the whole company ſtand in the utmoſt anxiety and 'ſuſpence for fear of their falling into extremities which 'they could not be preſent at. On the other ſide, Tom 'Faddle and his pretty ſpouſe wherever they come are 'billing at ſuch a rate, as they think muſt do our hearts 'good to behold them. Cannot you poſſibly propoſe 'a mean between being waſps and doves in public? 'I ſhould think if you adviſed to hate or love ſincerely 'it would be better: for if they would be ſo diſcreet as 'to hate from the very bottom of their hearts, their 'averſion would be too ſtrong for little gibes every mo-'ment; and if they loved with that calm and noble value 'which dwells in the heart, with a warmth like that of 'life-blood, they would not be ſo impatient for their paſ-'ſion as to fall into obſervable fondneſs. This method, in

'in each caſe, would ſave appearances; but as thoſe who 'offend on the fond ſide are by much the fewer, I would 'have you begin with them, and go on to take notice of 'a moſt impertinent licence married women take, not 'only to be very loving to their ſpouſes in public, but 'alſo make nauſeous alluſions to private familiarities, and 'the like. Lucinda is a lady of the greateſt diſcretion, 'you muſt know, in the world; and withal very much a 'phyſician: upon the ſtrength of theſe two qualities 'there is nothing ſhe will not ſpeak of before us virgins; 'and ſhe every day talks with a very grave air in ſuch 'a manner, as it is very improper ſo much as to be hinted 'at, but to obviate the greateſt extremity. Thoſe whom 'they call good bodies, notable people, hearty neigh-'bours, and the pureſt goodeſt company in the world, 'are the great offenders in this kind. Here I think I 'have laid before you an open field for pleaſantry; and 'hope you will ſhew theſe people that at leaſt they are 'not witty: in which you will ſave from many a bluſh a 'a daily ſufferer, who is very much

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'SUSANNA LOVEWORTH.

'Mr. Spectator,

'IN your's of Wedneſday the 30th paſt, you and your 'correſpondents are very ſevere on a ſort of men, 'whom you call male coquettes; but without any other 'reaſon, in my apprehenſion, than that of paying a ſhal-'low compliment to the fair-ſex, by accuſing ſome men 'of imaginary faults, that the women may not ſeem to 'be the more faulty ſex; though at the ſame time you 'ſuppoſe there are ſome ſo weak as to be impoſed upon 'by fine things and falſe addreſſes. I cannot perſuade 'myſelf that your deſign is to debar the ſexes the benefit 'of each other's converſation, within the rules of honour; 'nor will you I dare ſay, recommend to them, or encou-'rage the common tea-table talk, much leſs that of po-'litics and matters of ſtate: and if theſe are forbidden 'ſubjects of diſcourſe, then, as long as there are any wo-'men in the world who take a pleaſure in hearing them-

'ſelves praiſed, and can bear the ſight of a man proſtrate 'at their feet, ſo long I ſhall make no wonder that there 'are thoſe of the other ſex who will pay them moſt im- 'pertinent humiliations. We ſhould have few people 'ſuch fools as to practiſe flattery, if all were ſo wiſe as to 'deſpiſe it. I do not deny but you would do a meri- 'torious act, if you could prevent all impoſitions on the 'ſimplicity of young women; but I muſt confeſs I do 'not apprehend you have laid the fault on the proper 'perſon, and if I trouble you with my thoughts upon it, 'I promiſe myſelf your pardon. Such of the ſex as are 'raw and innocent, and moſt expoſed to theſe attacks, 'have, or their parents are much to blame if they have 'not, one to adviſe and guard them, and are obliged 'themſelves to take care of them; but if theſe, who 'ought to hinder men from all opportunities of this ſort 'of converſation, inſtead of that encourage and promote 'it, the ſuſpicion is very juſt that there are ſome private 'reaſons for it; and I will leave it to you to determine 'on which ſide a part is then acted. Some women there 'are who are arrived at years of diſcretion, I mean are 'got out of the hands of their parents and governors, and 'are ſet up for themſelves, who yet are liable to their 'attempts; but if theſe are prevailed upon, you muſt 'excuſe me if I lay the fault upon them, that their wiſ- 'dom is not grown with their years. My client, Mr. 'Strephon, whom you ſummoned to declare himſelf, 'gives you thanks, however, for your warning, and 'begs the favour only to enlarge his time for a week, or 'to the laſt day of the term, and then he will appear 'gratis, and pray no day over.

'Your's,

'PHILANTHROPOS.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I WAS laſt night to viſit a lady whom I much eſteem, 'and always took for my friend; but met with ſo 'very different a reception from what I expected, that I 'cannot help applying myſelf to you on this occaſion. 'In the room of that civility and familiarity I uſed to be

'treated

'treated with by her, an affected ſtrangeneſs in her 'looks, and coldneſs in her behaviour, plainly told me 'I was not the welcome gueſt which the regard and ten-'derneſs ſhe has often expreſſed for me gave me reaſon 'to flatter myſelf to think I was. Sir, this is certainly 'a great fault, and I aſſure you a very common one; 'therefore I hope you will think it a fit ſubject for ſome 'part of a Spectator. Be pleaſed to acquaint us how we 'muſt behave ourſelves towards this valetudinary friend-'ſhip, ſubject to ſo many heats and colds, and you will 'oblige,

Sir, your humble ſervant,

'MIRANDA.'

'SIR,

'I CANNOT forbear acknowledging the delight your 'late Spectators on Saturdays have given me; for 'they are writ in the honeſt ſpirit of criticiſm, and called 'to my mind the following four lines I had read long 'ſince in a prologue to a play called Julius Cæſar, which 'has deſerved a better fate. The verſes are addreſſed to 'the little critics.

"Shew your ſmall talent, and let that ſuffice ye;
"But grow not vain upon it, I adviſe ye.
"For every fop can find out faults in plays:
"You'll ne'er arrive at knowing when to praiſe."

T 'Your's, D. G.'

No. CCCI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14,

Poſſint ut juvenes viſere fervidi
Multo non ſine riſu,
Dilapſam in cineres facem. Hor.

That all may laugh to ſee that glaring light,
Which lately ſhone ſo fierce and bright,
End in a ſtink at laſt, and vaniſh into night. Anon.

WE are generally ſo much pleaſed with any little accompliſhments, either of body or mind, which have once made us remarkable in the world, that we endeavour to perſuade ourſelves it is not in the power of time to rob us of them. We are eternally purſuing the ſame methods which firſt procured us the applauſes of mankind. It is from this notion that an author writes on, though he is come to dotage; without ever conſidering that his memory is impaired, and that he has loſt that life, and thoſe ſpirits, which formerly raiſed his fancy, and fired his imagination. The ſame folly hinders a man from ſubmitting his behaviour to his age, and makes Clodius, who was a celebrated dancer at five and twenty, ſtill love to hobble in a minuet, though he is paſt threeſcore. It is this, in a word, which fills the town with elderly fops, and ſuperannuated coquettes.

Canidia, a lady of this latter ſpecies, paſſed by me yeſterday in her coach. Canidia was an haughty beauty of the laſt age, and was followed by crowds of adorers, whoſe paſſions only pleaſed her, as they gave her opportunities of playing the tyrant. She then contracted that awful caſt of the eye and forbidding frown, which ſhe has not yet laid aſide, and has ſtill all the inſolence of beauty without its charms. If ſhe now attracts the eyes of any beholders, it is only by being remarkably ridiculous; even her own ſex laugh at her affectation; and the men, who always enjoy an ill-natured pleaſure in ſeeing an imperious beauty humbled and neglected, regard

Engraved for J. Parsons, Paternoster Row. June 1.1793.

gard her with the same satisfaction that a free nation sees a tyrant in disgrace.

Will Honeycomb, who is a great admirer of the gallantries in king Charles the second's reign, lately communicated to me a letter written by a wit of that age to his mistress, who it seems was a lady of Canidia's humour; and though I do not always approve of my friend *Will*'s taste, I liked this letter so well, that I took a copy of it, with which I shall here present my reader.

'TO CHLOE.

'Madam,

'SINCE my waking thoughts have never been able 'to influence you in my favour, I am resolved to try 'whether my dreams can make any impression on you. 'To this end I shall give you an account of a very odd 'one which my fancy presented to me last night, within 'a few hours after I left you.

'Methought I was unaccountably conveyed into the 'most delicious place mine eyes ever beheld: it was a 'large valley divided by a river of the purest water I had 'ever seen. The ground on each side of it rose by an 'easy ascent, and was covered with flowers of an infinite 'variety, which as they were reflected in the water dou-'bled the beauties of the place, or rather formed an ima-'ginary scene more beautiful than the real. On each 'side of the river was a range of lofty trees, whose 'boughs were loaded with almost as many birds as 'leaves. Every tree was full of harmony.

'I had not gone far in this pleasant valley, when I 'perceived that it was terminated by a most magnificent 'temple. The structure was ancient, and regular. On 'the top of it was figured the god Saturn, in the same 'shape and dress that the poets usually represent Time.

'As I was advancing to satisfy my curiosity by a 'nearer view, I was stopped by an object far more beau-'tiful than any I had before discovered in the whole 'place. I fancy, madam, you will easily guess that 'this could hardly be any thing but yourself; in reality 'it was so; you lay extended on the flowers by the side

'of

'of the river, ſo that your hands, which were 'thrown in a negligent poſture, almoſt touched 'the water. Your eyes were cloſed; but if your 'ſleep deprived me of the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them, it 'left me at leiſure to contemplate ſeveral other charms, 'which diſappear when your eyes are open. I could 'not but admire the tranquillity you ſlept in, eſpecially 'when I conſidered the uneaſineſs you produce in ſo 'many others.

'While I was wholly taken up in theſe reflexions, the 'doors of the temple flew open, with a very great noiſe; 'and lifting up my eyes, I ſaw two figures, in human 'ſhape, coming into the valley. Upon a nearer ſurvey, 'I found them to be *Youth* and *Love*. The firſt was 'incircled with a kind of purple light, that ſpread a 'glory over all the place; the other held a flaming torch 'in his hand. I could obſerve, that all the way as they 'came towards us, the colours of the flowers appeared 'more lively, the trees ſhot out in bloſſoms, the birds 'threw themſelves into pairs, and ſerenaded them as they 'paſſed: the whole face of nature glowed with new 'beauties. They were no ſooner arrived at the place 'where you lay, when they ſeated themſelves on each 'ſide of you. On their approach, methought I ſaw a 'new bloom ariſe in your face, and new charms diffuſe 'themſelves over your whole perſon. You appeared 'more than mortal; but, to my great ſurpriſe, continued 'faſt aſleep, though the two deities made ſeveral gentle 'efforts to awaken you.

'After a ſhort time, *Youth* diſplaying a pair of wings, 'which I had not before taken notice of, flew off. '*Love* ſtill remained, and holding the torch which he 'had in his hand before your face, you ſtill appeared as 'beautiful as ever. The glaring of the light in your 'eyes at length awakened you; when, to my great ſur-'priſe, inſtead of acknowledging the favour of the deity, 'you frowned upon him, and ſtruck the torch out of his 'hand into the river. The god, after having regarded 'you with a look that ſpoke at once his pity and diſ-'pleaſure, flew away. Immediatly a kind of gloom 'overſpread the whole place. At the ſame time I ſaw

'an

'an hideous ſpectre enter at one end of the valley. 'His eyes were ſunk into his head, his face was pale 'and withered, and his ſkin puckered up in wrinkles. 'As he walked on the ſides of the bank the river froze, 'the flowers faded, the trees ſhed their bloſſoms, the 'birds dropped from off the boughs, and fell dead at 'his feet. By theſe marks I knew him to be *Old-Age*. 'You were ſeized with the utmoſt horror and amaze-'ment at his approach. You endeavoured to have fled, 'but the phantom caught you in his arms. You may 'eaſily gueſs at the change you ſuffered in this embrace. 'For my own part, though I am ſtill too full of the 'dreadful idea, I will not ſhock you with a deſcription 'of it. I was ſo ſtartled at the ſight that my ſleep im-'mediately left me, and I found myſelf awake, at lei-'ſure to conſider of a dream which ſeems too extraor-'dinary to be without a meaning. I am, madam, 'with the greateſt paſſion,

'Your moſt obedient,

'moſt humble ſervant, &c.'

No. CCCII. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15.

——————— Lachrymæque decoræ,
Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRG.

Becoming ſorrows, and a virtuous mind
More lovely, in a beauteous form inſhrin'd.

I READ what I give for the entertainment of this day with a great deal of pleaſure, and publiſh it juſt as it came to my hands. I ſhall be very glad to find there are many gueſſed at for Emilia.

'Mr. Spectator,

'IF this paper has the good fortune to be honoured 'with a place in your writings, I ſhall be the more 'pleaſed, becauſe the character of Emilia is not an

'imaginary

'imaginary but a real one. I have induſtriouſly ſe-
'ſcured the whole by the addition of one or two circum-
'ſtances of no conſequence, that the perſon it is drawn
'from might ſtill be concealed; and that the writer of
'it might not be in the leaſt ſuſpected, and for theſe
'other reaſons, I chooſe not to give it the form of a
'letter: but if, beſides the faults of the compoſition,
'there be any thing in it more proper for a correſpon-
'dent than the *Spectator* himſelf to write, I ſubmit it
'to your better judgment, to receive any other mould
'you think fit.

'I am, Sir,

'Your very humble ſervant.'

There is nothing which gives one ſo pleaſing a proſ-
pect of human nature, as the contemplation of wiſdom
and beauty: the latter is the peculiar portion of that ſex
which is therefore called fair; but the happy concur-
rence of both theſe excellencies in the ſame perſon, is a
character too celeſtial to be frequently met with.
Beauty is an over-weaning ſelf-ſufficient thing, careleſs
of providing itſelf any more ſubſtantial ornaments; nay
ſo little does it conſult its own intereſts, that it too
often defeats itſelf by betraying that innocence which
renders it lovely and deſirable. As therefore virtue
makes a beautiful woman appear more beautiful, ſo
beauty makes a virtuous woman really more virtuous.
Whilſt I am conſidering theſe two perfections gloriouſly
united in one perſon, I cannot help repreſenting to my
mind the image of Emilia.

Who ever beheld the charming Emilia, without feel-
ing in his breaſt at once the glow of love and the ten-
derneſs of virtuous friendſhip? The unſtudied graces
of her behaviour, and the pleaſing accents of her tongue,
inſenſibly drew you on to wiſh for a nearer enjoyment of
them; but even her ſmiles carry in them a ſilent re-
proof to the impulſes of licentious love. Thus, though
the attractives of her beauty play almoſt irreſiſtibly upon
you and create deſire, you immediately ſtand corrected
not by the ſeverity but the decency of her virtue. That

ſweetneſs

ſweetneſs and good-humour which is ſo viſible in her face, naturally diffuſes itſelf into every word and action: a man muſt be a ſavage, who at the ſight of Emilia, is not more inclined to do her good than gratify himſelf. Her perſon, as it is thus ſtudiouſly embelliſhed by nature, thus adorned with unpremeditated graces, is a fit lodging for a mind ſo fair and lovely; there dwell rational piety, modeſt hope, and cheerful reſignation.

Many of the prevailing paſſions of mankind do undeſervedly paſs under the name of religion; which is thus made to expreſs itſelf in action, according to the nature of the conſtitution in which it reſides: ſo that were we to make a judgment from appearances, one would imagine religion in ſome is little better than ſullenneſs and reſerve, in many fear, in others the deſpondings of a melancholy complexion, in others the formality of inſignificant unaffecting obſervances, in others ſeverity, in others oſtentation. In Emilia it is a principle founded in reaſon and enlivened with hope; it does not break forth into irregular fits and ſallies of devotion, but is an uniform and conſiſtent tenor of action: it is ſtrict without ſeverity, compaſſionate without weakneſs; it is the perfection of that good-humour which proceeds from the underſtanding, not the effect of an eaſy conſtitution.

By a generous ſympathy in nature, we feel ourſelves diſpoſed to mourn when any of our fellow-creatures are afflicted; but injured innocence and beauty in diſtreſs, is an object that carries in it ſomething inexpreſſibly moving: it ſoftens the moſt manly heart with the tenderſt ſenſations of love and compaſſion, until at length it conſeſſes its humanity, and flows out in o tears.

Were I to relate that part of Emilia's life which has given her an opportunity of exerting the heroiſm of chriſtianity, it would make too ſad, too tender a ſtory: but when I conſider her alone in the midſt of her diſtreſſes, looking beyond this gloomy vale of affliction and ſorrow into the joys of heaven and immortality, and when I ſee her in converſation thoughtleſs and eaſy

as if ſhe were the moſt happy creature in the world, I am tranſported with admiration. Surely never did ſuch a philoſophic ſoul inhabit ſuch a beauteous form! for beauty is often made a privilege againſt thought and reflexion; it laughs at wiſdom, and will not abide the gravity of its inſtructions.

Were I able to repreſent Emilia's virtues in their proper colours and their due proportions, love or flattery might perhaps be thought to have drawn the picture larger than light; but as this is but an imperfect draught of ſo excellent a character, and as I cannot, will not hope to have any intereſt in her perſon, all that I can ſay of her is but impartial praiſe extorted from me by the prevailing brightneſs of her virtues. So rare a pattern of female excellence ought not to be concealed, but ſhould be ſet out to the view and imitation of the world; for how amiable does virtue appear thus as it were made viſible to us in ſo fair an example!

Honoria's diſpoſition is of a very different turn: her thoughts are wholly bent upon conqueſt and arbitrary power. That ſhe has ſome wit and beauty no body denies, and therefore has the eſteem of all her acquaintance as a woman of an agreeable perſon and converſation; but, whatever her huſband may think of it, that is not ſufficient for Honoria: ſhe waves that title to reſpect as a mean acquiſition, and demands veneration in the right of an idol; for this reaſon her natural deſire of life is continually checked with an inconſiſtent fear of wrinkles and old age.

Emilia cannot be ſuppoſed ignorant of her perſonal charms, though ſhe ſeems to be ſo; but ſhe will not hold her happineſs upon ſo precarious a tenure, whilſt her mind is adorned with beauties of a more exalted and laſting nature. When in the full bloom of youth and beauty we ſaw her ſurrounded with a crowd of adorers, ſhe took no pleaſure in ſlaughter and deſtruction, gave no falſe deluding hopes which might increaſe the torments of her diſappointed lovers; but having for ſome time given to the decency of a virgin coyneſs, and examined the merit of their ſeveral pretenſions, ſhe at length

length gratified her own, by resigning herself to the ardent passion of Bromius. Bromius was then master of many good qualities and a moderate fortune, which was soon after unexpectedly increased to a plentiful estate. This for a good while proved his misfortune, as it furnished his unexperienced age with the opportunities of evil company and a sensual life. He might have longer wandered in the labyrinths of vice and folly, had not Emilia's prudent conduct won him over to the government of his reason. Her ingenuity has been constantly employed in humanizing his passions and refining his pleasures. She has shewed him by her own example, that virtue is consistent with decent freedoms and good-humour, or rather, that it cannot subsist without them. Her good sense readily instructed her, that a silent example, and an easy unrepined behaviour, will always be more persuasive than the severity of lectures and admonitions; and that there is so much pride interwoven into the make of human nature, that an obstinate man must only take the hint from another, and then be left to advise and correct himself. Thus by an artful train of management and unseen persuasions, having at first brought him not to dislike, and at length to be pleased with that which otherwise he would not have bore to hear of, she then knew how to press and secure this advantage, by approving it as his thought, and seconding it as his proposal. By this means she has gained an interest in some of his leading passions, and made them accessary to his reformation.

There is another particular of Emilia's conduct which I cannot forbear mentioning: to some perhaps it may at first sight appear but a trifling inconsiderable circumstance; but for my part, I think it highly worthy of observation, and to be recommended to the consideration of the fair-sex. I have often thought wrapping gowns and dirty linen, with all that huddled œconomy of dress which passes under the general name of a mob, the bane of conjugal love, and one of the readiest means imaginable to alienate the affection of an husband, especially a fond one. I have heard some ladies, who have been

ſurpriſed by company in ſuch a diſhabille, apoligize for it after this manner; "Truly I am aſhamed to be "caught in this pickle; but my huſband and I were "ſitting all alone by ourſelves, and I did not expect to "ſee ſuch good company."———This by the way is a fine compliment to the good man, which is ten to one but he returns in dogged anſwers and a churliſh behaviour, without knowledge what it is that puts him out of humour.

Emilia's obſervation teaches her, that as little inadvertencies and neglects caſt a blemiſh upon a great character; ſo the neglect of apparel, even among the moſt intimate friends, does inſenſibly leſſen their regards to each other, by creating a familiarity too low and contemptible. She underſtands the importance of thoſe things which the generality account trifles; and conſiders every thing as a matter of conſequence, that has the leaſt tendency towards keeping up or abating the affection of her huſband; him ſhe eſteems as a fit object to employ her ingenuity in pleaſing, becauſe he is to be pleaſed for life.

By the help of theſe, and a thouſand other nameleſs arts, which it is eaſier for her to practiſe than for another to expreſs, by the obſtinacy of her goodneſs and unprovoked ſubmiſſion, in ſpite of all her afflictions and ill uſage, Bromius is become a man of ſenſe and a kind huſband, and Emilia a happy wife.

Ye guardian angels, to whoſe care heaven has intruſted its dear Emilia, guide her ſtill forward in the paths of virtue, defend her from the inſolence and wrongs of this undiſcerning world; at length when we muſt no more converſe with ſuch purity on earth, lead her gently hence innocent and unreprovable to a better place, where by an eaſy tranſition from what ſhe now is, ſhe may ſhine forth an angel of light. T

SATURDAY,

No. CCCIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

——volet hæc ſub luce videri,
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen. HOR.

——Some chooſe the cleareſt light,
And boldly challenge the moſt piercing eye.
ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE ſeen in the works of a modern philoſopher, a map of the ſpots in the ſun. My laſt paper of the faults and blemiſhes in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, may be conſidered as a piece of the ſame nature. To purſue the alluſion: as it is obſerved, that among the bright parts of the luminous body above-mentioned, there are ſome which glow more intenſely, and dart a ſtronger light than others, ſo, notwithſtanding I have already ſhewn Milton's poem to be very beautiful in general, I ſhall now proceed to take notice of ſuch beauties as appear to me more exquiſite than the reſt. Milton has propoſed the ſubject of his poem in the following verſes.

Of man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loſs of *Eden*, 'till one greater man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
Sing heav'nly muſe!——

Theſe lines are perhaps as plain ſimple, and unadorned, as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himſelf to the example of Homer and the precept of Horace.

His invocation to a work which turns in a great meaſure upon the creation of the world, is very properly made to the muſe who inſpired Moſes in thoſe books from whence our author drew his ſubject, and to the Holy Spirit who is therein repreſented as operating after a particular manner in the firſt production of nature. This whole exordium riſes very happily into noble language and ſenti-

ment, as I think the tranſition to the fable is exquiſitely beautiful and natural.

The nine days aſtoniſhment, in which the angels lay entranced after their dreadful overthrow and fall from heaven, before they could recover either the uſe of thought or ſpeech is a noble circumſtance, and very finely imagined. The diviſion of hell into ſeas of fire, and into firm ground impregnated with the ſame furious element, with that particular circumſtance of the excluſion of hope from thoſe infernal regions, are inſtances of the ſame great and fruitful invention.

The thoughts in the firſt ſpeech and deſcription of Satan, who is one of the principal actors in this poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full idea of him. his pride, envy and revenge, obſtinacy, deſpair and impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In ſhort, his firſt ſpeech is a complication of all thoſe paſſions which diſcover themſelves ſeparately in ſeveral other of his ſpeeches in the poem. The whole part of this great enemy of mankind is filled with ſuch incidents as are very apt to raiſe and terrify the reader's imagination. Of this nature, in the book now before us, is his being the firſt that awakens out of the general trance, with his poſture on the burning lake, his riſing from it, and the deſcription of his ſhield and ſpear.

Thus *Satan* talking to his neareſt mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd, his other parts beſide
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood———
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and roll'd
In billows, leave i'th' midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft incumbent on the duſky air
That felt unuſual weight——
——his ponder'rous ſhield
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference

Hung

Hung on his ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
Through optic glaſs the *Tuſcan* artiſts view
At ev'ning, from the top of *Feſole*.
Or in *Valdarno*, to deſcry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, on her ſpotted globe.
His ſpear, to equal which the talleſt pine
Hewn on *Norwegian* hills to be the maſt
Of ſome great ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning marle———

To which we may add his call to the fallen angels that lay plunged and ſtupified in the ſea of fire.

He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell reſonnded.

But their is no ſingle paſſage in the whole poem worked up to a greater ſublimity, than that wherein his perſon is deſcribed in thoſe celebrated lines:

———He, above the reſt
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower, &c.

His ſentiments are every way anſwerable to his character, and ſuitable to a created being of the moſt exalted and moſt depraved nature. Such is that in which he takes poſſeſſion of his place of torments.

——Hail horrors! hail
Infernal world and thou profoundeſt hell
Receive thy new poſſeſſor, one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.

And afterwards,

——Here at laſt
We ſhall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence;
Here we may reign ſecure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than ſerve in heav'n.

Amidſt thoſe impieties which this enraged ſpirit utters in other places of the poem, the author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with abſurdity, and incapable of ſhocking a religious reader; his words, as the

the poet himſelf deſcribes them, bearing only a ſemblance of worth, not ſubſtance. He is likewiſe with great art deſcribed as owing his adverſary to be almighty. Whatever perverſe interpretation he puts on the juſtice, mercy, and other attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confeſſes his omnipotence, that being the perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only conſideration which could ſupport his pride under the ſhame of his defeat.

Nor muſt I here omit that beautiful circumſtance of his burſting out in tears, upon his ſurvey of thoſe innumerable ſpirits whom he had involved in the ſame guilt and ruin with himſelf.

——He now prepar'd
To ſpeak; whereat their double ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice in ſpite of ſcorn
Tears, ſuch as angels weep, burſt forth——

The catalogue of evil ſpirits has abundance of learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of poetry, which riſes in a great meaſure from its deſcribing the places where they were worſhipped, by thoſe beautiful marks of rivers ſo frequent among the ancient poets. The author had doubtleſs in this place Homer's catalogue of ſhips, and Virgil's liſt of warriors, in his view, The characters of Moloch and Belial prepare the reader's mind for their reſpective ſpeeches and behaviour in the ſecond and ſixth book. The account of Thammuz is finely romantic, and ſuitable to what we read among the ancients of the worſhip which was paid to that idol.

——*Thammuz* came next behind,
Whoſe annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
The *Syrian* damſels to lament his fate
In am'rous ditties all a ſummer's day,
While ſmooth *Adonis* from his native rock
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood

Of

Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded: the love tale
Infected *Sion's* daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when by the viſion led
His eye ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated *Judah*———

The reader will pardon me if I inſert as a note on this beautiful paſſage, the account given us by the late ingenious Mr. Maundrell of this ancient piece of worſhip, and probably the firſt occaſion of ſuch a ſuperſtition. "We came to a fair large river—doubtleſs the "ancient river Adonis, ſo famous for the idolatrous "rites performed here in lamentation of Adonis. We "had the fortune to ſee what may be ſuppoſed to be the "occaſion of that opinion which Lucian relates con-"cerning this river, *viz.* That this ſtream, at certain "ſeaſons of the year, eſpecially about the feaſt of Ado-"nis, is of a bloody colour; which the heathens look-"ed upon as proceeding from a kind of ſympathy in "the river for the death of Adonis, who was killed by "a wild boar in the mountains, out of which this "ſtream riſes. Something like this we ſaw actually "come to paſs; for the water was ſtained to a ſurpriſing "redneſs; and, as we obſerved in travelling, had diſ-"coloured the ſea a great way into a reddiſh hue, occa-"ſioned doubtleſs by a ſort of minium, or red earth, "waſhed into the river by the violence of the rain, and "not by any ſtrain from Adonis's blood."

The paſſage in the catalogue, explaining the manner how ſpirits transform themſelves by contraction or enlargement of their dimenſions, is introduced with great judgment, to make way for ſeveral ſurpriſing accidents in the ſequel of the poem. There follows one, at the very end of the firſt book, which is what the French critics call Marvellous, but at the ſame time probable by reaſon of the paſſage laſt mentioned. As ſoon as the infernal palace is finiſhed, we are told the multitude and rabble of ſpirits immediately ſhrunk themſelves into a ſmall compaſs that there might be room for ſuch a num-

berleſs

berleſs aſſembly in this capacious hall. But it is the poet's refinement upon this thought which I moſt admire, and which is indeed very noble in itſelf. For he tells us, that notwithſtanding the vulgar, among the fallen ſpirits contracted their forms, thoſe of the firſt rank and dignity ſtill preſerved their natural dimenſions.

Thus incorporeal ſpirits to ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd their ſhapes immenſe, and where at large,
Though without number, ſtill amidſt the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimenſions like themſelves,
The great ſeraphic lords and cherubim,
In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſat,
A thouſand demi-gods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full———

The character of Mammon, and the deſcription of the Pandæmonium, are full of beauties.

There are ſeveral other ſtrokes in the firſt book wonderfully poetical, and inſtances of that ſublime genius ſo peculiar to the author. Such is the deſcription of Azazel's ſtature, and the infernal ſtandard which he unfurls; as alſo of that ghaſtly light, by which the fiends appear to one another in their place of torments.

The ſeat of deſolation, void of light,
Save what the glimm'ring of thoſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful

The ſhout of the whole hoſt of fallen angels when drawn up in battle array:

———The univerſal hoſt up ſent
A ſhout that tore hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of *Chaos* and old *Night*.

The review, which the leader makes of his infernal army;

———He thro' the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their viſages and ſtature as of gods,
Their number laſt he ſums! and now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hard'ning in his ſtrength
Glories———

The

The flaſh of light which appeared upon the drawing up of their ſwords;

He ſpake! and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty *Cherubim*; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell.

The ſudden production of the Pandæmonium;

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet.

The artificial illuminations in it;

———From the arched roof
Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſcents, fed
With *Naphtha* and *Aſphaltus*, yielded light
As from a ſky———

There are alſo ſeveral noble families and alluſions in the firſt book of Paradiſe Loſt: and here I muſt obſerve, that when Milton alludes either to things or perſons, he never quits his ſimile until it riſe to ſome very great idea, which is often foreign to the occaſion that gave birth to it. The reſemblance does not, perhaps, laſt above a line or two, but the poet runs on with the hint until he has raiſed out of it ſome glorious image or ſentiment, proper to inflame the mind of the reader, and to give it that ſublime kind of entertainment, which is ſuitable to the nature of an heroic poem. Thoſe, who are acquainted with Homer's and Virgil's way of writing, cannot but be pleaſed with this kind of ſtructure in Milton's ſimilitudes. I am the more particular on this head, becauſe ignorant readers, who have formed their taſte upon the quaint ſimiles and little turns of wit, which are ſo much in vogue among modern poets, cannot reliſh theſe beauties which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to cenſure Milton's compariſons in which they do not ſee any ſurpriſing points of likeneſs. Monſieur Perrault was a man of this vitiated reliſh, and for that very

very reaſon has endeavoured to turn into ridicule ſeveral of Homer's ſimilitudes, which he calls *Compariſons a longue queue*, "long-tail'd compariſons." I ſhall conclude this paper on the firſt book of Milton with the anſwer which Monſieur Boileau makes to Perrault on this occaſion; "Compariſons," he ſays, "in odes and epic "poems, are not introduced only to illuſtrate and em-"belliſh the diſcourſe, but to amuſe and relax the mind "of the reader, by frequently diſengaging him from "too painful an attention to the principal ſubject, and "and by leading him into other agreeable images. "Homer," ſays he, "excelled in this particular, where "compariſons abound with ſuch images of nature as "are proper to relieve and diverſify his ſubjects. He "continually inſtructs the reader, and makes him take "notice, even in objects which are every day before "our eyes, of ſuch circumſtances as we ſhould not "otherwiſe have obſerved." To this he adds, as a maxim univerſally acknowledged, "that it is not neceſ-"ſary in poetry for the points of the compariſon to "correſpond with one another exactly, but that a gene-"ral reſemblance is ſufficient, and that too much nicety "in this particular favours of the rhetorician and epi-"grammatiſt."

In ſhort, if we look into the conduct of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, as the great fable is the ſoul of each poem, ſo, to give their works an agreeable variety, their epiſodes are ſo many ſhort fables, and their ſimiles ſo many ſhort epiſodes; to which you may add, if you pleaſe, that their metaphors are ſo many ſhort ſimiles. If the reader conſiders the compariſons in the firſt book of Milton, of the ſun in an eclipſe, of the ſleeping Leviathan, of the bees ſwarming about their hive, of the fairy dance, in the view wherein I have here placed them, he will eaſily diſcover the great beauties that are in each of thoſe paſſages.

MONDAY.

No. CCCIV. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18.

Vulnus alit venis & cæco carpitur igni. VIRG.
A latent fire preys on his fev'riſh veins.

THE circumſtances of my correſpondent, whoſe letter I now inſert, are ſo frequent, that I cannot want compaſſion ſo much as to forbear laying it before the town. There is ſomething ſo mean and inhuman in a direct Smithfield bargain for children, that if this lover carries his point, and obſerves the rules he pretends to follow, I do not only wiſh him ſucceſs, but alſo that it may animate others to follow his example. I know not one motive relating to this life which would produce ſo many honourable and worthy actions, as the hopes of obtaining a woman of merit: there would ten thouſand ways of induſtry and honeſt ambition be purſued by young men, who believed that the perſons admired had value enough for their paſſion to attend the event of their good fortune in all their applications, in order to make their circumſtances fall in with the duties they owe to themſelves, their families, and their country. All theſe relations a man ſhould think of who intends to go into the ſtate of marriage, and expects to make it a ſtate of pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I HAVE for ſome years indulged a paſſion for a young 'lady of age and quality ſuitable to my own, but 'very much ſuperior in fortune. It is the faſhion with 'parents, how juſtly I leave you to judge, to make all re-'gards give way to the article of wealth. From this one 'conſideration it is that I have concealed the ardent love 'I have for her; but I am beholden to the force of my 'love for many advantages which I reaped from it to-'wards the better conduct of my life. A certain com-'placency to all the world, a ſtrong deſire to oblige 'wherever it lay in my power, and a circumſpect beha-'viour in all my words and actions, have rendered me

'more particularly acceptable to all my friends and ac-
'quaintance. Love has had the ſame good effect upon
'my fortune; and I have increaſed in riches in propor-
'tion to my advancement in thoſe arts which make a
'man agreeable and amiable. There is a certain ſym-
'pathy which will tell my miſtreſs from theſe circum-
'ſtances, that it is I who writ this for her reading, if
'you will pleaſe to inſert it. There is not a downright
'enmity, but a great coldneſs between our parents; ſo
'that if either of us declared any kind ſentiments for
'each other, her friends would be very backward to lay
'any obligation upon our family, and mine to receive it
'from her's. Under theſe delicate circumſtances it is no
'eaſy matter to act with ſafety. I have no reaſon to
'fancy my miſtreſs has any regard for me, but from a
'very diſintereſted value which I have for her. If from
'any hint in any future paper of your's ſhe gives me the
'leaſt encouragement, I doubt not but I ſhall ſurmount
'all other difficulties; and inſpired by ſo noble a motive
'for the care of my fortune, as the belief ſhe is to be
'concerned in it, I will not deſpair of receiving her one
'day from her father's own hand.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

'CLYTANDER.'

'To his Worſhip the Spectator.

'The humble petition of Anthony Title-page, ſtationer,
'in the centre of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields,

'Sheweth,

'THAT your petitioner and his forefathers have been
'ſellers of books for time immemorial; that your
'petitioner's anceſtor, Crouchback Title-Page, was the
'firſt of that vocation in Britain; who keeping his
'ſtation in fair weather, at the corner of Lothbury, was
'by way of eminency called the ſtationer, a name which
'from him all ſucceeding bookſellers have affected to
'bear: that the ſtation of your petitioner and his father
'has been in the place of his preſent ſettlement ever
'ſince

'ſince that ſquare has been built: that your petitioner 'has formerly had the honour of your worſhip's cuſtom, 'and hopes you never had reaſon to complain of your 'pennyworths; that particularly he ſold you your firſt 'Lilly's grammar, and at the ſame time a Wit's Com-'monwealth almoſt as good as new: moreover, that 'your firſt rudimental eſſays in ſpectatorſhip were made 'in your petitioner's ſhop, where you often practiſed for 'hours together, ſometimes on his books upon the rails, 'ſometimes on the little hieroglyphics either gilt, ſil-'vered, or plain, which the Egyptian woman on the 'other ſide of the ſhop, had wrought in ginger-bread, 'and ſometimes on the Engliſh youth, who in ſundry 'places there were exerciſing themſelves in the tradition-'al ſports af the field.

'From theſe conſiderations it is, that your petitioner 'is encouraged to apply himſelf to you, and to proceed 'humbly to acquaint your worſhip, hat he has certain 'intelligence that you receive great numbers of defama-'tory letters deſigned by their authors to be publiſhed, 'which you throw aſide and totally neglect: your pe-'titioner therefore prays, that you will pleaſe to beſtow 'on him thoſe refuſe letters, and he hopes by printing 'them to get a more plentiful proviſion for his family; 'or at the worſt, he may be allowed to ſell them by the 'pound weight to his good cuſtomers the paſtry-cooks 'of London and Weſtminſter.

'And your petitioner ſhall ever pray, &c.'

'To the Spectator.

'The humble petition of Bartholomew Ladylove, of 'Round-Court, in the pariſh of St. Martin's in the 'Fields, in behalf of himſelf and neighbours,

'Sheweth,

'THAT your petitioners have with great induſtry 'and application arrived at the moſt exact art of 'invitation or intreaty: that by a beſeeching air and 'perſuaſive addreſs, they have for many years laſt paſt 'peaceably drawn in every tenth paſſenger, whether they

'intended or not to call at their ſhops, to come in and 'buy; and from that ſoftneſs of behaviour, have arrived 'among tradeſmen at the gentle appellation of the 'fawners.

'That there are of late ſet up amongſt us certain 'perſons from Monmouth-ſtreet and Long-lane, who by 'the ſtrength of their arms, and loudneſs of their throats, 'draw off the regard of all paſſengers from your ſaid pe-'titioner; from which violence they are diſtinguiſhed 'by the name of the worriers.

'That while your petitioners ſtand ready to receive 'paſſengers with a ſubmiſſive bow, and repeat with a 'gentle voice, "Ladies, what do you want? pray look "in here;" the worriers reach out their hands at piſtol-'ſhot, and ſieze the cuſtomers at arms-length.

'That while the fawners ſtrain and relax the muſcles 'of their faces in making diſtinction between a ſpinſter 'in a coloured ſcarf and an hand-maid in a ſtraw-hat, 'the worriers uſe the ſame roughneſs to both, and pre-'vail upon the eaſineſs of the paſſengers, to the impo-'veriſhment of your petitioners.

'Your petitioners therefore moſt humbly pray, that 'the worriers may not be permitted to inhabit the po-'liter parts of the town; and that Round-Court may re-'main a receptacle for buyers of a more ſoft education.

'and your petitioners, &c.'

The petition of the New-Exchange, concerning the arts of buying and ſelling, and particularly valuing goods by the complexion of the ſeller, will be conſidered on another occaſion. T

TUESDAY,

No. CCCV. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19.

Non tali auxilio, nec defenſoribus iſtis
Tempus eget VIRG.

Theſe times want other aids. DRYDEN.

OUR late news-papers being full of the project now on foot in the court of France, for eſtabliſhing a political academy, and I myſelf having received letters from ſeveral virtuoſoes among my foreign correſpondents, which give ſome light into that affair, I intend to make it the ſubject of this days ſpeculation. A general account of this project may be met with in the Daily Courant of laſt Friday in the following words, tranſlated from the Gazette of Amſterdam.

Paris, February 12. 'It is confirmed that the king 'has reſolved to eſtabliſh a new academy for politics, of 'which the Marquis de Torcy, miniſter and ſecretary of 'ſtate, is to be protector. Six academicians are to be 'choſen, endowed with proper talents, for beginning to 'form this academy, into which no perſon is to be ad- 'mited under twenty-five years of age: they muſt like- 'wiſe have each an eſtate of two thouſand livres a year, 'either in poſſeſſion, or to come to them by inheritance. 'The king will allow to each a penſion of a thouſand 'livres. They are likewiſe to have able maſters to teach 'them the neceſſary ſciences, and to inſtruct them in all 'the treaties of peace, alliance, and others, which have 'been made in ſeveral ages paſt. Theſe members are to 'meet twice a week at the Louvre. From this ſeminary 'are to be choſen ſecretaries to ambaſſies, who by de- 'grees may advance to higher employments.'

Cardinal Richlieu's politics made France the terror of Europe. The ſtateſmen who have appeared in that nation of late years, have on the contrary rendered it either the pity or contempt of its neighbours. The cardinal erected that famous academy which has carried all the parts of polite learning to the greateſt height. His chief

design in that institution was to divert the men of genius from meddling with politics, a province in which he did not care to have any one else interfere with him. On the contrary, the Marquis de Torcy seems resolved to make several young men in France as wise as himself, and is therefore taken up at present in establishing a nursery of statesmen.

Some private letters add, that there will also be erected a seminary of petticoat politicians, who are to be brought up at the feet of Madam de Maintenon, and to be dispatched into foreign courts upon any emergencies of state; but as the news of this last project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no farther notice of it.

Several of my readers may doubtless remember that upon the conclusion of the last war, which had been carried on so successfully by the enemy, their generals were many of them transformed into ambassadors; but the conduct of those who have commanded in the present war, has, it seems, brought so little honour and advantage to their great monarch, that he is resolved to trust his affairs no longer in the hands of those military gentlemen.

The regulations of this new academy very much deserve our attention. The students are to have in possession, or reversion, an estate of two thousand French livres per annum, which, as the present exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty-six pounds English. This, with the royal allowance of a thousand livres, will enable them to find themselves in coffee and snuff; not to mention news-papers, pens, and ink, wax and wafers, with the like necessaries for politicians.

A man must be at least five and twenty before he can be initiated into the mysteries of this academy, though there is no question, but many grave persons of a much more advanced age, who have been constant readers of the Paris Gazette, will be glad to begin the world anew, and enter themselves upon this list of polititions.

The society of these hopeful young gentlemen is to be under the direction of six professors, who, it seems, are to be speculative statesmen, and drawn out of the body of the royal academy. These six wise masters, according

to

to my private letters, are to have the following parts allotted to them.

The firſt is to inſtruct the ſtudents in ſtate legerdemain, as how to take off the impreſſion of a ſeal, to ſplit a wafer, to open a letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious feats of dexterity and art. When the ſtudents have accompliſhed themſelves in this part of their profeſſion, they are to be delivered into the hands of their ſecond inſtructor, who is a kind of poſture-maſter.

This artiſt is to teach them how to nod judiciouſly, to ſhrug up their ſhoulders in a dubious caſe, to connive with either eye, and in a word, the whole practice of political grimace.

The third is a ſort of language-maſter, who is to inſtruct them in the ſtyle proper for a miniſter in his ordinary diſcourſe. And to the end that this college of ſtateſmen may be thoroughly practiſed in the political ſtyle, they are to make uſe of it in their common converſations, before they are employed either in foreign or domeſtic affairs. If one of them aſks another, what of the clock it is, the other is to anſwer him indirectly, and, if poſſible, to turn off the queſtion. If he is deſired to change a *louis d'or*, he muſt beg time to conſider of it. If it be enquired of him, whether the king is at Verſailles or Marly, he muſt anſwer in a whiſper. If he be aſked the news of the late Gazette, or the ſubject of a proclamation, he is to reply, that he has not yet read it; or if he does not care for explaining himſelf ſo far, he needs only draw his brow up in wrinkles, or elevate the left ſhoulder.

The fourth profeſſor is to teach the whole art of political characters and hieroglyphics; and to the end that they may be perfect alſo in this practice, they are not to ſend a note to one another, though it be but to borrow a Tacitus or a Machiavel, which is not written in cypher.

Their fifth profeſſor, it is thought, will be choſen out of the ſociety of Jeſuits, and is to be well read in the controverſies or probable doctrines, mental reſervations, and the rights of princes. This learned man is to inſtruct them in the grammar, ſyntax, and conſtruing

part

part of treaty-latin; how to diſtinguiſh between the ſpirit and the letter, and likewiſe demonſtrate how the ſame form of words may lay an obligation upon any prince in Europe, different from that which it lays upon his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty. He is likewiſe to teach them the art of finding flaws, loop-holes, and evaſions, in the moſt ſolemn compacts, and particularly a great rabbinical ſecret, revived of late years by the fraternity of Jeſuits, namely, that contradictory interpretations of the ſame article may both of them be true and valid.

When our ſtateſmen are ſufficiently improved by theſe ſeveral inſtructors, they are to receive their laſt poliſhing from one who is to act among them as maſter of the ceremonies. This gentleman is to give them lectures upon the important points of the elbow-chair, and the ſtair-head, to inſtruct them in the different ſituations of the right-hand, and to furniſh them with bows and inclinations of all ſizes, meaſures, and proportions. In ſhort, this profeſſor is to give the ſociety their ſtiffening, and infuſe into their manners that beautiful political ſtarch, which may qualify them for levées, conferences, viſits, and make them ſhine in what vulgar minds are apt to look upon as trifles.

I have not yet heard any further particulars, which are to be obſerved in this ſociety of unfledged ſtateſmen: but I muſt confeſs, had I a ſon of five and twenty, that ſhould take it into his head at that age to ſet up for a politician, I think I ſhould go near to diſinherit him for a blockhead. Beſides, I ſhould be apprehenſive leſt the ſame arts which are to enable him to negotiate between potentates, might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between man and man. There is no queſtion but theſe young Machiavels will, in a little time, turn their college upſide down with plots and ſtratagems, and lay as many ſchemes to circumvent one another in a frog or a ſallad, as they may hereafter put in practice to over-reach a neighbouring prince or ſtate.

We are told, that the Spartans, though they puniſhed theft in their young men when it was diſcovered, looked upon it as honourable if it ſucceeded. Provided the conveyance

veyance was clean and unſuſpected, a youth might afterwards boaſt of it. This, ſay the hiſtorians, was to keep them ſharp, and to hinder them from being impoſed upon, either in their public or private negotiations. Whether any ſuch relaxations of morality, ſuch little *jeux d' eſprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended ſeminary of politicians, I ſhall leave to the wiſdom of their founder.

In the mean time we have fair warning given us by this doughty body of ſtateſmen: and as Sylla ſaw many Marius's in Cæſar, ſo I think we may diſcover many Torcy's in this college of academicians. Whatever we think of ourſelves, I am afraid neither our Smyrna nor St. James's will be a match for it. Our coffee-houſes are, indeed, very good inſtitutions, but whether or no theſe our Britiſh ſchools of politics may furniſh out as able envoys and ſecretaries as an academy that is ſet apart for that purpoſe, will deſerve our ſerious conſideration, eſpecially if we remember that our country is more famous for producing men of integrity than ſtateſmen; and that on the contrary, French truth and Britiſh policy make a conſpicuous figure in *Nothing*, as the earl of Rocheſter has very well obſerved in his admirable poem upon that barren ſubject. L.

No. CCCVI. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20.

——Quæ forma, ut ſe tibi ſemper
Imputet?—— JUV.

What beauty, or what chaſtity, can bear
So great a price, if ſtately and ſevere
She ſtill inſults? DRYDEN.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I Write this to communicate to you a misfortune 'which frequently happens, and therefore deſerves 'a conſolatary diſcourſe on the ſubject. I was within 'this half year in the poſſeſſion of as much beauty and as many

'many lovers as any young lady in England. But my 'admirers have left me, and I cannot complain of their 'behaviour. I have within that time had the small-pox; 'and this face, which, according to many amorous 'epistles which I have by me, was the seat of all that 'is beautiful in woman, is now disfigured with scars. 'It goes to the very soul of me to speak what I really 'think of my face; and though I think I did not over-'rate my beauty while I had it, it has extremely ad-'vanced in its value with me now it is lost. There is 'one circumstance which makes my case very particu-'lar; the ugliest fellow that ever pretended to me, was 'and is most in my favour, and he treats me at present 'the most unreasonably. If you could make him re-'turn an obligation which he owes me, in liking a per-'son that is not amiable;——but there is, I fear, no pos-'sibility of making passion move by the rules of reason 'and gratitude. But say what you can to one who has 'survived herself, and knows not how to act in a new 'being. My lovers are at the feet of my rivals, my 'rivals are every day bewailing me, and I cannot en-'joy what I am, by reason of the distracting reflexion 'upon what I was. Consider the woman I was did not 'die of old age, but I was taken off in the prime of 'youth, and according to the course of nature may 'have forty years after-life to come. I have nothing of 'myself left, which I like, but that

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

PARTHENISSA.'

When Lewis of France had lost the battle of Ramillies, the addresses to him at that time were full of his fortitude, and they turned his misfortune to his glory; in that, during his prosperity, he could never have manifested his heroic constancy under distresses, and so the world had lost the most eminent part of his character. Partheniſſa's condition gives her the same opportunity: and to resign conquests is a task as difficult in a beauty as an hero. In the very entrance upon this work she must burn

burn all her love-letters; or ſince ſhe is ſo candid as not to call her lovers who followed her no longer unfaithful, it would be a very good beginning of a new life from that of beauty to ſend them back to thoſe who writ them, with this honeſt inſcription, "Articles of a marriage-treaty broken off by the ſmall-pox." I have known but one inſtance where a matter of this kind went on after a like misfortune, where the lady, who was a woman of ſpirit, writ this billet to her lover.

'SIR,

'IF you flattered me before I had this terrible malady, 'pray come and ſee me now: but if you ſincerely liked 'me, ſtay away; for I am not the ſame

'CORINNA.'

The lover thought there was ſomething ſo ſprightly in her behaviour, that he anſwered;

'Madam,

'I AM not obliged ſince you are not the ſame woman, 'to let you know whether I flattered you or not; but 'I aſſure you I do not, when I tell you I now like you 'above all your ſex, and hope you will bear what may befal 'me, when we are both one, as well as you do, what 'happens to yourſelf now you are ſingle; therefore I am 'ready to take ſuch a ſpirit for my companion as ſoon as 'you pleaſe.

'AMILCAR.'

If Partheniſſa can now poſſeſs her own mind, and think as little of her beauty as ſhe ought to have done when ſhe had it, there will be no great diminution of her charms; and if ſhe was formerly affected too much with them, an eaſy behaviour will more than make up for the loſs of them. Take the whole ſex together, and you find thoſe who have the ſtrongeſt poſſeſſion of men's hearts are not eminent for their beauty: and you ſee it often happen that thoſe who engage men to the greateſt violence, are ſuch as thoſe who are ſtrangers to them would take to be remarkably defective for that end. The fondeſt lover I

know,

know, said to me one day in a crowd of women at an entertainment of music, you have often heard me talk of my beloved; that woman there, continued he, smiling when he had fixed my eye, is her very picture. The lady he shewed me was by much the least remarkable for beauty of any in the whole assembly; but having my curiosity extremely raised, I could not keep my eyes off her. Her eyes at last met mine, and with a sudden surprise she looked round her to see who near her was remarkably handsome that I was gazing at. This little act explained the secret: she did not understand herself for the object of love, and therefore she was so. The lover is a very honest plain man; and what charmed him was a person that goes along with him in the cares and joys of life, not taken up with herself, but sincerely attentive with a ready and cheerful mind, to accompany him in either.

I can tell Partheniſſa for her comfort, that the beauties, generally speaking, are the most impertinent and disagreeable of women. An apparent desire of admiration, a reflexion upon their own merit, and a precise behaviour in their general conduct, are almost inseparable accidents in beauties. All you obtain of them, is granted to importunity and solicitation for what did not deserve so much of your time, and you recover from the possession of it, as out of a dream.

You are ashamed of the vagaries of fancy which so strangely misled you, and your admiration of a beauty, merely as such, is inconsistent with a tolerable reflexion upon yourself: the chearful good-humoured creatures into whose heads it never entered that they could make any man unhappy, are the persons formed for making men happy. There is Miss Liddy can dance a jig, raise paste, write a good hand, keep an account, give a reasonable answer, and do as she is bid; while her eldest sister Madam Martha is out of humour, has the spleen, learns by reports of people of higher quality new ways of being uneasy and displeased. And this happens for no reason in the world, but that poor Liddy knows she has no such thing as a certain negligence "that is so becoming," that

there

there is not I know not what in her air: and that if she talks like a fool, there is no one will say, Well! I know not what it is, "but every thing pleases when she speaks it."

Ask any of the husbands of your great beauties, and they will tell you that they hate their wives nine hours of every day they pass together. There is such a particularity for ever affected by them, that they are incumbered with their charms in all they say or do. They pray at public devotions as they are beauties. They converse on ordinary occasions as they are beauties. Ask Belinda what it is o'clock, and she is at a stand whether so great a beauty should answer you. In a word, I think, instead of offering to administer consolation to Parthenissa, I should congratulate her metamorphosis; and however she thinks she was not the least insolent in the prosperity of her charms, she was enough so to find she may make herself the much more agreeable creature in her present adversity. The endeavour to please is highly promoted by a consciousness that the approbation of the person you would be agreeable to, is a favour you do not deserve; for in this case assurance of success is the most certain way to disappointment. Good-nature will always supply the absence of beauty, but beauty cannot long supply the absence of good-nature.

P. S.

'Madam, February 18,

'I HAVE your's of this day, wherein you twice bid me 'not disoblige you, but you must explain yourself 'farther before I shall know what to do.

'Your most obedient servant,

T 'The SPECTATOR.'

No. CCCVII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY. 21.

———Verſate diu, quid ferre recuſent,
Quid valeant humeri— Hor.

———Often try what weight you can ſupport,
And what your ſhoulders are too weak to bear.
Roscommon.

I AM ſo well pleaſed with the following letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a diſagreeable preſent to the public.

'SIR,

'THOUGH I believe none of your readers more admire your agreeable manner of working up trifles than 'myſelf, yet as your ſpeculations are now ſwelling into 'volumes, and will in all probability paſs down to future 'ages, methinks I would have no ſingle ſubject in them, 'wherein the general good of mankind is concerned, left 'unfiniſhed.

'I have a long time expected with great impatience 'that you would enlarge upon the ordinary miſtakes 'which are committed in the education of our children. 'I the more eaſily flattered myſelf that you would one 'time or other reſume this conſideration, becauſe you 'tell us that your 168th paper was only compoſed of a 'few broken hints; but finding myſelf hitherto diſap-'pointed, I have ventured to ſend you my own thoughts 'on this ſubject.

'I remember Pericles, in his famous oration at the 'funeral of thoſe Athenian young men who periſhed in 'the Samian expedition, has a thought very much cele-'brated by ſeveral ancient critics, namely, that the 'loſs which the commonwealth ſuffered by the deſtruc-'tion of its youth, was like the loſs which the year would 'ſuffer by the deſtruction of the ſpring. The prejudice 'which the public ſuſtains from a wrong education of 'children, is an evil of the ſame nature, as it in a man-'ner ſtarves poſterity, and defrauds our country of thoſe

'perſons

'perſons who, with due care might make an eminent 'figure in their reſpective poſts of life.

'I have ſeen a book written by Juan Huartes, a Spaniſh 'phyſician, intitled Examen de Ingenios, wherein he lays 'it down as one of his firſt poſitions, that nothing but na-'ture can qualify a man for learning; and that without 'a proper temperament for the particular art or ſcience 'which he ſtudies, his utmoſt pains and application, aſ-'ſiſted by the ableſt maſters, will be to no purpoſe.

'He illuſtrates this by the example of Tully's ſon 'Marcus.

'Cicero, in order to accompliſh his ſon in that ſort of 'learning which he deſigned him for, ſent him to Athens, 'the moſt celebrated academy at that time in the world, 'and where a vaſt concourſe, out of the moſt polite na-'tions, could not but furniſh the young gentlemen with 'a multitude of great examples and accidents that might 'inſenſibly have inſtructed him in his deſigned ſtudies: 'he placed him under the care of Cratippus, who was 'one of the greateſt philoſophers of the age, and, as if all 'the books which were at that time written had not been 'ſufficient for his uſe, he compoſed others on purpoſe for 'him: notwithſtanding all this, hiſtory informs us, that 'Marcus proved a mere blockhead, and that nature, who 'it ſeems was even with the ſon for her prodigality to the 'father, rendered him incapable of improving by all 'the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philoſophy, his 'own endeavours, and the moſt refined converſation in 'Athens. This author therefore propoſes, that there 'ſhould be certain triers or examiners appointed by the 'ſtate to inſpect the genius of every particular boy, and 'to allot him the part that is moſt ſuitable to his natural 'talents

'Plato in one of his dialogues tells us, that Socrates, 'who was the ſon of a midwife, uſed to ſay, that as his 'mother, though ſhe was very ſkilful in her profeſſion, 'could not deliver a woman, unleſs ſhe was firſt with 'child, ſo neither could he himſelf raiſe knowledge out 'of a mind, where nature had not planted it.

'Accordingly the method this philoſopher took, of 'inſtructing his ſcholars by ſeveral interrogatories or 'queſtions, was only helping the birth, and bringing 'their own thoughts to light.

'The Spaniſh doctor above-mentioned, as his ſpecu-'lations grow more refined, aſſerts that every kind of 'wit has a particular ſcience correſponding to it, and in 'which alone it can be truly excellent. As to thoſe 'genuiſes, which may ſeem to have an equal aptitude 'for ſeveral things, he regards them as ſo many unfi-'niſhed pieces of nature wrought off in haſte.

'There are indeed but very few to whom nature has 'been ſo unkind, that they are not capable of ſhining in 'ſome ſcience or other. There is a certain bias towards 'knowledge in every mind, which may be ſtrengthened 'and improved by proper applications.

'The ſtory of Clavius is very well known; he was 'entered in a college of Jeſuits, and after having been 'tried at ſeveral parts of learning, was upon the point 'of being diſmiſſed as an hopeleſs blockhead, until one 'of the fathers took it into his head to make an eſſay 'of his parts in geometry, which it ſeems hit his genius 'ſo luckily, that he afterwards became one of the 'greateſt mathematicians of the age. It is commonly 'thought that the ſagacity of theſe fathers, in diſcover-'ing the talent of a young ſtudent, has not a little 'contributed to the figure which their order has made 'in the world.

'How different from this manner of education is that 'which prevails in our own country? Where nothing is 'more uſual than to ſee forty or fifty boys of ſeveral 'ages, tempers and inclinations, ranged together in the 'ſame claſs, employed upon the ſame authors, and en-'joined the ſame taſks? Whatever their natural genius 'may be, they are all to be made poets, hiſtorians, and 'orators, alike. They are all obliged to have the ſame 'capacity, to bring in the ſame tale of verſe, and to 'furniſh out the ſame portion of proſe. Every boy is 'bound to have as good a memory as the captain of 'the form. To be brief, inſtead of adapting ſtudies to

the

'the particular genius of a youth, we expect from the 'young man, that he ſhould adapt his genius to his ſtu-'dies. This, I muſt confeſs, is not ſo much to be im-'puted to the inſtructor, as to the parent, who will 'never be brought to believe that his ſon is not capa-'ble of performing as much as his neighbour's, and that 'he may not make him whatever he has a mind to.

'If the preſent age is more laudable than thoſe which 'have gone before it in any ſingle particular, it is in 'that generous care which ſeveral well-diſpoſed perſons 'have taken in the education of poor children; and as in 'theſe charity-ſchools there is no place left for the over-'weening fondneſs of a parent, the directors of them 'would make them beneficial to the public, if they 'conſidered the precept which I have been thus long 'inculcating. They might eaſily, by well examining 'the parts of thoſe under their inſpection, make a juſt 'diſtribution of them into proper claſſes and diviſions, 'and allot them this or that particular ſtudy, as their 'genius qualifies them for profeſſion, trades, handicrafts, 'or ſervice by ſea or land,

'How is this kind of regulation wanting in the three 'great profeſſions?

'Dr. South complaining of perſons who took upon 'them holy orders, though altogether unqualified for 'the ſacred function, ſays ſomewhere, that many a man 'runs his head againſt a pulpit, who might have done 'his country excellent ſervice at the plough-tail.

'In like manner many a lawyer who makes but an 'indifferent figure at the bar, might have made a very 'elegant waterman, and have ſhined at the Temple ſtairs, 'though he can get no buſineſs in the houſe.

'I have known a corn-cutter, who with a right edu-'cation would have made an excellent phyſician.

'To deſcend lower, are not our ſtreets filled with ſaga-'cious draymen, and politicians in liveries? We have 'ſeveral tailors of ſix feet high, and meet with many a 'broad pair of ſhoulders that are thrown away upon a 'barber, when perhaps at the ſame time we ſee a pigmy 'porter reeling under a burden, who might have ma-

'naged a needle with much dexterity, or have ſnapped 'his fingers with great eaſe to himſelf and advantage to 'the public.

'The Spartans, though they acted with the ſpirit 'which I am here ſpeaking of, carried it much farther 'than what I propoſe: among them it was not lawful 'for the father himſelf to bring up his children after 'his own fancy. As ſoon as they were ſeven years old, 'they were all liſted in ſeveral companies and diſcipli-'ned by the public. The old men were ſpectators of 'their performances, who often raiſed quarrels among 'them, and ſet them at ſtrife with one another, that by 'thoſe early diſcoveries they might ſee how their ſeveral 'talents lay, and without any regard to their quality, 'diſpoſe of them accordingly for the ſervice of the com-'monwealth. By this means Sparta ſoon became the 'miſtreſs of Greece, and famous through the whole world 'for her civil and military diſcipline.

'If you think this letter deſerves a place among your 'ſpeculations, I may perhaps trouble you with ſome 'other thoughts on the ſame ſubject.

X 'I am, &c.'

No. CCCVIII. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22.

——Jam proterva
Fronte petet Lalage maritum. HOR.

——Lalage will ſoon proclaim
Her love, nor bluſh to own his flame. CREECH.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I GIVE you this trouble in order to propoſe myſelf to 'you as an aſſiſtant in the weighty cares which you 'have thought fit to undergo for the public good. I 'am a very great lover of women, that is to ſay honeſtly; 'and as it is natural to ſtudy what one likes, I have in-'duſtriouſly applied myſelf to underſtand them. The 'preſent circumſtance relating to them, is that I think, 'there wants under you, as *Spectator*, a perſon to be

'diſtinguiſhed

'diſtinguiſhed and veſted in the power and quality of 'a cenſor on marriages. I lodge at the Temple, and 'know, by ſeeing women come hither, and afterwards 'obſerving them conducted by their counſel to judges 'chambers, that there is a cuſtom in caſe of making 'conveyance of a wife's eſtate, that ſhe is carried to a 'judge's apartment and left alone with him, to be ex-'amined in private whether ſhe has not been frightened 'or ſweetened by her ſpouſe into the act ſhe is going to 'do, whether it is of her own free will. Now if this 'be a method founded upon reaſon and equity, why 'ſhould there not be alſo a proper officer for examining 'ſuch as are entering into the ſtate of matrimony, whe-'ther they are forced by parents on one ſide, or moved 'by intereſt only on the other, to come together, and 'bring forth ſuch aukward heirs as are the product of 'of half-love and conſtrained compliances? There is no 'body, though I ſay it myſelf, would be fitter for this 'office than I am: for I am an ugly fellow of great wit 'and ſagacity. My father was an hale country 'ſquire, 'my mother a witty beauty of no fortune: the match 'was made by conſent of my mother's parents againſt 'her own, and I am the child of the rape on the wed-'ding night; ſo that I am as healthy and as homely 'as my father, but as ſprightly and agreeable as my 'mother. It would be of great eaſe to you if you 'would uſe me under you, that matches might be bet-'ter regulated for the future, and we might have no 'more children of ſquabbles. I ſhall not reveal all my 'pretenſions until I receive your anſwer; and am

'Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'MULES PALFREY.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM one of thoſe unfortunate men within the city-'walls, who am married to a woman of quality, but 'her temper is ſomething different from that of lady 'Anvil. My lady's whole time and thoughts are ſpent 'in keeping up to the mode both in apparel and furni-

'ture.

'ture. All the goods in my houſe have been changed 'three times in ſeven years. I have had ſeven children 'by her: and by our marriage articles ſhe was to have 'her apartment new furniſhed as often as ſhe lay in. 'Nothing in our houſe is uſeful but that which is faſhion-'able; my pewter holds out generally half a year, my 'plate a full twelve-month; chairs are not fit to ſit in 'that were made two years ſince, nor beds fit for any 'thing but to ſleep in that have ſtood up above that time. 'My dear is of opinion that an old faſhioned grate con-'ſumes coals, but gives no heat: if ſhe drinks out of 'glaſſes of laſt year ſhe cannot diſtinguiſh wine from 'ſmall-beer. Oh, dear Sir, you may guess at all the reſt.

'Your.

'P.S. I could bear even all this, if I were not obliged 'alſo to eat faſhionably. I have a plain ſtomach, and 'have a conſtant loathing of whatever comes to my own 'table; for which reaſon I dine at the chop-houſe three 'days in a week: where the good company wonders 'they never ſee you of late. I am ſure by your unpre-'judiced diſcourſes you love broth better than ſoup.'

'Mr. Spectator, Will's Feb. 19.

'YOU may believe you are a perſon as much talked 'of as any man in town. I am one of your beſt 'friends in this houſe, and have laid a wager you are ſo 'candid a man and ſo honeſt a fellow, that you will print 'this letter, though it is in recommendation of a new 'paper called the Hiſtorian. I have read it carefully, and 'find it written with ſkill, good ſenſe, modeſty and fire; 'You muſt allow the town is kinder to you than you de-'ſerve; and I doubt not but you have ſo much ſenſe of 'the world, change of humour, and inſtability of all hu-'man things, as to underſtand, that the only way to 'preſerve favour is to communicate it to others with 'good-nature and judgment. You are ſo generally read 'that what you ſpeak of will be read. This with many 'of

'of ſenſe and taſte is all that is wanting to recommend 'the Hiſtorian.

'I am, Sir,

'Your daily Advocate,

'READRR GENTLE.'

I was very much ſurpriſed this morning, that any one ſhould find out my lodging, and know it ſo well, as to come directly at my cloſet-door, and knock at it, to give me the following letter. When I came out I opened it, and ſaw by a very ſtrong pair of ſhoes and a warm coat the bearer had on, that he walked all the way to bring it me, though dated from York. My misfortune is that I cannot talk, and I found the meſſenger had ſo much of me, that he could think better than ſpeak. He had, I obſerved, a polite diſcerning hid under a ſhrewd ruſticity: he delivered the paper with a Yorkſhire tone and a town leer.

'Mr. Spectator,

'THE privilege you have indulged John Trot has 'proved of very bad conſequence to our illuſtrious 'aſſembly, which, beſides the many excellent maxims it 'is founded upon, is remarkable for the extraordinary 'decorum always obſerved in it. One inſtance of which 'is that the carders, who are always of the firſt quality, 'never begin to play until the French-dances are finiſh-'ed, and the country-dances begin: but John Trot hav-'ing now got your commiſſion in his pocket, which 'every one here has a profound reſpect for, has the aſ-'ſurance to ſet up for a minuet-dancer. Not only ſo, 'but he has brought down upon us the whole body of 'the Trots, which are very numerous, with their auxi-'liaries the hobblers and the ſkippers, by which means 'the time is ſo much waſted, that unleſs we break all 'rules of government, it muſt redound to the utter ſub-'verſion of the brag-table, the diſcreet members of 'which value time, as Fribble's wife does her pin-money. 'We are pretty well aſſured that your indulgence to 'Trot was only in relation to country-dances; however,

'we

'we have deferred iſſuing an order of council upon the 'premiſes, hoping to get you to join with us, that Trot, 'nor any of his clan, preſume for the future to dance 'any but country-dances, unleſs a hornpipe upon a feſ-'tival-day. If you will do this you will oblige a great 'many ladies, and particularly

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

York, Feb. 16. ELIZ. SWEEPSTAKES.'

I NEVER meant any other than that Mr. Trot ſhould confine himſelf to country dances. And I further direct, that he ſhall take out none but his own relations according to their nearneſs of blood, but any gentlewoman may take out him.

London, Feb. 21. The SPECTATOR.

T

No. CCCIX. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23.

Dî, quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque ſilentes,
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte ſilentia late;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui! ſit numine veſtro
Pandere res altâ terrâ & caligine merſas. VIRG.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human ſight,
Ye gods who rule the regions of the night,
Ye gliding ghoſts, permit me to relate
The myſtic wonders of your ſilent ſtate. DRYDEN.

I HAVE before obſerved in general, that the perſons whom Milton introduces into his poem always diſcover ſuch ſentiments and behaviour as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their reſpective characters. Every circumſtance in their ſpeeches and actions is with great juſtneſs and delicacy adapted to the perſons who ſpeak and act. As the poet very much excels in this conſiſtency of his characters, I ſhall beg leave to conſider ſeveral paſſages of the ſecond book in this light. That ſuperior greatneſs and mock-majeſty, which is aſcribed to the prince of the fallen angels, is admirably

preſerved

preſerved in the beginning of this book. His opening and cloſing the debate: his taking on himſelf that great enterprize at the thought of which the whole infernal aſſembly trembled: his encountering the hideous phantom who guarded the gates of hell, and appeared to him in all his terrors; are inſtances of that proud and daring mind which could not brook ſubmiſſion even to omnipotence.

Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The monſter moving onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides, hell trembled as he ſtrode;
Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd——

The ſame boldneſs and intrepidity of behaviour diſcovers itſelf in the ſeveral adventures which he meets with during his paſſage through the regions of unformed matter, and particularly in his addreſs to thoſe tremendous powers who are deſcribed as preſiding over it.

The part of Moloch is likewiſe in all its circumſtances full of that fire and fury which diſtinguiſh this ſpirit from the reſt of the fallen angels. He is deſcribed in the firſt book as beſmeared with the blood of human ſacrifices, and delighted with the tears of parents and the cries of children. In the ſecond book he is marked out as the fierceſt ſpirit that fought in heaven: and if we conſider the figure which he makes in the ſixth book, where the battle of the angels is deſcribed, we find it every way anſwerable to the ſame furious enraged character.

——Where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
And with fierce enſigns pierc'd the deep array
Of *Moloch*, furious king, who him defy'd,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the holy one of heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphemous: but anon
Down cloven to the waiſt, with ſhatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing.——

It may be worth while to obſerve, that Milton has repreſented this violent impetuous ſpirit, who is hurried on by ſuch precipitate paſſions, as the firſt that riſes in that aſſembly

assembly, to give his opinion upon their present posture of affairs. Accordingly he declares himself abruptly for war, and appears incensed at his companions, for losing so much time as even to deliberate upon it. All his sentiments are rash, audacious, and desperate. Such is that of arming themselves with their tortures, and turning their punishments upon him who inflicted them.

——— No, let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heaven's high towr's to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the tort'rer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mixt with *Tartarean* sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments ———

His preferring annihilation to shame or misery, is also highly suitable to his character; as the comfort he draws from their disturbing the peace of heaven, that if it be not victory is revenge, is a sentiment truly diabolical, and becoming the bitterness of this implacable spirit.

Belial is described in the first book, as the idol of the lewd and luxurious. He is in the second book, pursuant to that description, characterised as timorous and slothful; and if we look in the sixth book, we find him celebrated in the battle of angels for nothing but that scoffing speech which he makes to Satan, on their supposed advantage over the enemy. As his appearance is uniform, and of a piece, in these three several views, we find his sentiments in the infernal assembly every way conformable to his character. Such are his apprehensions of a second battle, his horrors of annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than "not to be." I need not observe, that the contrast of thought in this speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable variety to the debate.

Mammon's character is so fully drawn in the first book, that the poet adds nothing to it in the second. We were before

before told, that he was the first who taught mankind to ransack the earth for gold and silver, and that he was the architect of Pandæmonium, or the infernal palace where the evil spirits were to meet in council. His speech in this book is every way suitable to so depraved a character. How proper is that reflection, of their being unable to taste the happiness of heaven were they actually there, in the mouth of one, who, while he was in heaven, is said to have had his mind dazzled with the outward pomps and glories of the place, and to have been more intent on the riches of the pavement, than on the beatific vision. I shall only leave the reader to judge how agreeable the following sentiments are to the same character.

——This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick cloud and dark doth heav'ns all-ruling sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Mustering their rage, and heav'n resembles hell?
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? this desert soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heav'n shew more?

Beelzebub, who is reckoned the second in dignity that fell, and is in the first book, the second that awakens out of the trance, and confers with Satan upon the situation of their affairs, maintains his rank in the book now before us. There is a wonderful majesty described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a kind of moderator between the two opposite parties, and proposes a third undertaking, which the whole assembly gives into. The motion he makes of detaching one of their body in search of a new world is grounded upon a project devised by Satan, and cursorily proposed by him in the following lines of the first book.

Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
There went a fame in heav'n, that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant

A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the ſons of heav'n;
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt eruption, thither or elſewhere:
For this infernal pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial ſpirits in bondage, nor th' abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
Full counſel muſt mature:———

It is on this project that Beelzebub grounds his propoſal

———What if we find
Some eaſier enterpriſe? there is a place
If ancient and prophetic fame in heav'n
Err not, another world the happy ſeat
Of ſome new race call'd *Man*, about this time
To be created like to us, though leſs
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; ſo was his will
Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,
That ſhook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.

The reader may obſerve how juſt it was not to omit in the firſt book the project upon which the whole poem turns: as alſo that the prince of the fallen angels was the only proper perſon to give it birth, and that the next to him in dignity was the fitteſt to ſecond and ſupport it.

There is beſides, I think, ſomething wonderfully beautiful, and very apt to affect the reader's imagination in this ancient prophecy or report in heaven, concerning the creation of man. Nothing could ſhew more the dignity of the ſpecies, than this tradition which ran of them before their exiſtence. They are repreſented to have been the talk of heaven before they were created. Virgil, in compliment to the Roman commonwealth, makes the heroes of it appear in their ſtate of pre-exiſtence; but Milton does a far greater honour to mankind in general, as he gives us a glimpſe of them even before they are in being.

The riſing of this great aſſembly is deſcribed in a very ſublime and poetical manner.

Their riſing all at once was as the ſound
Of thunder heard remote———

The

The diverſions of the fallen angels, with the particular account of their place of habitation, are deſcribed with great pregnancy of thought, and copiouſneſs of invention. The diverſions are every way ſuitable to beings who had nothing left them but ſtrength and knowledge miſapplied. Such are their contentions at the race, and in feats of arms with their entertainment in the following lines.

Others with vaſt *Typhœan* rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind, hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.

Their muſic is employed in celebrating their own criminal exploits, and their diſcourſe in ſounding the unfathomable depths of fate, free-will, and fore-knowledge.

The ſeveral circumſtances in the deſcription of hell are finely imagined; as the four rivers which diſgorge themſelves into the ſea of fire, the extremes of cold and heat, and the river of oblivion. The monſtrous animals produced in that infernal world are repreſented by a ſingle line, which gives us a more horrid idea of them, than a much longer deſcription would have done.

——————— Nature breeds,
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and *worſe*
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgon's and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.

This epiſode of the fallen ſpirits, and their place of habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the mind of the reader from its attention to the debate. An ordinary poet would indeed have ſpun out ſo many circumſtances to a great length and by that means have weakened, inſtead of illuſtrated, the principal fable.

The flight of Satan to the gates of hell is finely imaged.

I have already declared my opinion of the allegory concerning Sin and Death, which is however a very finiſhed piece in its kind, when it is not conſidered as a part of an epic poem. The genealogy of the ſeveral perſons is contrived with great delicacy. Sin is the daughter of Satan, and Death the offspring of Sin. The inceſtuous

mixture between Sin and Death produces those monsters and hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them birth. These are the terrors of an evil conscience, and the proper fruits of Sin, which naturally rise from the apprehensions of Death. This last beautiful moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the speech of Sin, where complaining of this her dreadful issue, she adds,

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim Death *my son and foe, who sets them on,*
And me his parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd ———

I need not mention to the reader the beautiful circumstance in the last part of this quotation. He will likewise observe how naturally the three persons concerned in this allegory are tempted by one common interest to enter into a confederacy together, and how properly Sin is made the portress of hell, and the only being that can open the gates to that world of torture.

The descriptive part of this allegory is likewise very strong, and full of sublime ideas. The figure of Death, the regal crown upon his head, his menace of Satan, his advancing to the combat, the outcry at his birth, are circumstances too noble to be past over in silence, and extremely suitable to this king of terrors. I need not mention the justness of thought which is observed in the generation of these several symbolical persons; that Sin was produced upon the first revolt of Satan, that Death appeared soon after he was cast into hell, and that the terrors of conscience were conceived at the gate of this place of torments. The description of the gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of Milton's spirit.

———On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of *Erebus*. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host

Under

Under ſpread enſigns marching might paſs through
With horſe and chariots rank'd in looſe array;
So wide they ſtood, and like a furnace mouth
Caſt forth redounding ſmoke and ruddy flame.

In Satan's voyage through the Chaos there are ſeveral imaginary perſons deſcribed, as reſiding in that immenſe waſte of matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the taſte of thoſe critics who are pleaſed with nothing in a poet which has not life and manners aſcribed to it; but for my own part, I am pleaſed moſt with thoſe paſſages in this deſcription which carry in them a greater meaſure of probability, and are ſuch as might poſſibly have happened. Of this kind is his firſt mounting in the ſmoke that riſes from the infernal pit, his falling into a cloud of nitre, and the like combuſtible materials, that by their exploſion ſtill hurried him forward in his voyage; his ſpringing upward like a pyramid of fire, with his laborious paſſage through that confuſion of elements which the poet calls

The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.

The glimmering light which ſhot into the Chaos from the utmoſt verge of the creation, with the diſtant diſcovery of the earth that hung cloſe by the moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical. L

No. CCCX. MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25.

Connubio jungam ſtabili—— VIRG.
I'll tie th' indiſſoluble marriage-knot.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM a certain young woman that love a certain 'young man very heartily; and my father and mother 'were for it a great while, but now they ſay I can do bet-'ter, but I think I cannot. They bid me not love him, and 'I cannot unlove him. What muſt I do? ſpeak quickly.

'BIDDY DOW-BAKE.'

'Dear Spec, Feb. 19, 1712.

'I HAVE loved a lady entirely for this year and half, though for a great part of the time, which has contributed not a little to my pain, I have been debarred the liberty of converſing with her. The grounds of our difference was this; that when we had inquired into each other's circumſtances, we found that at our firſt ſetting out into the world, we ſhould owe five hundred pounds more than her fortune would pay off. My eſtate is ſeven hundred pounds a year, beſides the benefit of tin mines. Now, dear *Spec*, upon this ſtate of the caſe, and the lady's poſitive declaration that there is ſtill no other objection, I beg you will not fail to inſert this, with your opinion, as ſoon as poſſible, whether this ought to be eſteemed a juſt cauſe or impediment why we ſhould not be joined, and you will for ever oblige

'Your's ſincerely,

'DICK LOVESICK.'

'P. S. Sir, if I marry this lady by the aſſiſtance of your opinion, you may expect a favour for it.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I HAVE the misfortune to be one of thoſe unhappy men who are diſtinguiſhed by the name of diſcarded lovers; but I am the leſs mortified at my diſgrace, becauſe the young lady is one of thoſe creatures who ſet up for negligence of men, are forſooth the moſt rigidly virtuous in the world, and yet their nicety will permit them at the command of parents to go to bed to the moſt utter ſtranger that can be propoſed to them. As to me myſelf, I was introduced by the father of my miſtreſs; but find I owe my being at firſt received to a compariſon of my eſtate with that of a former lover, and that I am now in like manner turned off to give way to an humble ſervant ſtill richer than I am. What makes this treatment the more extravagant is, that the young lady is in the management of this way of fraud,

'and obeys her father's orders on those occasions with-
'out any manner of reluctance, but does it with the same
'air that one of your men of the world would signify
'the necessity of affairs for turning another out of of-
'fice. When I came home last night, I found this
'letter from my mistress.

'SIR,

"I HOPE you will not think it is any manner of dis-
"respect to your person or merit, that the intended
"nuptials between us are interrupted. My father says
"he has a much better offer for me than you can make,
"and has ordered me to break off the treaty between
"us. If it had proceeded, I should have behaved my-
"self with all suitable regard to you, but as it is, I beg
"we may be strangers for the future. Adieu.

'LYDIA."

'This great indifference on this subject, and the mer-
'cenary motives for making alliances, is what I think
'lies naturally before you, and I beg of you to give me
'your thoughts upon it. My answer to Lydia was as
'follows, which I hope you will approve; for you are
'to know the woman's family affect a wonderful ease
'on these occasions, though they expect it should be
'painfully received on the man's side.

"Madam,

"I HAVE received your's, and knew the prudence
"of your house so well, that I always took care to be
"ready to obey your commands, though they should be
"to see you no more. Pray give my service to all the
"good family.

"Adieu.

"The opera subscrip-
"tion is full.

"CLITOPHON."

Memorandum. The censor of marriage to consider this letter, and report the common usages on such treaties, with

with how many pounds or acres are generally eſteemed ſufficient reaſon for preferring a new to an old pretender; with his opinion what is proper to be determined in ſuch caſes for the future.

'Mr. Spectator,

'THERE is an elderly perſon lately left off buſineſs and ſettled in our town, in order, as he thinks, to retire from the world; but he has brought with him ſuch an inclination to tale-bearing, that he diſturbs both himſelf and all our neighbourhood. Notwithſtanding this frailty the honeſt gentleman is ſo happy as to have no enemy: at the ſame time he has not one friend who will venture to acquaint him with his weakneſs. It is not to be doubted but if this failing were ſet in a proper light, he would quickly perceive the indecency and evil conſequences of it. Now, Sir, this being an infirmity which I hope may be corrected, and knowing that he pays much deference to you, I beg that when you are at leiſure, to give us a ſpeculation on goſſiping, you would think of my neighbour: you will hereby oblige ſeveral who will be glad to find a reformation in their gray-haired friend: and how becoming will it be for him, inſtead of pouring forth words at all adventures, "to "ſet a watch before the door of his mouth, to reſtain "his tongue," to check its impetuoſity, and guard againſt the ſallies of that little pert, forward, buſy perſon; which, under a ſober conduct, might prove a uſeful member of ſociety, in compliance with thoſe intimations, I have taken the liberty to make this addreſs to you.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt obſcure ſervant,

'PHILANTHROPOS.'

'Mr. Spectator, Feb. 16, 1712.

'THIS is to petition you in behalf of myſelf and many more of you gentle readers, that at any time when you may have private reaſons againſt letting us know what you think yourſelf, you would be pleaſed to pardon us ſuch letters of your correſpondents as ſeem to be of no uſe but to the printer.

'It

'It is further our humble request, that you would substitute advertisements in the place of such epistles; and 'that in order hereunto Mr. Buckley may be authorised 'to take up of your zealous friend Mr. Charles Lillie, 'any quantity of words he shall from time to time have 'occasion for.

'The many useful parts of knowledge which may be 'communicated to the public this way, will, we hope, 'be a consideration in favour of your petitioners.

'And your petitioners, &c.'

Note, That particular regard be had to this petition; and the papers marked letter R may be carefully examined for the future. T

No. CCCXI. TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

Nec Veneris pharetris macer est, aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent, veniunt à dote sagittæ. JUV.

He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour:
Who wou'd not do as much for such a dow'r?

DRYDEN.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I AM amazed that among all the variety of characters, with which you have enriched your speculations you have never given us a picture of those audacious young fellows among us, who commonly go by 'the name of fortune-stealers. You must know, Sir, I 'am one who live in a continual apprehension of this sort 'of people that lie in wait, day and night, for our children, and may be considered as a kind of kidnappers 'within the law. I am the father of a young heiress, whom 'I begin to look upon as marriageable, and who has looked upon herself as such for above these six years. She is 'now in the eighteenth year of her age. The fortune-hunters have already cast their eyes upon her, and take 'care to plant themselves in her view whenever she appears

'peirs in any public aſſembly. I have myſelf caught a 'young jackanapes with a pair of ſilver fringed gloves in 'the very fact. You muſt know, Sir, I have kept her as 'a priſoner of ſtate ever ſince ſhe was in her teens. Her 'chamber-windows are croſs-barr'd; ſhe is not permit-'ted to go out of the houſe but with her keeper, who is 'a ſtayed relation of our own; I have likewiſe forbid her 'the uſe of pen and ink, for this twelve-month laſt paſt, 'and do not ſuffer a band-box to be carried into her room 'before it has been ſearched. Notwithſtanding theſe 'precautions, I am at my wits end for fear of any ſudden 'ſurpriſe. There were, two or three nights ago, ſome 'fiddles heard in the ſtreet, which I am afraid portend 'me no good; not to mention a tall Iriſhman, that has 'been ſeen walking before my houſe more than once this 'winter. My kinſwoman likewiſe informs me, that the 'girl has talked to her twice or thrice of a gentleman in 'a fair wig, and that ſhe loves to go to church more than 'ever ſhe did in her life. She gave me the ſlip about a 'week ago, upon which my whole houſe was in alarm. 'I immediately diſpatched a hue and cry after her to 'the 'Change, to her mantua-maker, and to the young 'ladies that viſit her; but after above an hour's ſearch 'ſhe returned of herſelf, having been taking a walk, 'as ſhe told me, by Roſamond's pond. I have here-'upon turned off her woman; doubled her guards, 'and given new inſtructions to my relation, who to 'give her her due, keeps a watchful eye over all her 'motions. This, Sir, keeps me in a perpetual anxiety, 'and makes me very often watch when my daughter 'ſleeps, as I am afraid ſhe is even with me in her turn. 'Now, Sir, what I would deſire of you is, to repreſent to 'this fluttering tribe of young fellows, who are for making 'their fortunes by theſe indirect means, that ſtealing a 'man's daughter for the ſake of her portion, is but a 'kind of a tolerated robbery; and that they make but 'a poor amends to the father, whom they plunder after 'this manner, by going to bed with his child. Dear, 'Sir, be ſpeedy in your thoughts on this ſubject, that

'if

'if poſſible, they may appear before the diſbanding of 'the army.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'TIM. WATCHWEL.

Themiſtocles, the great Athenian general, being aſked whether he would chooſe to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthleſs man of an eſtate, replied, that he ſhould prefer a man without an eſtate, to an eſtate without a man. The worſt of it is, our modern fortune-hunters are thoſe who turn their heads that way, becauſe they are good for nothing elſe: If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of Coke and Littleton, he provides himſelf with a ladder of ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the premiſes.

The ſame art of ſcaling has likewiſe been practiſed with good ſucceſs by many military engineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and induſtry ſuperfluous, and cut ſhort the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a leſs motive than idleneſs to this kind of mercenary purſuit. A fop, who admires his perſon in a glaſs, ſoon enters into a reſolution of making his fortune by it, not queſtioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much juſtice as he does himſelf. When an heireſs ſees a man throwing particular graces into his ogle, or talking aloud within her hearing, ſhe ought to look to herſelf; but if withal ſhe obſerves a pair of red heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dreſs, ſhe cannot take too much care of her perſon. Theſe are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable. The force of a man with theſe qualifications is ſo well known, that I am credibly informed there are ſeveral female undertakers about the 'Change, who upon the arrival of a likely man out of a neighbouring kingdom, will furniſh him with proper dreſs from head to foot, to be paid for at a double price on the day of marriage.

We

We muſt however diſtinguiſh between fortune-hunters and fortune-ſtealers. The firſt are thoſe aſſiduous gentlemen who employ their whole lives in the chace, without ever coming at the quarry. Suffenus has combed and powdered at the ladies for thirty years together, and taken his ſtand in a ſide box, until he is grown wrinkled under their eyes. He is now laying the ſame ſnare for the preſent generation of beauties, which he practiſed on their mothers. Cottilus, after having made his applications to more than you meet with in Mr. Cowley's ballad of miſtreſſes, was at laſt ſmitten with a city lady of 20,000l. ſterling; but died of old age before he could bring matters to bear. Nor muſt I here omit my worthy friend Mr. *Honeycomb*, who has often told us in the club, that for twenty years ſucceſſively, upon the death of a childleſs rich man, he immediately drew on his boots, called for his horſe, and made up to the widow. When he is rallied upon his ill ſucceſs, *Will*, with his uſual gaiety tells us, that he always found her pre-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great game of your fortune-hunters. There is ſcarce a young fellow in the town of ſix feet high, that has not paſſed in review before one or other of theſe wealthy relicts. Hudibras's Cupid, who

"————took his ſtand
"Upon a widows jointure land,"

is daily employed in throwing darts, and kindling flames. But as for widows, they are ſuch a ſubtle generation of people, that they may be left to their own conduct; or if they make a falſe ſtep in it, they are anſwerable for it to no body but themſelves. The young innocent creatures who have no knowledge and experience of the world, are thoſe whoſe ſafety I would principally conſult in this ſpeculation. The ſtealing of ſuch an one ſhould, in my opinion, be as puniſhable as a rape. Where there is no judgment there is no choice; and why the inveigling a woman before ſhe is come to years of diſcretion, ſhould not be as criminal as the ſeducing of her before ſhe is ten years old, I am at a loſs to comprehend. L

WEDNESDAY,

No. CCCXII. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

Quod huic officium, quæ laus, quod decus erit tanti, quod adipiſci cum dolore corporis velit qui dolorem ſummum malum ſibi perſuaſerit? Quam porrò quis ignominiam, quam turpitudinem non pertulerit, ut effugiat dolorem, ſi id ſummum malum eſſe decreverit? TUL.

What duty will a man perform, what praiſe, what honour will he think worth purchaſing at the expence of his eaſe, who is perſuaded that pain is the greateſt of evils? And what ignominy, what baſeneſs will he not ſubmit to, in order to avoid pain, if he has determined it to be the worſt of misfortunes?

IT is a very melancholy reflection, that men are uſually ſo weak, that it is abſolutely neceſſary for them to know ſorrow and pain, to be in their right ſenſes. Proſperous people, for happy there are none, are hurried away with a fond ſenſe of their preſent condition, and thoughtleſs of the mutability of fortune: fortune is a term which we muſt uſe in ſuch diſcourſes as theſe, for what is wrought by the unſeen hand of the Diſpoſer of all things. But methinks the diſpoſition of a mind which is truly great, is that which makes misfortunes and ſorrows little when they befal ourſelves, great and lamentable when they befal other men. The moſt unpardonable malefactor in the world going to his death and bearing it with compoſure, would win the pity of thoſe who ſhould behold him: and this not becauſe his calamity is deplorable, but becauſe he ſeems himſelf not to deplore it: we ſuffer for him who is leſs ſenſible of his own miſery, and are inclined to deſpiſe him who ſinks under the weight of his diſtreſſes. On the other hand, without any touch of envy, a temperate and well-governed mind looks down on ſuch as are exalted with ſucceſs, with a certain ſhame for the imbecility of human nature, that can ſo far forget how liable it is to calamity, as to grow giddy with only the ſuſpence of ſorrow, which is the portion of all men. He therefore who turns his face from the unhappy man, who

will not look again when his eye is caſt upon modeſt ſorrow, who ſhuns affliction like a contagion, does but pamper himſelf up for a ſacrifice, and contract in himſelf a greater aptitude to miſery by attempting to eſcape it. A gentleman, where I happened to be laſt night, fell into a diſcourſe which I thought ſhewed a good diſcerning in him: he took notice that whenever men have looked into their hearts for the idea of true excellency in human nature, they have found it to conſiſt in ſuffering after a right manner and with a good grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing ſorrows, ſtruggling with adverſities, undergoing all kinds of hardſhips, and having in the ſervice of mankind a kind of appetite to difficulties and dangers. The gentleman went on to obſerve, that it is from this ſecret ſenſe of the high merit which there is in patience under calamities, that the writers of romances, when they attempt to furniſh out characters of the higheſt excellence, ranſack nature for things terrible; they raiſe a new creation of monſters, dragons, and giants: where the danger ends, the hero ceaſes; when he has won an empire, or gained his miſtreſs, the reſt of his ſtory is not worth relating. My friend carried his diſcourſe ſo far as to ſay, that it was for higher beings than men to join happineſs and greatneſs in the ſame idea; but that in our condition we have no conception of ſuperlative excellence, or heroiſm, but as it is circumſcribed with a ſhare of diſtreſs.

It is certainly the proper education we ſhould give ourſelves, to be prepared for the ill events and accidents we are to meet with in a life ſentenced to be a ſcene of ſorrow; but inſtead of this expectation, we ſoften ourſelves with proſpects of conſtant delight, and deſtroy in our minds the ſeeds of fortitude and virtue, which ſhould ſupport us in hours of anguiſh. The conſtant purſuit of pleaſure has in it ſomething indecent and improper for our being. There is a pretty ſober lively neſs in the ode of Horace to Dellius, where he tells him, "loud mirth, or immode-"rate ſorrow, inequality of behaviour either in proſperity "or adverſity, are alike ungraceful in man that is born to "die." Moderation in both circumſtances is peculiar to generous minds: men of that ſort ever taſte the gratifications

tions of health, and all other advantages of life, as if they were liable to part with them, and when bereft of them, reſign them with a greatneſs of mind which ſhews they know their value and duration. The contempt of pleaſure is a certain preparatory for the contempt of pain: without this the mind is at it were taken ſuddenly by an unforeſeen event; but he that has always, during health and proſperity, been abſtinent in his ſatisfactions, enjoys, in the worſt of difficulties, the reflexions, that his anguiſh is not aggravated with the compariſon of paſt pleaſures which upbraid his preſent condition. Tully tells us a ſtory after Pompey, which gives us a good taſte of the pleaſant manner the men of wit and philoſophy had in old times of alleviating the diſtreſſes of life by the force of reaſon and philoſophy. Pompey, when he came to Rhodes, had a curioſity to viſit the famous philoſopher Poſſidonius; but finding him in his ſick bed, he bewailed the misfortune that he ſhould not hear a diſcourſe from him: but you may, anſwered Poſſidonius; and immediately entered into the point of ſtoical philoſophy, which ſays pain is not an evil. During the diſcourſe, upon every puncture he felt from his diſtemper, he ſmiled and cried out, pain, pain, be as impertinent and troubleſome as you pleaſe, I ſhall never own that thou art an evil.

'Mr. Spectator,

'HAVING ſeen in ſeveral of your papers, a concern for the honour of the clergy, and their doing every thing as becomes their character, and particularly performing the public ſervice with a due zeal and devotion; I am the more encouraged to lay before them, by your means, ſeveral expreſſions uſed by ſome of them in their prayers before ſermon, which I am not well ſatisfied in: as their giving ſome titles and epithets to great men, which are indeed due to them in their ſeveral ranks and ſtations, but not properly uſed, I think, in our prayers. Is it not contradiction to ſay, illuſtrious, right reverend, and right honourable poor ſinners? Theſe diſtinctions are ſuited only to our ſtate here, and have no place in heaven? we ſee they are omitted in

'the liturgy; which I think the clergy ſhould take for 'their pattern in their own forms of devotion. There 'is another expreſſion which I would not mention, but 'that I have heard it ſeveral times before a learned con-'gregation, to bring in the laſt petition of the prayer in 'theſe words, "O let not the Lord be angry and I will "ſpeak but this once;" as if there was no difference 'between Abraham's interceding for Sodom, for which 'he had no warrant as we can find, and our aſking thoſe 'things which we are required to pray for; they would 'therefore have much more reaſon to fear his anger if 'they did not make ſuch petitions to him. There is 'another pretty fancy; when a young man has a mind 'to let us know who gave him his ſcarf, he ſpeaks a pa-'renthеſis to the Almighty, bleſs, "as I am in duty "bound to pray," the right honourable the counteſs; 'is not that as much as to ſay, bleſs her, for thou knoweſt 'I am her chaplain?

'Your humble ſervant,

'J. O.'

No. CCCXIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

Exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
Ut ſi quis cerâ vultum facit——— Juv.

Bid him beſides his daily pains employ,
To form the tender manners of the boy,
And work him, like a waxen babe, with art,
To perfect ſymmetry in ev'ry part. Ch. Dryden.

I SHALL give the following letter no other recommendation, than by telling my readers that it comes from the ſame hand with that of laſt Thurſday.

'SIR,

'I SEND you, according to my promiſe, ſome farther 'thoughts on the education of youth, in which I 'intend to diſcuſs that famous queſtion, "Whether the "education

" education at a public ſchool, or under a private tutor " is to be preferred?"

' As ſome of the greateſt men in moſt ages have been ' of very different opinions in this matter, I ſhall give a ' ſhort account of what I think may be beſt urged on ' both ſides, and afterwards leave every perſon to deter- ' mine for himſelf.

' It is certain from Suetonius, that the Romans thought ' the education of their children a buſineſs properly be- ' longing to the parents themſelves; and Plutarch, in ' the life of Marcus Cato, tells us, that as ſoon as his ' ſon was capable of learning, Cato would ſuffer no body ' to teach him but himſelf, though he had a ſervant ' named Chilo, who was an excellent grammarian, and ' who taught a great many other youths.

' On the contrary, the Greeks ſeemed more inclined ' to public ſchools and ſeminaries.

' A private education promiſes in the firſt place virtue ' and good-breeding; a public ſchool manly aſſurance, ' and an early knowledge in the ways of the world.

' Mr. Locke, in his celebrated treatiſe of Education, ' confeſſes that there are inconveniencies to be feared on ' both ſides " If," ſays he, " I keep my ſon at home, " he is in danger of becoming my young maſter; if I " ſend him abroad, it is ſcarce poſſible to keep him " from the reigning contagion of rudeneſs and vice. He " will perhaps be more innocent at home, but more " ignorant of the world, and more ſheepiſh when he " comes abroad.". However as this learned author aſ- ' ſerts, that virtue is much more difficult to be attained ' than knowledge of the world, and that vice is a more ' ſtubborn, as well as a more dangerous fault than ſheep- ' iſhneſs, he is altogether for a private education; and ' the more ſo, becauſe he does not ſee why a youth, with ' right management, might not attain the ſame aſſurance ' in his father's houſe, as at a public ſchool. To this ' end he adviſes parents to accuſtom their ſons to what- ' ever ſtrange faces come to the houſe; to take them with ' them when they viſit their neighbours, and to engage ' them in converſation with men of parts and breeding.

'It may be objected to this method, that converſation 'is not the only thing neceſſary, but that unleſs it be a 'converſation with ſuch as are in ſome meaſure their 'equals in parts and years, there can be no room for 'emulation, contention, and ſeveral of the moſt lively 'paſſions of the mind; which, without being ſometimes 'moved, by theſe means, may poſſibly contract a dulneſs 'and inſenſibility.

'One of the greateſt writers our nation ever produced 'obſerves, that a boy who forms parties, and makes 'himſelf popular in a ſchool or a college, would act the 'ſame part with equal eaſe in a ſenate or a privy-counſel; 'and Mr. Oſburn, ſpeaking like a man verſed in the 'ways of the world, affirm, that the well laying and car-'rying on of a deſign to rob an orchard, trains up a youth 'inſenſibly to caution, ſecrecy, and circumſpection, and 'fits him for matters of greater importance.

'In ſhort a private education ſeems the moſt natural 'method for the forming of a virtuous man; a public 'education for making a man of buſineſs. The firſt 'would furniſh out a good ſubject for Plato's republic, 'the latter a member for a community over-run with ar-'tifice and corruption.

'It muſt however be confeſſed, that a perſon at the 'head of a public ſchool has ſometimes ſo many boys 'under his direction, that it is impoſſible he ſhould ex-'tend a due proportion of his care to each of them. 'This is however, in reality, the fault of the age, in 'which we often ſee twenty parents, who, though each 'expects his ſon ſhould be made a ſcholar, are not con-'tented all together to make it worth while for any man 'of a liberal education to take upon him the care of their 'inſtruction.

'In our great ſchools indeed this fault has been of late 'years rectified, ſo that we have at preſent not only in-'genious men for the chief maſters, but ſuch as have 'proper uſhers and aſſiſtants under them, I muſt never-'theleſs own, that for want of the ſame encouragement 'in the country, we have many a promiſing genius ſpoil-'ed and abuſed in theſe little ſeminaries.

'I am

'I am the more inclined to this opinion, having my-
'self experienced the uſage of two rural maſters, each of
'them very unfit for the truſt they took upon them to
'diſcharge. The firſt impoſed much more upon me than
'my parts, though none of the weakeſt, could endure:
'and uſed me barbarouſly for not performing impoſſibi-
'lities. The latter was quite of another temper; and
'a boy, who would run upon his errands, waſh his cof-
'fee-pot, or ring the bell, might have as little conver-
'ſation with any of the claſſics as he thought fit. I
'have known a lad of this place excuſed his exerciſe for
'aſſiſting the cook-maid: and remember a neighbouring
'gentleman's ſon was among us five years, moſt of which
'time he employed in airing and watering our maſter's
'gray pad. I ſcorned to compound for my faults, by
'doing any of theſe elegant offices, and was accordingly
'the beſt ſcholar, and the worſt uſed of any boy in the
'ſchool.

'I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with an advantage men-
'tioned by Quintilian, as accompanying a public way
'of education, which I have not yet taken notice of;
'namely, that we very often contract ſuch friendſhips at
'ſchool, as are a ſervice to us all the following parts of
'our lives.

'I ſhall give you under this head, a ſtory very well
'known to ſeveral perſons, and which you may depend
'upon as real truth.

'Every one, who is acquainted with Weſtminſter-
'ſchool, knows that there is a curtain which uſed to be
'drawn acroſs the room, to ſeparate the upper ſchool
'from the lower. A youth happened, by ſome miſ-
'chance, to tear the above-mentioned curtain: the ſeve-
'rity of the maſter was too well known for the criminal
'to expect any pardon for ſuch a fault; ſo that the boy,
'who was of a meek temper, was terrified to death at
'the thoughts of his appearance, when his friend who
'ſat next to him, bade him be of good cheer, for that
'he would take the fault on himſelf. He kept his word
'accordingly. As ſoon as they were grown up to be
'men, the civil war broke out, in which our two friends

'took

'took the oppoſite ſides, one of them followed the par-
'liament, the other the royal party.

'As their tempers were different, the youth, who had
'torn the curtain, endeavoured to raiſe himſelf on the
'civil liſt, and the other, who had borne the blame of
'it, on the military: the firſt ſucceeded ſo well, that he
'was in a ſhort time made a judge under the Protector.
'The other was engaged in the unhappy enterpriſe of
'Penruddock and Grove in the weſt. I ſuppoſe, Sir, I
'need not acquaint you with the event of that under-
'taking. Every one knows that the royal party was
'routed, and all the heads of them, among whom was
'the curtain champion, impriſoned at Exeter. It hap-
'pened to be his friend's lot at that time to go the weſt-
'ern circuit: the trial of the rebels, as they were then
'called, was very ſhort, and nothing now remained
'but to paſs ſentence on them; when the judge hearing
'the name of his old friend, and obſerving his face
'more attentively, which he had not ſeen for many
'years, aſked him, if he was not formerly a Weſtminſter-
'ſcholar? By the anſwer, he was ſoon convinced that it
'was his former generous friend; and, without ſaying
'any thing more at that time, made the beſt of his way
'to London, where employing all his power and intereſt
'with the Protector, he ſaved his friend from the fate of
'his unhappy aſſociates.

'The gentleman, whoſe life was thus preſerved by
'the gratitude of his ſchool-fellow, was afterwards the
'father of a ſon, whom he lived to ſee promoted in the
'church, and who ſtill deſervedly fills one of the higheſt
'ſtations in it.' X

No. CCCXIV. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29.

Tandem define matrem
Tempeſtiva ſequi viro. HOR.

Attend thy mother's heels no more,
Now grown mature for man, and ripe for joy.
CREECH.

'Mr. Spectator, Feb. 7, 1711-12.

'I AM a young man about eighteen years of age, and 'have been in love with a young woman of the ſame 'age about this half year. I go to ſee her ſix days in 'the week, but never could have the happineſs of being 'with her alone. If any of her friends are at home ſhe 'will ſee me in their company; but if they be not in the 'way, ſhe flies to her chamber. I can diſcover no ſigns 'of her averſion; but either a fear of falling into the 'toils of matrimony, or a childiſh timidity, deprives us 'of an interview apart, and drives us upon the difficulty 'of languiſhing out our lives in fruitleſs expectation. 'Now, Mr. *Spectator*, if you think us ripe for œcono-'my, perſuade the dear creature, that to pine away into 'barrenneſs and deformity under a mother's ſhade, is 'not ſo honourable, nor does ſhe appear ſo amiable, as 'ſhe would in full bloom.

[There is a great deal left out before he concludes.]

'Mr. Spectator,

'Your humble ſervant,

'BOB HARMLESS.'

IF this gentleman be really no more than eighteen, I muſt do him the juſtice to ſay he is the moſt knowing infant I have yet met with. He does not, I fear, yet underſtand, that all he thinks of is another woman; therefore, until he has given a further account of himſelf, the young lady is hereby directed to keep cloſe to her mother.

I cannot

I cannot comply with the request of Mr. Trott's letter; but let it go just as it came to my hands, for being so familiar with the old gentleman, as rough as he is to him. Since Mr. Trott has an ambition to make him his father-in-law, he ought to treat him with more respect; besides, his style to me might have been more distant than he has thought fit to afford me: moreover, his mistress shall continue in her confinement, until he has found out which word in his letter is not rightly spelt.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I SHALL ever own myself your obliged humble servant for the advice you gave me concerning my 'dancing; which unluckily came too late: for, as I 'said, I would not leave off capering until I had your 'opinion of the matter; I was at our famous assembly 'the day before I received your papers, and there was 'observed by an old gentleman, who was informed I had 'a respect for his daughter; he told me I was an insignificant little fellow, and said that for the future he 'would take care of his child; so that he did not doubt 'but to cross my amorous inclinations. The lady is 'confined to her chamber, and for my part I am ready 'to hang myself with the thoughts that I have danced 'myself out of favour with her father. I hope you 'will pardon the trouble I give; but shall take it for a 'mighty favour, if you will give me a little more of your 'advice to put me in a right way to cheat the old dragon 'and obtain my mistress. I am once more,

Sir,

York, Feb. 23, 1711-12. 'Your obliged humble servant,

'JOHN TROTT.

'Let me desire you to make what alterations you 'please, and insert this as soon as possible. Pardon 'mistakes by haste.'

I NEVER do pardon mistakes by haste,

THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'SIR, Feb. 27, 1711-12.

'PRAY be so kind as to let me know what you esteem 'to be the chief qualification of a good poet, espe-'cially of one who writes plays; and you will very 'much oblige,

'Sir, your very humble servant,

'N. B.'

TO be a very well bred man.

THE SPECTATOR.

Mr. Spectator,

'YOU are to know that I am naturally brave, and 'love fighting as well as any man in England. 'This gallant temper of mine makes me extremely de-'lighted with battles on the stage. I give you this 'trouble to complain to you, that Nicolini refused to 'gratify me in that part of the opera for which I have 'most taste. I observe it is become a custom, that 'whenever any gentlemen are particularly pleased with 'a song, at their crying out Encore or Altro Volto, the 'performer is so obliging as to sing it over again. I 'was at the opera the last time Lydaspes was performed. 'At that part of it where the hero engages with the 'lion, the graceful manner with which he put that 'terrible monster to death, gave me so great a pleasure, 'and at the same time so just a sense of that gentleman's 'intrepidity and conduct, that I could not forbear de-'siring a repetition of it, by crying out Altro Volto, 'in a very audible voice; and my friends flatter me 'that I pronounced those words with a tolerable good 'accent, considering that was but the third opera I had 'ever seen in my life. Yet, notwithstanding all this, 'there was so little regard had to me, that the lion 'was carried off, and went to bed, without being kill-'ed any more that night. Now, Sir, pray consider 'that I did not understand a word of what Mr. Nicolini 'said to this cruel creature; besides I have no ear for 'music; so that during the long dispute between them, 'the whole entertainment I had was from my eyes;

'why

'why then have I not as much right to have graceful action repeated as another has a pleasing sound, since he hears only as I only see, and we neither of us know that there is any reasonable thing a doing? Pray, Sir, settle the business of this claim in the audience, and let us know when we may cry Altro Volto, Anglicè, "again, again," for the future. I am an Englishman, and expect some reason or other to be given me, and perhaps an ordinary one may serve; but I expect your answer.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'TOBY RENTFREE.'

Mr. Spectator, Nov. 29.

'YOU must give me leave, amongst the rest of your female correspondents, to address you about an affair which has already given you many a speculation; and which, I know, I need not tell you have had a very happy influence over the adult part of our sex: but as many of us are either too old to learn, or too obstinate in the pursuit of the vanities, which have been bred up with us from our infancy, and all of us quitting the stage whilst you are prompting us to act our part well; you ought, methinks, rather to turn your instructions for the benefit of that part of our sex who are yet in their native innocence, and ignorant of the vices and that variety of unhappinesses that reign amongst us.

'I must tell you, Mr. *Spectator*, that it is as much a part of your office to oversee the education of the female part of the nation, as well as of the male; and to convince the world you are not partial, may proceed to detect the mal-administration of governesses as successfully as you have exposed that of pedagogues; and rescue our sex from the prejudice and tyranny of education as well as that of your own, who without your seasonable interposition are like to improve upon the vices that are now in vogue.

'I who

'I who know the dignity of your poſt, as *Spectator*, 'and the authority a ſkilful eye ought to bear in the fe-'male world, could not forbear conſulting you, and beg 'your advice in ſo critical a point, as is that of the edu-'cation of young gentlewomen. Having already pro-'vided myſelf with a very convenient houſe in a good 'air, I am not without hope but that you will promote 'this generous deſign. I muſt farther tell you, Sir, that 'all who ſhall be committed to my conduct, beſides the 'uſual accompliſhments of the needle, dancing, and the 'French tongue, ſhall not fail to be your conſtant readers. 'It is therefore my humble petition, that you will en-'tertain the town on this important ſubject, and ſo far 'oblige a ſtranger, as to raiſe a curioſity and inquiry in 'my behalf, by publiſhing the following advertiſement.

'I am, Sir,

'Your conſtant admirer,

'M. W.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

"The boarding-ſchool for young gentlewomen, which "was formerly kept on Mile-End-Green, being laid "down, there is now one ſet up almoſt oppoſite to it at "the two Golden-Balls, and much more convenient in "every reſpect; where, beſides the common inſtructions "given to young gentlewomen, they will be taught the "whole art of paſtry and preſerving, with whatever may "render them accompliſhed. Thoſe who pleaſe to make "trial of the vigilance and ability of the perſons con-"cerned may enquire at the two Golden-Balls on Mile-"End-Green near Stepney, where they will receive fur-"ther ſatisfaction.

"This is to give notice, that the *Spectator*, has taken "upon him to be viſitant of all boarding ſchools where "young women are educated; and deſigns to proceed in "the ſaid office after the ſame manner that viſitants of "colleges do in the two famous univerſities of this land.

" All lovers who write to the *Spectator*, are desired to " forbear one expression which is in most of the let- " ters to him either out of lazyness or want of invention, " and is true of not above two thousand women in the " whole world; viz. 'She has in her all that is valua- ' ble in woman.'

No. CCCXV. SATURDAY, MARCH 1.

Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Incidert——— Hor.

Never presume to make a God appear,
But for a business worthy of a God. Roscommon.

HORACE advises a poet to consider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius. Milton seems to have known perfectly well, wherein his strength lay, and has therefore chosen a subject intirely conformable to those talents of which he was master. As his genius was wonderfully turned to the sublime, his subject is the noblest that could have entered into the thoughts of man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing, has a place in it. The whole system of the intellectual world; the chaos, and the creation: heaven, earth, and hell; enter into the constitution of his poem.

Having in the first and second books represented the infernal world with all its horrors, the thread of his fable naturally leads him into the opposite regions of bliss and glory.

If Milton's majesty forsakes him any where, it is in those parts of his poem, where the divine persons are introduced as speakers. One may I think, observe, that the author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling, while he describes the sentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his imagination its full play, but confines himself to such thoughts as are drawn from the books of the most orthodox divines, and to such expressions as may be met with in scripture.

ſcripture. The beauties, therefore, which we are to look for in theſe ſpeeches, are not of a poetical nature, nor ſo proper to fill the mind with ſentiments of grandeur, as with thoughts of devotion. The paſſions, which they are deſigned to raiſe, are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the ſpeeches in the third book, conſiſts in that ſhortneſs and perſpicuity of ſtyle, in which the poet has couched the greateſt myſteries of chriſtianity, and drawn together, in a regular ſcheme, the whole diſpenſation of Providence with reſpect to man. He has repreſented all the abſtruſe doctrines of predeſtination, free-will and grace, as alſo the great points of incarnation and redemption, which naturally grew up in a poem that treats of the fall of man, with great energy of expreſſion and in a clearer and ſtronger light than I ever met with in any other writer. As theſe points are dry in themſelves to the generality of readers, the concile and clear manner in which he has treated them, is very much to be admired, as is likewiſe that particular art which he has made uſe of in the interſperſing of all thoſe graces of poetry, which the ſubject was capable of receiving.

The ſurvey of the whole creation, and of every thing that is tranſacted in it is a proſpect worthy of omniſcience; and as much above that in which Virgil has drawn his Jupiter, as the chriſtian idea or the Supreme Being is more rational and ſublime than that of the heathens. The particular objects on which he is deſcribed to have caſt his eye, are repreſented in the moſt beautiful and lively manner.

Now had th' Almighty Father from above
From the pure Empyrean where he ſits
High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view.
About him all the ſanctities of heav'n
Stood thick as ſtars, and from his ſight receiv'd
Beatitude paſt utt'rance: on his right
The radient image of his glory ſat,
His only ſon. On earth he firſt beheld
Our two firſt parents, yet the only two

Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the gulph between, and *Satan* there
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night,
In the dun air sublime; and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without firmament;
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only son foreseeing spake.

Satan's approach to the confines of the creation is finely imaged in the beginning of the speech which immediately follows. The effects of this speech in the blessed spirits, and in the divine person to whom it was addressed, cannot but fill the mind of the reader with a secret pleasure and complacency.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd
Love without end, and without measure grace.

I need not point out the beauty of that circumstance, wherein the whole host of angels are represented as standing mute; nor shew how proper the occasion was to produce such a silence in heaven. The close of this divine colloquy, with the hymn of angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully beautiful and poetical, that I should not forbear inserting the whole passage, if the bounds of my paper would give me leave.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceased, but all
The multitude of angels with a shout
(Loud as from numbers without numbers, sweet
As from blest voices) utt'ring joy, heav'n rung

With

With jubilee, and loud hoſannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions; &c. &c.———

Satan's walk upon the outſide of the univerſe, which at a diſtance appeared to him of a globular form, but, upon his nearer approach, looked like an unbounded plain, is natural and noble: as his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation between that maſs of matter, which was wrought into a world, and that ſhapeleſs unformed heap of materials, which ſtill lay in chaos and confuſion, ſtrikes the imagination with ſomething aſtoniſhingly great and wild. I have before ſpoken of the limbo of vanity, which the poet places upon this outermoſt ſurface of the univerſe, and ſhall here explain myſelf more at large on that, and other parts of the poem, which are of the ſame ſhadowy nature.

Ariſtotle obſerves, that the fable of an epic poem ſhould abound in circumſtances that are both credible and aſtoniſhing; or as the French critics chooſe to phraſe it, the fable ſhould be filled with the probable and the marvellous. This rule is as fine and juſt as any in Ariſtotle's whole art of poetry.

If the fable is only probable, it differs nothing from a true hiſtory; if it is only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great ſecret therefore of heroic poetry is to relate ſuch circumſtances as may produce in the reader at the ſame time both belief and aſtoniſhment. This is brought to paſs in a well choſen fable, by the account of ſuch things as have really happened, or at leaſt of ſuch things as have happened according to the received opinions of mankind. Milton's fable is a maſter-piece of this nature; as the war in heaven, the condition of the fallen angels, the ſtate of innocence, the temptation of the ſerpent, and the fall of man, though they are very aſtoniſhing in themſelves, are not only credible, but actual points of faith.

The next method of reconciling miracles with credibility, is by a happy invention of the poet; as in particular, when he introduces agents of a ſuperior nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary courſe of things.

things. Ulyſſes's ſhip being turned into a rock, and Æneas's fleet into a ſhoal of water-nymphs, though they are very ſurpriſing accidents, are nevertheleſs probable when we are told that they were the gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of machinery which fills the poems both of Homer and Virgil with ſuch circumſtances as are wonderful but not impoſſible, and ſo frequently produce in the reader the moſt pleaſing paſſion that can riſe in the mind of man, which is admiration. If there be any inſtance in the Æneid liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third book, where Æneas is repreſented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. To qualify this wonderful circumſtance, Polydorus tells a ſtory from the root of the myrtle, that the barbarous inhabitants of the country having pierced him with ſpears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumſtance ſeems to have the marvellous without the probable, becauſe it is repreſented as proceeding from natural cauſes, without the interpoſition of any God, or other ſupernatural power capable of producing it. The ſpears and arrows grow of themſelves without ſo much as the modern help of inchantment. If we look into the fiction of Milton's fable, though we find it full of ſurpriſing incidents, they are generally ſuited to our notions of the things and perſons deſcribed, and tempered with a due meaſure of probability. I muſt only make an exception to the limbo of vanity, with his epiſode of Sin and Death, and ſome of his imaginary perſons in his chaos. Theſe paſſages are aſtoniſhing, but not credible; the reader cannot ſo far impoſe upon himſelf as to ſee a poſſibility in them; they are the deſcription of dreams and ſhadows, not of things or perſons. I know that many critics look upon the ſtories of Circe, Polypheme, the Sirens, nay the whole Odyſſey and Iliad, to be allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are fables, which conſidering the opinions of mankind that prevailed in the age of the poet, might poſſibly have been according to the letter. The perſons

ſons are ſuch as might have acted what is aſcribed to them, as the circumſtances in which they are repreſented, might poſſibly have been truths and realities. This appearance of probability is ſo abſolutely requiſite in the greater kinds of poetry, that Ariſtotle obſerves the ancient tragic writers made uſe of the names of ſuch great men as had actually lived in the world, though the tragedy proceeded upon adventures they were never engaged in, on purpoſe to make the ſubject more credible. In a word, beſides the hidden meaning of an epic allegory, the plain literal ſenſe ought to appear probable. The ſtory ſhould be ſuch as an ordinary reader may acquieſce in, whatever natural, moral, or political truth may be diſcovered in it by men of greater penetration.

Satan, after having long wandered upon the ſurface, or outmoſt wall of the univerſe, diſcovers at laſt a wide gap in it, which led into the creation, and is deſcribed as the opening through which the angels paſs to and fro into the lower world, upon their errands to mankind. His ſitting upon the brink of this paſſage and taking a ſurvey of the whole face of nature that appeared to him new and freſh in all its beauties, with the ſimile illuſtrating this circumſtance, fills the mind of the reader with as ſurpriſing and glorious an idea as any that ariſes in the whole poem. He looks down into that vaſt hollow of the univerſe with the eye, or, as Milton calls it in his firſt book, with the ken of an angel. He ſurveys all the wonders in this immenſe amphitheatre that lie between both the poles of heaven, and takes in at one view the whole round of the creation.

His flight between the ſeveral worlds that ſhined on every ſide of him, with the particular deſcription of the ſun, are ſet forth in all the wantonneſs of a luxuriant imagination. His ſhape, ſpeech and behaviour upon his transforming himſelf into an angel of light, are touched with exquiſite beauty. The poet's thought of directing Satan to the ſun, which in the vulgar opinion of mankind is the moſt conſpicuous part of the creation, and the placing in it an angel, is a circumſtance very finely contrived

contrived, and the more adjuſted to a poetical probability, as it was a received doctrine among the moſt famous philoſophers, that every orb had its intelligence; and as an apoſtle in ſacred writ is ſaid to have been ſuch an angel in the ſun. In the anſwer which this angel returns to the diſguiſed evil ſpirit, there is ſuch a becoming majeſty as is altogether ſuitable to a ſuperior Being. The part of it in which he repreſents himſelf as preſent at the creation, is very noble in itſelf, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requiſite to prepare the reader for what follows in the ſeventh book.

I ſaw when at his word the formleſs maſs,
This world's material mould, came to a heap:
Confuſion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd;
Till at his ſecond bidding darkneſs fled,
Light ſhone, &c.

In the following part of the ſpeech he points out the earth with ſuch circumſtances, that the reader can ſcarce forbear fancying himſelf employed on the ſame diſtant view of it.

Look downward on the globe whoſe hither ſide
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, ſhines;
That place is earth, the ſeat of man, that light
His day, &c.

I muſt not conclude my reflexions upon this third book of Paradiſe Loſt, without taking notice of that celebrated complaint of Milton with which it opens, and which certainly deſerves all the praiſes that have been given it; though as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked on as an excreſcence, than as an eſſential part of the poem. The ſame obſervation might be applie to that beautiful digreſſion upon hypocriſy in the ſame book. L

MONDAY,

No. CCCXVI. MONDAY, MARCH 3.

Libertas; quæ ſera, tamen reſpexit inertem. VIRG.
Freedom, which came at length, tho' ſlow to come.
DRYDEN.

'Mr. Spectator,

'IF you ever read a letter which is ſent with the 'more pleaſure for the reality of its complaints, 'this may have reaſon to hope for a favourable ac-'ceptance; and if time be the moſt irretrievable loſs, 'the regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the 'moſt juſtifiable. The regaining of my liberty from a 'long ſtate of indolence and inactivity, and the deſire 'of reſiſting the farther incroachment of idleneſs, make 'me apply to you; and the uneaſineſs with which I 'recollect the paſt years, and the apprehenſions with 'which I expect the future, ſoon determine me to it. 'Idleneſs is ſo general a diſtemper, that I cannot but 'imagine a ſpeculation on this ſubject will be of uni-'verſal uſe. There is hardly any one perſon without 'ſome allay of it; and thouſands beſides myſelf ſpend 'more time in an idle uncertainty which to begin firſt 'of two affairs, than would have been ſufficient to have 'ended them both. The occaſion of this ſeems to be 'the want of ſome neceſſary employment, to put the 'ſpirits in motion, and awaken them out of their le-'thargy: if I had leſs leiſure, I ſhould have more; 'for I ſhould then find my time diſtinguiſhed into por-'tions, ſome for buſineſs, and others for the indulging 'of pleaſures: but now one face of indolence over-'ſpreads the whole, and I have no land-mark to direct 'myſelf by. Were one's time a little ſtraintned by bu-'neſs, like water incloſed in its banks, it would have 'ſome determined courſe; but unleſs it be put into 'ſome channel it has no current, but becomes a de-'luge without either uſe or motion.

When

'When Scanderbeg prince of Epirus was dead, the 'Turks who had put too often felt the force of his arm 'in the battles he had won from them, imagined that 'by wearing a piece of his bones near their heart, they 'should be animated with a vigour and force like to 'that which inspired him when living. As I am like 'to be but of little use whilst I live, I am resolved to 'do what good I can after my decease; and have ac-'cordingly ordered my bones to be disposed of in this 'manner for the good of my countrymen, who are 'troubled with too exorbitant a degree of fire. All 'fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would in a short time 'be brought to endure their beds in a morning, and 'perhaps even quit them with regret at ten: instead of 'hurrying away to seize a poor animal, and run away 'from their own thoughts, a chair or a chariot would 'be thought the most desirable means of performing a 'remove from one place to another. It should be a cure 'for the unnatural desire of John Trot for dancing, and 'a specific to lessen the inclination Mrs. Fidget has to 'motion, and cause her always to give her approbation 'to the present place she is in. In fine, no Egyptian 'mummy was ever half so useful in physic, as I should 'be to these feverish constitutions, to repress the violent 'sallies of youth, and give each action its proper weight 'and repose.

'I can stifle any violent inclination, and oppose a 'torrent of anger, or the solicitations of revenge, with 'success. But indolence is a stream which flows slowly 'on, but yet undermines the foundation of every vir-'tue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more de-'sirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives 'a tincture of its nature to every action of one's life. 'It were as little hazard to be tost in a storm, as to lie 'thus perpetually becalmed: and it is to no purpose to 'have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, 'if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for the 'exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an 'equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the 'mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius

'and

'and the meaneſt underſtanding: a faculty of doing 'things remarkably praiſe-worthy thus concealed, is of 'no more uſe to the owner, than a heap of gold to the 'man who dares not uſe it.

'To-morrow is ſtill the fatal time when all is to be 'reſtified: to-morrow comes, it goes, and ſtill I pleaſe 'myſelf with the ſhadow, whilſt I loſe the reality; un-'mindful that the preſent time alone is our, the future 'is yet unborn, and the paſt is dead, and can only live, 'as parents in their children, in the actions it has pro-'duced.

'The time we live ought not to be computed by the 'number of years, but by the uſe that has been made 'of it; thus it is not the extent of ground, but the yearly 'rent which gives the value, to the eſtate. Wretched 'and thoughtleſs creatures, in the only place where co-'vetouſneſs were a virtue we turn prodigals! Nothing 'lies upon our hands with ſuch uneaſineſs, nor has there 'been ſo many devices for any one thing, as to make it 'ſlide away imperceptibly and to no purpoſe. A ſhill-'ing ſhall be hoarded up with care, whilſt that which 'is above the price of an eſtate, is flung away with diſ-'regard and contempt. There is nothing now-a-days 'ſo much avoided, as a ſolicitous improvement of every 'part of time; it is a report muſt be ſhunned as one 'tenders the name of a wit and a fine genius, and as 'one fears the dreadful character of a laborious plodder: 'but notwithſtanding this, the greateſt wits any age 'has produced thought far other wiſe; for who can think 'either Socrates or Demoſthenes left any reputation, by 'their continual pains both in overcoming the defects 'and improving the gifts of nature. All are acquainted 'with the labour and aſſiduity with which Tully ac-'quired his eloquence. Seneca in his letters to Lucilius 'aſſures him, there was not a day in which he did not 'either write ſomething, or read and epitomize ſome 'good author; and I remember Pliny in one of his let-'ters, where he gives an account of the various methods 'he uſed to fill up every vacancy of time, after ſeveral 'employments which he enumerates; ſometimes, ſays he

'I hunt;

'I hunt; but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, 'that whilſt my ſervants are buſied in diſpoſing of the 'nets and other matters, I may be employed in ſome-'thing that may be uſeful to me in ſtudies; and that if 'I miſs of my game, I may at the leaſt bring home ſome 'of my own thoughts with me, and not have the morti-'fication of having caught nothing all day.

'Thus, Sir, you ſee how many examples I recal to 'mind, and what arguments I uſe with myſelf, to re-'gain my liberty: but as I am afraid it is no ordinary 'perſuaſion that will be of ſervice, I ſhall expect your 'thoughts on this ſubject, with the greateſt impatience, 'eſpecially ſince the good will not be confined to me 'alone, but will be of univerſal uſe. For there is no 'hopes of amendment where men are pleaſed with their 'ruin, and whilſt they think lazineſs is a deſirble cha-'racter: whether it be that they like the ſtate itſelf, or 'that they think it gives them a new luſtre when they do 'exert themſelves, ſeemingly to be able to do that with-'out labour and application, which others attain to but 'with the greateſt diligence.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt obliged humble ſervant,

'SAMUEL SLACK.'

Clytander to Cleone.

'Madam,

'PERMISSION to love you is all that I deſire, to 'conquer all the difficulties thoſe about you place in 'my way, to ſurmount and acquire all thoſe qualifica-'tions you expect in him who pretends to the honour of 'being,

'Madam,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'CLYTANDER.'

TUESDAY,

No. CCCXVII. TUESDAY, MARCH 4.

——Fruges conſumere nati. HOR.

——Born to drink and eat. CREECH.

AUGUSTUS, a few moments before his death, aſked his friends who ſtood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving ſuch an anſwer as was due to his extraordinary merit, "Let "me then," ſays he, go off the ſtage with your ap- "plauſe;" uſing the expreſſion with which the Roman actors made their exit at the concluſion of a dramatic piece. I could wiſh that men, while they are in health, would conſider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of thoſe they leave behind them: whether it was worth coming into the world for; whether it be ſuitable to a reaſonable being; in ſhort, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the ſycophant, or buffoon, the ſatiriſt, or the good companion, conſider with himſelf, when his body ſhall be laid in the grave, and his ſoul paſs into another ſtate of exiſtence, how much it would redound to his praiſe to have it ſaid of him, that no man in England eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friends into ridicule, that no body out-did him at an ill-natured jeſt, or that he never went to bed before he had diſpatched his third bottle. Theſe are, however, very common funeral orations, and elogiums on deceaſed perſons who have acted among mankind with ſome figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our ſpecies, they are ſuch as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their diſappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their exiſtence, but are forgotton as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither miſſed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private perſons. Their actions are of

no ſignificancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much leſs dignity than thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed by the faculty of reaſon. An eminent French author ſpeaks ſomewhere to the following purpoſe; I have often ſeen from my chamber window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance and endowed with reaſon. Theſe two intellectual beings are employed from morning to night, in rubbing two ſmooth ſtones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phraſe it, in poliſhing marble.

My friend, Sir *Andrew Freeport*, as we were ſitting in the club laſt night, gave us an account of a ſober citizen, who died a few days ſince. This honeſt man being of greater conſequence in his own thoughts, than in the eye of the world, had for ſome years paſt kept a journal of his life. Sir *Andrew* ſhewed us one week of it. Since the occurrences ſet down in it mark out ſuch a road of action as that I have been ſpeaking of I ſhall preſent my reader with a faithful copy of it; after having firſt informed him, that the deceaſed perſon had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himſelf not ſo well turned for buſineſs, he had for ſeveral years laſt paſt lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.

MONDAY, eight of the clock. I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

Nine of the clock ditto. Tied my knee-ſtrings, and waſhed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Red the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go ill in the north. Mr. Niſby's opinion thereupon.

One of the clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for miſlaying my tobacco-box.

Two of the clock. Sat down to dinner. Mem. Too many plums, and no ſuet.

From three to four. Took my afternoon's nap.

From four to ſix. Walked into the fields. Wind, S.S.E.

From

From ſix to ten. At the club. Mr. Niſby's opinion about the peace.

Ten of the clock. Went to bed, ſlept ſound.

TUESDAY, being holiday, eight of the clock. Roſe as uſual.

Nine of the clock. Waſhed hands and face, ſhaved put on my double-ſoled ſhoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Iſlington.

One. Took a pot of mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as uſual.

From four to ſix. Coffee-houſe. Read the news, A diſh of twiſt. Grand viſier ſtrangled.

From ſix to ten. At the club. Mr. Niſby's account of the great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the grand viſier. Broken ſleep.

WEDNESDAY, eight of the clock. Tongue of my ſhoe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. To be allowed for the laſt leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-houſe. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig aſked me how ſtocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the ſouth.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as uſual, Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter diſh. Mem. Cook-maid in love and grown careleſs.

From four to ſix. At the coffee-houſe. Advice from Smyrna, that the grand viſier was firſt of all ſtrangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six of the clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before any body elſe came. Mr. Niſby of opinion that the grand viſier was not ſtrangled the ſixth inſtant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking until nine next morning.

THURSDAY, nine of the clock. Staid within until two of the clock for Sir Timothy; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promiſe.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loſs of appetite. Small-beer ſour. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a meſſenger to Sir Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

FRIDAY. Paſſed the morning in meditation upon Sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve of the clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glaſs of purl to recover my appetite.

Two and three. Dined and ſlept well.

From four to ſix. Went to the coffee-houſe. Met Mr. Niſby there. Smoked ſeveral pipes. Mr. Niſby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six of the clock. At the club as ſteward. Sat late.

Twelve of the clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank ſmall-beer with the grand viſier.

SATURDAY. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a ſhower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home, and dried myſelf.

Two. Mr. Niſby dined with me. Firſt courſe marrow-bones; ſecond, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three of the clock. Overſlept myſelf.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand viſier certainly dead, &c.

I queſtion not but the reader will be ſurpriſed to find the above-mentioned journaliſt taking ſo much care of a life that was filled with ſuch inconſiderable actions, and received ſo very ſmall improvements; and yet, if we look into

into the behaviour of many whom we daily converſe with, we ſhall find that moſt of their hours are taken up in thoſe three important articles of eating, drinking, and ſleeping. I do not ſuppoſe that a man loſes his time, who is not engaged in public affairs, or in an illuſtrious courſe of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in ſuch tranſactions as make no figure in the world, than in ſuch as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiſer and better by ſeveral methods of employing one's ſelf in ſecrecy and ſilence, and do what is laudable without noiſe or oſtentation. I would however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and ſetting down punctually their whole ſeries of employments during that ſpace of time. This kind of ſelf-examination would give them a true ſtate of themſelves, and incline them to conſider ſeriouſly what they are about. One day would rectify the omiſſions of another, and make a man weigh all thoſe indifferent, actions, which, though they are eaſily forgotten, muſt certainly be accounted for. L

No. CCCXVIII. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5.

——non omnia poſſumus omnes. VIRG.

With different talents form'd, we variouſly excel.

'Mr. Spectator,

'A CERTAIN vice which you have lately attacked, has not yet been conſidered by you as growing 'ſo deep in the heart of man, that the affectation out-'lives the practice of it. You muſt have obſerved that 'men who have been bred in arms preſerve to the moſt 'extreme and feeble old-age a certain daring in their 'aſpect: in like manner, they who have paſſed their time 'in gallantry and adventure, keep up, as well as they 'can, the appearance of it, and carry a petulant inclina-'tion to their laſt moments. Let this ſerve for a preface

'to

'to a relation I am going to give you of an old beau in 'town, that has not only been amorous, and a follower 'of women in general, but alſo, in ſpite of the admo- 'nition of gray hairs, been from his ſixty-third year to 'his preſent ſeventieth, in an actual purſuit of a young 'lady, the wife of his friend, and a man of merit. 'The gay old Eſcalus has wit, good health, and is per- 'fectly well-bred; but from the faſhion and manners of 'the court when he was in his bloom, has ſuch a natural 'tendency to amorous adventure, that he thought it 'would be an endleſs reproach to him to make no uſe 'of a familiarity he was allowed at a gentleman's houſe 'whoſe good humour and confidence expoſed his wife to 'the addreſſes of any who ſhould take it in their head 'to do him the good office. It is not impoſſible that 'Eſcalus might alſo reſent that the huſband was particu- 'larly negligent of him; and though he gave many in- 'timations of a paſſion towards the wife, the huſband 'either did not ſee them, or put him to the contempt of 'overlooking them. In the mean time Iſabella, for ſo 'we ſhall call our heroine, ſaw his paſſion and rejoiced 'in it as a foundation for much diverſion, and an oppor- 'tunity of indulging herſelf in the dear delight of being 'admired, addreſſed to, and flattered, with no ill conſe- 'quence to her reputation. This lady is of a free and 'diſengaged behaviour, ever in good-humour, ſuch as is 'the image of innocence with thoſe who are innocent, 'and an encouragement to vice with thoſe who are aban- 'doned. From this kind of carriage, and an apparent 'approbation of his gallantry, Eſcalus had frequent op- 'portunities of laying amorous epiſtles in her way, of 'fixing his eyes attentively upon her action, of perform- 'ing a thouſand little offices which are neglected by the 'unconcerned, but are ſo many approaches towards hap- 'pineſs with the enamoured. It was now, as is above 'hinted, almoſt the end of the ſeventh year of his paſ- 'ſion, when Eſcalus from general terms, and the am- 'biguous reſpect which criminal lovers retain in their 'addreſſes, began to bewail that his paſſion grew too 'violent for him to anſwer any longer for his behaviour to-

wards

'wards her; and that he hoped she would have considera-
'tion for his long and patient respect, to excuse the mo-
'tions of a heart now no longer under the direction of the
'unhappy owner of it. Such for some months had been
'the language of Escalus, both in his talk and his letters
'to Isabella; who returned all the profusion of kind
'things which had been the collection of fifty years with
"I must not hear you; you will make me forget that
"you are a gentleman; I would not willingly lose you
"as a friend;" and the like expressions, which the skil-
'ful interpret to their own advantage, as well knowing
'that a feeble denial is a modest assent. I should have
'told you, that Isabella, during the whole progress of
'this amour, communicated it to her husband; and that
'an account of Escalus's love was their usual entertain-
'ment after half a day's absence: Isabella therefore,
'upon her lover's late more open assaults, with a smile
'told her husband she could hold out no longer, but that
'his fate was now come to a crisis. After she had ex-
'plained herself a little farther, with her husband's ap-
'probation she proceeded in the following manner. The
'next time that Escalus was alone with her, and repeated
'his importunity, the crafty Isabella looked on her fan
'with an air of great attention, as considering of what
'importance such a secret was to her; and upon the re-
'petition of a warm expression, she looked at him with
'an eye of fondness, and told him he was past that time
'of life, which could make her fear he would boast of a
'lady's favour; then turned away her head, with a very
'well acted confusion, which favoured the escape of the
'aged Escalus. This adventure was matter of great
'pleasantry to Isabella and her spouse; and they had en-
'joyed it two days before Escalus could recollect himself
'enough to form the following letter.

"Madam,

"WHAT happened the other day, gives me a
"lively image of the inconsistence of human pas-
"sions and inclinations. We pursue what we are de-
"nied, and place our affections on what is absent

"though

" though we neglected it when preſent. As long as you " refuſed my love, your refuſal did ſo ſtrongly excite my " paſſion that I had not once the leiſure to think of re- " calling my reaſon to aid me againſt the deſign upon " your virtue. But when that virtue began to comply in " my favour, my reaſon made an effort over my love, " and let me ſee the baſeneſs of my behaviour in at- " tempting a woman of honour. I own to you, it was " not without the moſt violent ſtruggle, that I gained " this victory over myſelf; nay, I will confeſs my ſhame, " and acknowledge I could not have prevailed but by " flight. However, Madam, I beg that you will believe " a moment's weakneſs has not deſtroyed the eſteem I " had for you, which was confirmed by ſo many years " of obſtinate virtue. You have reaſon to rejoice that " this did not happen within the obſervation of one of " the young fellows, who would have expoſed your weak- " neſs, and gloried in his own brutiſh inclinations.

" I am, Madam,

" Your moſt devoted humble ſervant."

' Iſabella, with the help of her huſband, returned the ' following anſwer.

" SIR,

" I CANNOT but account myſelf a very happy wo- " man in having a man for a lover that can write ſo " well, and give ſo good a turn to a diſappointment. Ano- " ther excellence you have above all other pretenders I " ever heard of, on occaſions where the moſt reaſonable " men loſe all their reaſon, you have your's moſt powerful. " We have each of us to thank our genius that the paſſi- " on of one abated in proportion as that of the other grew " violent. Does is not yet come into your head, to ima- " gine that I knew my compliance was the greateſt " cruelty I could be guilty of towards you? In return for " your long and faithful paſſion, I muſt let you know " that you are old enough to become a little more gravity;

" but

" but if you will leave me and coquet it any where elſe,
" may your miſtreſs yield!

ISABELLA."

No. CCCXIX. THURSDAY, MARCH 6.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo? HOR.
What chain can hold this varying Proteus faſt?
CREECH.

I HAVE endeavoured in the courſe of my papers to do juſtice to the age, and have taken care as much as poſſible to keep myſelf a neuter between both ſexes. I have neither ſpared the ladies out of complaiſance, nor the men out of partiality; but notwithſtanding the great integrity with which I have acted in this particular, I find myſelf taxed with an inclination to favour my own half of the ſpecies. Whether it be that the women afford a more fruitful field for ſpeculation, or whether they run more in my head than the men I cannot tell, but I ſhall ſet down the charge as it is laid againſt me in the following letter.

' Mr. Spectator,

' I ALWAYS make one among a company of young ' females, who peruſe your ſpeculations every morning. ' I am at preſent commiſſioned by our whole aſſembly to ' let you know, that we fear you are a little inclined to ' be partial towards your own ſex. We muſt however ' acknowledge, with all due gratitude, that in ſome caſes ' you have given us our revenge on the men, and done ' us juſtice. We could not eaſily have forgiven you ſe- ' veral ſtrokes in the diſſection of the coquette's heart, ' if you had not much about the ſame time made a ſa- ' crifice to us of a beau's ſcull.

' You may further, Sir, pleaſe to remember, that not ' long ſince you attacked our hoods and commodes in ' ſuch manner, as, to uſe your own expreſſion, made

' very

'very many of us ashamed to shew our heads. We 'must, therefore beg leave to represent to you, that we 'are in hopes, if you would please to make a due in-'quiry, the men in all ages would be found to have been 'little less whimsical in adorning that part, than our-'selves. The different forms of their wigs, together 'with the various cocks of their hats, all flatter us in 'this opinion.

'I had an humble servant last summer, who the first 'time he declared himself, was in a full-bottomed wig; 'but the day after, to my no small surprise, he accosted 'me in a thin natural one. I received him at this our 'second interview, as a perfect stranger, but was ex-'tremely confounded, when his speech discovered who 'he was. I resolved, therefore, to fix his face in my 'memory for the future; but as I was walking in the 'Park the same evening, he appeared to me in one of 'those wigs that I think you call a night-cap, which 'had altered him more effectually than before. He af-'terwards played a couple of black riding wigs upon 'me with the same success; and in short, assumed a 'new face, almost every day in the first month of his 'courtship.

'I observed afterwards, that the variety of cocks into 'which he moulded his hat, had not a little contributed 'to his impositions upon me.

'Yet as if all these ways were not sufficient to distin-'guish their heads, you must doubtless, Sir, have ob-'served, that great numbers of young fellows have, for 'several months last past, taken upon them to wear 'feathers.

'We hope, therefore, that these may, with as much 'justice, be called Indian princes, as you have styled a 'woman in a coloured hood an Indian queen; and that 'you will, in due time, take these airy gentlemen into 'consideration.

'We the most earnestly beg that you would put a stop 'to this practice, since it has already lost us one of the 'most agreeable members of our society, who after having

'refused

'refuſed ſeveral good eſtates, and two titles, was lured 'from us laſt week by a mixed feather.

'I am ordered to preſent you the reſpects of our whole 'company, and am, Sir,

'Your very humble ſervant

'DORINDA.'

'Note. The perſon wearing the feather, though our 'friend took him for an officer in the guards, has proved 'to be an errant linen-draper.'

I am now at leiſure to give my opinion upon the hat and feather; however, to wipe off the preſent imputation, and gratify my female correſpondent, I ſhall here print a letter which I lately received from a man of mode, who ſeems to have a very extraordinary genius in his way.

'SIR,

'I PRESUME I need not inform you, that among men 'of dreſs it is a common phraſe to ſay, Mr. Such-a-'one "has ſtruck a bold ſtroke;" by which we under-'ſtand, that he is the firſt man who has had courage 'enough to lead up a faſhion. Accordingly, when our 'tailors take meaſure of us, they always demand "whe-"ther we will have a plain ſuit, or ſtrike a bold ſtroke." 'I think I may without vanity ſay, that I have ſtruck 'ſome of the boldeſt and moſt ſucceſsful ſtrokes of any 'man in Great-Britain. I was the firſt that ſtruck the 'long pocket about two years ſince; I was likewiſe the 'author of the froſted button, which when I ſaw the 'town come readily into, being reſolved to ſtrike while 'the iron was hot, I produced much about the ſame time 'the ſcallop flap, the knotted cravat, and made a fair 'puſh for the ſilver-clocked ſtocking.

'A few months after I brought up the modiſh jacket, 'or the coat with cloſe ſleeves. I ſtruck this at firſt in a 'plain Doily, but that failing I ſtruck it a ſecond time 'in blue camblet; and repeated the ſtroke in ſeveral 'kinds of cloth, until at laſt it took effect. There are 'two or three young fellows at the other end of the town,

'who

'who have always their eye upon me, and answer me, 'stroke for stroke. I was once so unwary as to mention 'my fancy in relation to a new-fashioned surtout before 'one of these gentlemen, who was disingenuous enough 'to steal my thought, and by that means prevented my 'intended stroke.

'I have a design this spring to make very consider-'able innovations in the waistcoat; and have already 'begun with a *coup d'essai* upon the sleeves, which has 'succeeded very well.

'I must further inform you, if you will promise to en-'courage, or at least connive at me, that it is my design 'to strike such a stroke the beginning of the next month, 'as shall surprise the whole town.

'I do not think it prudent to acquaint you with all 'the particulars of my intended dress; but will only 'tell you as a sample of it, that I shall very speedily ap-'pear at White's in a cherry-coloured hat. I took this 'hint from the ladies hoods, which I look upon as the 'boldest stroke that sex has struck for these hundred years 'last past.

'I am Sir,

'Your most obedient, most humble servant.'

'WILL SPRIGHTLY.'

I have not time at present to make any reflexions on this letter, but must not however omit, that having shewn it to *Will Honeycomb*, he desires to be acquainted with the gentleman who writ it. X

FRIDAY,

No. CCCXX. FRIDAY, MARCH 7.

——————non pronuba Juno,
Non Hymenæus adeſt non illi gratia lecto:
Eumenides ſtravere torum—— OVID.

Nor Hymen, nor the graces here preſide,
Nor Juno to befriend the blooming bride;
But fiends with fun'ral brands the proceſs led,
And furies waited at the genial bed. CROXAL.

'Mr. Spectator,

'YOU have given many hints in your papers to the diſadvantage of perſons of your own ſex, who lay plots upon women. Among other hard words you have publiſhed the term male-coquets, and been very ſevere upon ſuch as give themſelves the liberty of a little dalliance of heart, and playing faſt and looſe, between love and indifference, until perhaps an eaſy young girl is reduced to ſighs, dreams, and tears; and languiſhes away her life for a careleſs coxcomb, who looks aſtoniſhed, and wonders at ſuch an effect from what in him was all but common civility. Thus you have treated the men who were irreſolute in marriage; but if you deſign to be impartial, pray be ſo honeſt as to print the information I now give you, of a certain ſet of women who never coquet for the matter, but with an high hand marry whom they pleaſe to whom they pleaſe. As for my part, I ſhould not have concerned myſelf with them, but that I underſtand I am pitched upon, by them to be married, againſt my will, to one I never ſaw in my life. It has been my misfortune, Sir, very innocently, to rejoice in a plentiful fortune, of which I am maſter, to beſpeak a fine charriot, to give direction for two or three handſome ſnuff-boxes, and as many ſuits of fine clothes; but before any of theſe were ready, I heard reports of my being to be married to two or three different

'young women. Upon my taking notice of it to a 'young gentleman who is often in my company, he 'told me ſmiling, I was in the inquſition. You may 'believe I was not a little ſtartled at what he meant, 'and more ſo when he aſked me if I had beſpoke any 'thing of late that was fine. I told him ſeveral; upon 'which he produced a deſcription of my perſon, from the 'tradeſmen whom I had employed, and told me that 'they had certainly informed againſt me. Mr. *Spec-* 'tator, whatever the world may think of me, I am 'more coxcomb than fool, and I grew very inquiſitive 'upon this head, not a little pleaſed with the novelty. 'My friend told me, there were a certain ſet of wo- 'men of faſhion, whereof the number of ſix made a 'committee, who ſat thrice a week, under the title of 'the inquiſition on maids and bachelors. It ſeems, 'whenever there comes ſuch an unthinking gay thing 'as myſelf to town, he muſt want all manner of neceſſa- 'ries, or be put into the inquiſition by the firſt tradeſman 'he employs. They have conſtant intelligence with 'cane-ſhops, perfumers, toymen, coach-makers, and 'china-houſes. From theſe ſeveral places theſe under- 'takers for marriages have as conſtant and regular cor- 'reſpondence, as the funeral-men have with vintners 'and apothecaries. All bachelors are under their im- 'mediate inſpection, and my friend produced to me a 'report given into their board, wherein an old uncle of 'mine who came to town with me, and myſelf, were 'inſerted, and we ſtood thus; the uncle ſmoky, rotten, 'poor; the nephew raw, but no fool, ſound at preſent, 'very rich. My information did not end here, but my 'friend's advices are ſo good, that he could ſhew me a 'copy of the letter ſent to the young lady who is to 'have me; which I incloſe to you.

'Madam,

'THIS is to let you know, that you are to be mar- 'ried to a beau that comes out on Thurſday ſix in 'the evening. Be at the Park. You cannot but know

'a

'a virgin fop; they have a mind to look ſauey, but are 'out of countenance. The board has denied him to ſe-'veral good families. I wiſh you joy.

'CORINNA.'

What makes my correſpondent's caſe the more deplorable, is, that as I find by the report from my cenſor of marriages, the friend he ſpeaks of is employed by the inquiſition to take him in, as the phraſe is. After all that is told him, he has information only of one woman that is laid for him, and that the wrong one; for the lady commiſſioners have devoted him to another than the perſon againſt whom they have employed their agent his friend to alarm him. The plot is laid ſo well about this young gentleman, that he has no friend to retire to, no place to appear in, or part of the kingdom to fly into, but he muſt fall into the notice, and be ſubject to the power of the inquiſition. They have their emiſſaries and ſubſtitutes in all parts of this united kingdom. The firſt ſtep they uſually take, is to find from a correſpondence, by their meſſengers and whiſperers, with ſome domeſtic of the bachelor, who is to be hunted into the toils they have laid for him, what are his manners, his familiarities, his good qualities or vices; not as the good in him is a recommendation, or the ill a diminution, but as they affect or contribute to the main inquiry, What eſtate he has in him? When this point is well reported to the board, they can take in a wild roaring fox-hunter, as eaſily as a ſoft, gentle young fop of the town. The way is to make all places uneaſy to him, but the ſcenes in which they have allotted him to act. His brother huntſmen, bottle-companions, his fraternity of fops, ſhall be brought into the conſpiracy againſt him. Then this matter is not laid in ſo bare-faced a manner before him as to have it intimated, Mrs. Such-a-one would make him a very proper wife; but by the force of their correſpondence they ſhall make it, as Mr. Waller ſaid of the marriage of the dwarfs, as impracticable to have any woman beſides her they deſign him, as it would have been in Adam to have

refuſed Eve. The man named by the commiſſion for Mrs. Such-a-one, ſhall neither be in faſhion, nor dare ever to appear in company, ſhould he attempt to evade their determination.

The female ſex wholly govern domeſtic life; and by this means, when they think fit, they can ſow diſſenſions between the deareſt friends, nay make father and ſon irreconcileable enemies in ſpite of all the ties of gratitude on one part, and the duty of protection to be paid on the other. The ladies of the inquiſition underſtand this perfectly well; and where love is not a motive to a man's chooſing one whom they allot, they can with very much art, inſinuate ſtories to the diſadvantage of his honeſty or courage, until the creature is too much diſpirited to bear up againſt a general ill reception, which he every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed wedlock for ſhelter. I have a long letter bearing date the fourth inſtant, which gives me a large account of the policies of this court; and find there is now before them a very refractory perſon, who has eſcaped all their machinations for two years laſt paſt: but they have prevented two ſucceſſive matches which were of his own inclination, the one by a report that his miſtreſs was to be married, and the very day appointed, wedding-clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the ſecond time by inſinuating to all his miſtreſs's friends and acquaintance, that he had been falſe to ſeveral other women, and the like. The poor man is now reduced to profeſs he deſigns to lead a ſingle life; but the inquiſition give out to all his acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the gentleman's own welfare and happineſs. When this is urged, he talks ſtill more humbly, and proteſts he aims only at a life without pain or reproach: pleaſure, honour, and riches, are things for which he has no taſte. But notwithſtanding all this, and what elſe he may defend himſelf with, as that the lady is too old or too young, of a ſuitable humour, or the quite contrary, and that it is impoſſible they can ever do other than wrangle from June to January, every body tells him all this is ſpleen, and

and he must have a wife; while all the members of the inquisition are unanimous in a certain woman for him, and they think they all together are better able to judge than he or any other private person whatsoever.

'SIR, Temple, March 3, 1711.

'YOUR speculation this day on the subject of idleness has employed me, ever since I read it, in sorrowful reflections on my having loitered away the term, or rather the vacation, of ten years in this place, and unhappily suffered a good chamber and study to lie idle as long. My books, except those I have taken to sleep upon, have been totally neglected, and my Lord Coke and other venerable authors were never so slighted in their lives. I spend most of the day at a neighbouring coffee-house, where we have what I may call a lazy club. We generally come in night-gowns, with our stockings about our heels, and sometimes but one on. Our salutation at entrance is a yawn and a stretch, and then without more ceremony we take our place at the lolling-table, where our discourse is, what I fear you would not read out, therefore shall not insert. But I assure you, Sir, I heartily lament this loss of time, and am now resolved, if possible, with double diligence, to retrieve it, being effectually awakened by the arguments of Mr. Slack out of the senseless stupidity that has so long possessed me. And to demonstrate that penitence accompanies my confession, and constancy my resolutions, I have locked my door for a year, and desire you would let my companions know I am not within. I am with great respect,

'Sir, your most obedient servant,

SATURDAY

No. CCCXXI. SATURDAY, MARCH 8.

Nec ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poemata, dulcia ſunto.
Hor.

'Tis not enough a poem's finely writ;
It muſt affect and captivate the ſoul. Roscommon.

THOSE, who know how many volumes have been written on the poems of Homer and Virgil, will eaſily pardon the length of my diſcourſe upon Milton. The Paradiſe Loſt is looked upon by the beſt judges, as the greateſt production, or at leaſt the nobleſt work of genius in our language, and therefore deſerves to be ſet before an Engliſh reader in its full beauty. For this reaſon, though I have endeavoured to give a general idea of its graces and imperfections in my ſix firſt papers, I thought myſelf obliged to beſtow one upon every book in particular. The firſt three books I have already diſpatched, and am now entering upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my reader that there are multitudes of beauties in this great author, eſpecially in the deſcriptive parts of this poem, which I have not touched upon, it being my intention to point out thoſe only, which appear to me the moſt exquiſite, or thoſe which are not ſo obvious to ordinary readers. Every one that has read the critics who have written upon the Odyſſey, the Iliad, and the Æneid, knows very well, that though they agree in the opinions of the great beauties in thoſe poems, they have nevertheleſs each of them diſcovered ſeveral maſter-ſtrokes, which have eſcaped the obſervation of the reſt. In the ſame manner, I queſtion not but any writer, who ſhall treat of this ſubject after me, may find ſeveral beauties in Milton, which I have not taken notice of. I muſt likewiſe obſerve, that as the greateſt maſters of critical learning differ among one another, as to ſome particular points in an epic poem, I have not bound myſelf ſcrupulouſly to the rules which any one

one of them has laid down upon that art, but have taken the liberty ſometimes to join with one, and ſometimes with another, and ſometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reaſon of the thing was on my ſide.

We may conſider the beauties of the fourth book under three heads. In the firſt are thoſe pictures of ſtill-life, which we meet with in the deſcription of Eden, Paradiſe, Adam's bower, &c. In the next are the machines, which comprehend the ſpeeches and behaviour of the good and bad angels. In the laſt is the conduct of Adam and Eve, who are the principal actors in the poem.

In the deſcription of Paradiſe, the poet has obſerved Ariſtotle's rule of laviſhing all the ornaments of diction on the weak unactive parts of the fable, which are not ſupported by the beauty of ſentiments and characters. Accordingly the reader may obſerve, that the expreſſions are more florid and elaborate in theſe deſcriptions, than in moſt other parts of the poem. I muſt further add, that though the drawings of gardens, rivers, rainbows, and the like dead pieces of nature are juſtly cenſured in an heroic poem, when they run out into an unneceſſary length; the deſcription of Paradiſe would have been fauity, had not the poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the ſcene of the principal action, but as it is requiſite to give us an idea of that happineſs from which our firſt parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the ſhort ſketch which we have of it in holy writ. Milton's exuberance of imagination has poured forth ſuch a redundancy of ornaments on this ſeat of happineſs and innocence, that it would be endleſs to point out each particular.

I muſt not quit this head, without further obſerving, that there is ſcarce a ſpeech of Adam or Eve in the whole poem, wherein the ſentiments and alluſions are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The reader, during their whole courſe of action; always finds himſelf in the walks of Paradiſe. In ſhort, as the critics have remarked, that in thoſe poems wherein ſhepherds are actors, the thoughts

thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods, fields, and rivers, ſo we may obſerve, that our firſt parents ſeldom loſe ſight of their happy ſtation in any thing they ſpeak or do; and, if the reader will give me leave to uſe the expreſſion, that their thoughts are always Paradiſiacal.

We are in the next place to conſider the machines of the fourth book. Satan being now within proſpect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with ſentiments different from thoſe which he diſcovered whilſt he was in hell. The place inſpires him with thoughts more adapted to it; he reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a ſpeech that is ſoftened with ſeveral tranſient touches of remorſe and ſelf-accuſation: but at length he confirms himſelf in impenitence, and in his deſign of drawing man into his own ſtate of guilt and miſery. This conflict of paſſions is raiſed with a great deal of art, as the opening of his ſpeech to the ſun is very bold and noble.

" O thou that with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
" Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
" Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
" Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
" But with no friendly voice; and add thy name
" O ſun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
" That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
" I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere."

This ſpeech is, I think, the fineſt that is aſcribed to Satan in the whole poem. The evil ſpirit afterwards proceeds to make his diſcoveries concerning our firſt parents, and to learn after what manner they may be beſt attacked. His bounding over the walls of Paradiſe; his ſitting in the ſhape of a cormorant upon the tree of life, which ſtood in the center of it, and overtopped all the other trees of the garden; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are ſo beautifully repreſented as playing about Adam and Eve, together with his transforming himſelf into different ſhapes, in order to hear their converſation:

verſation; are circumſtances that give an agreeable ſurpriſe to the reader, and are deviſed with great art, to connect that ſeries of adventures in which the poet has engaged this artificer of fraud.

The thought of Satan's transformation into a cormorant, and placing himſelf on the tree of life, ſeems raiſed upon that paſſage in the Iliad, where two deities are deſcribed, as perching on the top of an oak in the ſhape of vultures.

His planting himſelf at the ear of Eve under the form of a toad, in order to produce vain dreams and imaginations, is a circumſtance of the ſame nature; as his ſtarting up in his own form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal deſcription, and in the moral which is concealed under it. His anſwer upon his being diſcovered, and demanded to give an account of himſelf, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his character.

" Know ye not then, ſaid Satan, fill'd with ſcorn,
" Know ye not me! ye knew me once no mate
" For you, there ſitting where you durſt not ſoar;
" Not to know me argues yourſelves unknown,
" The loweſt of your throng"———

Zephon's rebuke, with the influence it had on Satan, is exquiſitely graceful and moral. Satan is afterwards led away to Gabriel, the chief of the guardian angels, who kept watch in Paradiſe. His diſdainful behaviour on this occaſion is ſo remarkable a beauty that the moſt ordinary reader cannot but take notice of it. Gabriel's diſcovering his approach at a diſtance, is drawn with great ſtrength and livelineſs of imagination.

" O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet,
" Hailing this way, and now by glimpſe diſcern
" Ithuriel and Zephon through the ſhade,
" And with them comes a third of regal port,
" But faded ſplendor wan; who by his gait
" And fierce demeanor ſeems the prince of hell:
" Not likely to part hence without conteſt:
" Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs."

The conference between Gabriel and Satan abounds with ſentiments proper for the occaſion, and ſuitable to the perſons of the two ſpeakers. Satan clothing himſelf with terror when he prepares for the combat is truly ſublime, and at leaſt equal to Homer's deſcription of diſcord celebrated by Longinus, or to that of fame in Virgil, who are both repreſented with their feet ſtanding upon the earth, and their heads reaching above the clouds.

" While thus he ſpake, th' angelic ſquadron bright
" Turn'd fiery red, ſharp'ning in mooned horns
" Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
" With ported ſpears, &c.
" ——On th' other ſide Satan alarm'd,
" Collecting all his might dilated ſtood
" Like Teneriff, or Atlas, unremov'd:
" His ſtature reach'd the ſky, and on his creſt
" Sat horror plum'd;——

I muſt here take notice, that Milton is every where full of hints and ſometimes literal tranſlations, taken from the greateſt of the Greek and Latin poets. But this I may reſerve for a diſcourſe by itſelf, becauſe I would not break the thread of theſe ſpeculations, that are deſigned for Engliſh readers, with ſuch reflexions, as would be of no uſe but to the learned.

I muſt however obſerve in this place, that the breaking off the combat between Gabriel and Satan, by the hanging out of the golden ſcales in heaven, is a refinement upon Homer's thought, who tells us, that before the battle between Hector and Achilles, Jupiter weighed the event of it in a pair of ſcales. The reader may ſee the whole paſſage in the 22d Iliad.

Virgil, before the laſt deciſive combat, deſcribes Jupiter in the ſame manner, as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. Milton, though he fetched this beautiful circumſtance from the Iliad and Æneid, does not only inſert it as a poetical embelliſhment, like the authors above-mentioned; but makes an artful uſe of it for the proper carrying on of his fable, and for the breaking off

off the combat between the two warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may further add, that Milton is the more juſtified in this paſſage, as we find the ſame noble allegory in holy writ, where a wicked prince, ſome few hours becauſe he was aſſaulted and ſlain, is ſaid to have been "weighed in the ſcales, and "was found wanting."

I muſt here take notice, under the head of the machines, that Uriel's gliding down to the earth upon a ſun-beam, with the poet's device to make him deſcend, as well in his return to the ſun as in his coming from it, is a prettineſs that might have been admired in a little fanciful poet, but ſeems below the genius of Milton. The deſcription of the hoſt of armed angels walking their nightly round in Paradiſe, is of another ſpirit.

"So ſaying, on he led his radiant files,
"Dazzling the moon;"

as that account of the hymns which our firſt parents uſed to hear them ſing in theſe their midnight walks, is altogether divine, and inexpreſſibly amuſing to the imagination.

We are, in the laſt place, to conſider the parts which Adam and Eve act in the fourth book. The deſcription of them, as they firſt appeared to Satan, is exquiſitely drawn, and ſufficient to make the fallen angel gaze upon them with all that aſtoniſhment, and thoſe emotions of envy, in which he is repreſented.

"Two of far nobler ſhape erect and tall,
"God-like erect! with native honour clad
"In naked majeſty, ſeem'd lords of all;
"And worthy ſeem'd: for in their looks divine
"The image of their glorious Maker ſhone,
"Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure;
"Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd:
"For contemplation he and valour form'd,
"For ſoftneſs ſhe and ſweet attractive grace;
"He for God only, ſhe for God in him.

"His

" His fair large front, and eye ſublime, declar'd
" Abſolute rule; and Hyacinthine locks
" Round from his parted forelock manly hung
" Cluſt'ring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad.
" She, as a veil, down to a ſlender waiſt
" Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
" Diſ-ſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
" So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhunn'd the ſight
" Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
" So hand in hand they paſs'd, the loveliſt pair
" That ever ſince in love's embraces met."

There is a fine ſpirit of poetry in the lines which follow, wherein they are deſcribed as ſitting on a bed of flowers by the ſide of a fountain, amidſt a mixt aſſembly of animals.

The ſpeeches of theſe two firſt lovers flow equally from paſſion and ſincerity. The profeſſions they make to one another are full of warmth; but at the ſame time founded on truth. In a word, they are the gallantries of Paradiſe.

" ——————When Adam firſt of men——————
" Sole partner and ſole part of all theſe joys,
" Dearer thyſelf than all;——————
" But let us ever praiſe him, and extol
" His bounty, following our delightful taſk,
" To prune thoſe growing plants, and tend theſe flow'rs:
" Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.
" To whom thus Eve reply'd. O thou for whom,
" And from whom I was form'd, fleſh of thy fleſh,
" And without whom am to no end, my guide
" And head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right,
" For we to him indeed all praiſes owe,
" And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy,
" So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
" Pre-eminent by ſo much odds, while thou
" Like conſort to thyſelf canſt no where find, &c."

The remaining part of Eve's ſpeech, in which ſhe gives an account of herſelf upon her firſt creation, and the manner in which ſhe was brought to Adam, is, I think,

think, as beautiful a paſſage as any in Milton, or perhaps in any other poet whatſoever. Theſe paſſages are all worked off with ſo much art, that they are capable of pleaſing the moſt delicate reader, without offending the moſt ſevere.

"That day I oft remember, when from ſleep, &c."

A poet of leſs judgment and invention than this great author, would have found it very difficult to have filled theſe tender parts of the poem with ſentiments proper for a ſtate of innocence; to have deſcribed the warmth of love, and the profeſſions of it, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made the man ſpeak the moſt endearing things, without deſcending from his natural dignity, and the woman receiving them without departing from the modeſty of her character; in a word, to adjuſt the prerogatives of wiſdom and beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force and lovelineſs. This mutual ſubordination of the two ſexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole poem, as particularly in the ſpeech of Eve I have before mentioned, and upon the concluſion of it in the following lines.

"So ſpake our general mother, and with eyes
"Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
"And meek ſurrender, half embracing lean'd
"On our firſt father: half her ſwelling breaſt
"Naked met his under the flowing gold
"Of her looſe treſſes hid; he in delight
"Both of her beauty and ſubmiſſive charms
"Smil'd with ſuperior love."——

The poet adds, that the devil turned away with envy at the ſight of ſo much happineſs.

We have another view of our firſt parents in their evening diſcourſes, which is full of pleaſing images and ſentiments ſuitable to their condition and characters. The ſpeech of Eve, in particular, is dreſſed up in ſuch a ſoft and natural turn of words and ſentiments, as cannot be ſufficiently admired.

I ſhall cloſe my reflexions upon this book, with obſerving the maſterly tranſition which the poet makes to their evening worſhip in the following lines.

" Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
" Both turn'd, and under open ſky, ador'd
" The God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heav'n,
" Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,
" And ſtarry pole: *thou alſo mad'ſt the night,*
" *Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, &c.*"

Moſt of the modern heroic poems have imitated the ancients in beginning a ſpeech without premiſing, that the perſon ſaid thus or thus; but as it is eaſy to imitate the ancients in the omiſſion of two or three words, it requires judgment to do it in ſuch a manner as they ſhall not be miſſed, and that the ſpeech may begin naturally without them. There as a fine inſtance of this kind out of Homer, in the twenty-third chapter of Longinus. L

THE

INDEX

A.

ACADEMY for politics, Number 305. The regulations of it, &c. *ibid.*
Admiration, ſhort-liv'd, N. 256
Age. A comfortable old age, the reward of a well-ſpent youth, N. 260.
Agreeable man, who, N. 280
Ambition, never ſatisfy'd, No. 256. The end of it, N. 255. The effects of it in the mind, N. 256. Subjects us to many troubles, N. 257. The true object of a laudable ambition, *ibid.*
Appetites the incumbrances of old age, N. 260.
Ariſtotle, his definition of and intire action of epic poetry, N. 267. His ſenſe of the greatneſs of the action in a poem; his method of examining an epic poem, N. 273. An obſervation of that critic's, *ibid.* One of the beſt logicians in the world, N. 291. His diviſion of a poem, N. 297. Another of his obſervations, *ibid.* His obſervation on the fable of an epic poem, N. 315
Art of criticiſm, the Spectator's account of that poem, N. 253.
Audiences, at preſent void of common ſenſe, N. 290.
Auguſtus, his requeſt to his friends at his death, N. 317.

B

BEAU's head, the diſſection of one, N. 275.
Beauty in a virtuous woman makes her more virtuous, N. 302.
Bills of mortality, the uſe of them, N. 289.
Boccalini, his animadvertions upon critics, N. 201.

C

CÆSAR (Julius) a frequent saying of his, N. 256.
Calamities, the merit of suffering patiently under them, N. 312.
Camillus, his deportment to his son, N. 263.
Canidia, an antiquated beauty described, N. 301.
Capacities of children not duly regarded in their education, N. 307.
Censor of marriages, N. 308.
Charity-schools, great instances of a public spirit N. 294.
Clavius, proving incapable of any other studies, became a celebrated mathematician, N. 307.
Comparisons in Homer and Milton, defended by Monsieur Boileau against Monsieur Perrault, No. 303.
Coquette's heart dissected, N. 281.
Coverley (Sir Roger de) his return to town, and conversation with the Spectator in Gray's-Inn walks, N. 269. His intended generosity to his widow, N. 295.
Courtship, the pleasantest part of of a man's life, N. 261.
Credit undone with a whisper, N. 320.
Criminal love, some account of the state of it, N. 274.
Critic, the qualities requisite to a good one, N. 291.

D

DEATH, deaths of eminent persons, the most improving passages in history, N. 289.
Decency nearly related to virtue, N. 292.
Decency of behaviour, generally transgressed, N. 292.
Delicacy; the difference betwixt a true and false delicacy, N. 286. The standard of it *ibid.*
Dependents, objects of compassion, N. 282.
Distrest Mother, a new tragedy, recommended by the Spectator, N. 290.

E

EATING, drinking, and sleeping, with the generality of people the three important articles of life, N. 317.
Education; whether the education at a public school, or under,

under a private tutor, is to be preferred, N. 313 The advantage of a public education, *ibid.*
Elizabeth, (Queen) her medal on the defeat of the Spaniſh Armada, N. 293.
Emilia, an excellent woman, her character, N. 302.
Envy; the abhorrence of envy, a certain note of a great mind, N. 253.
Eyes; the prevailing influence of the eye inſtanced in ſeveral particulars, N. 252.

F.

FABLE of a drop of water, N. 293.
Fame, the difficulty of obtaining and preſerving it, N. 255. The inconveniences attending the deſire of it, *ibid.*
Fop, what ſort of perſons deſerve that character, N. 280.
Fortune often unjuſtly complained of, N. 282. To be controlled by nothing but infinite wiſdom, N. 293.
Fortune-ſtealers, who they are that ſet up for ſuch, N. 311. Diſtinguiſhed from fortune-hunters, *ibid*
Fribblers, who, N. 288.

G.

GIFTS of fortune, more valued than they ought to be N. 294.
Government, what form of it the moſt reaſonable, N. 287.
Gracefulneſs of action, the excellency, of it, N. 292.
Greeks and Romans, the different methods obſerved by them in the education of their children, N. 313.

H.

HOMER's excellence in the multitude and variety of his characters. N. 273. He degenerates ſometimes into burleſque, N. 279.
Honeycomb (Will) his great inſight into gallantry, N. 265. His application to rich widows, N. 311.
Hoods, coloured, a new invention, N. 265.

I.

JANE (Mrs.) a great pickthank, N. 272.
Idleneſs, a great diſtemper, 316.

Jeſuits their great ſagacity in diſcovering the talent of a young ſtudent, N. 307.
Indolence an enemy to virtue, N. 306.
Journal, a week of a deceaſed citizen's journal preſented by Sir Andrew Freeport to the Spectator's club, N. 317. The uſe of ſuch a journal, *ibid.*
Irus; the great artifice of Irus, N. 264.

K.

KNOWLEDGE, the main ſources of it, N. 287.

L.

LADYLOVE (Bartholomew) his petition to the Spectator, N. 334.
Letters to the Spectator; from Mary Heartfree, deſcribing the powerful effects of the eye, N. 252. From Barbara Crabtree, to know if ſhe may not make uſe of a cudgel on her ſot of a huſband, *ibid.* from a lawyer whoſe wife is a great orator, *ibid.* from Lydia to Harriot, a lady newly married, N. 254. Harriot's anſwer, *ibid.* to the Spectator, from a gentleman in love with a beauty without fortune, *ibid.* from Ralph Crotchet for a Theatre of Eaſe to be erected, N. 258. from Mr. Clayton, &c. *ibid.* from Jack Afterday, an old bachelor, who is grown dead to all other pleaſures but that of being worth 50,000l. N. 260. from a lover, with an incloſed letter to his humourſome miſtreſs, *ibid.* from a father diſcourſing on the relative duties betwixt parents and their children, N. 263. from a mother to her undutiful ſon, *ibid.* the ſon's anſwer, *ibid.* to the Spectator from Richard Eſtcourt, with one incloſed from Sir Roger de Coverley, N. 264. from James Eaſy, who had his noſe abuſed in the pit, N. 268. from A. B. on the mercenaey views of perſons when they marry, *ibid.* from Anthony Gape, who had the misfortune to run his noſe againſt a poſt, while he was ſtaring at a beauty, *ibid.* from——about the new-faſhioned hoods, *ibid.* from one at Oxford in love with Patetia, *ibid.* from Tom Trippit, on a Greek quotation in a former Spectator, N. 271.

271. from C. D. on Sir Roger's return to town, *ibid.* from S. T. who has a ſhow in a box of a man, a woman, and a horſe, *ibid.* from Cleanthes, complaining of Mrs. Jane, an old maid, and a pickthank, N. 272. from——with an incloſed letter from a bawd to a noble Lord, N. 274. from Frank Courtly, reproving the Spectator for ſome freedoms he had taken, N. 276. from Celia, incenſed at a gentleman, who had named the words luſty fellow in her preſence, *ibid.* from Pucella, kept by an old bachelor, *ibid.* from Hezekiah Broadbrim, accuſing the Spectator for not keeping his word. *ibid.* from Teraminta on the arrival of a madamoiſelle completely dreſſed from Paris, N. 277. from Betty Croſs-ſticth the owner of madamoiſelle, *ibid.* from a ſhop-keeper whoſe wife is too learned for him, N. 278. from Florinda, who writes for the Spectator's advice, in the choice of a huſband, after ſhe is married, *ibid.* from Clayton, &c. on the ſame ſubject with their former letter, *ibid.* from Jenny Simper, complaining of the clerk of the pariſh who has overdeckt the church with greens, N. 282. from the clerk in his own juſtification, N. 284. from—concerning falſe delicacy, N. 286. from Philobrune of Cambridge, inquiring which is the moſt beautiful, a fair or a brown complexion, *ibid.* from Melainia on male jilts, N. 288. from Peter Motteux, who from an author is turned dealer, *ibid.* from George Powel who is to play the part of Oreſtes, in a new tragedy called the Diſtreſt Mother, 290. from Sophia, to know if the gentleman ſhe ſaw in the Park with a ſhort face was the Spectator, *ibid.* The Spectator's anſwer, *ibid.* To the Spectator from Jezebel a woman poor and proud, N. 292. from Joſiah Fribble on pin-money, N. 295. from J. M. adviſing the Spectator to prefix no more Greek mottos to his papers, N. 296. from Aurelia Careleſs, concerning the uſe of the window in a beautiful lady, *ibid.* from Euphues deſiring the Spectator's advice, *ibid.* from Suſannah Lovebane, againſt lampooners, *ibid.* from Charity Froſt, *ibid.* from John Trot, *ibid.* from Chaſtity Loveworth, on the general notion men have of the other ſex, N. 298. from Sir John Enville,

ville, married to a woman of quality, N. 299. from Susannah Loveworth, on the behaviour of married people before company, N. 300. from Philanthropos, on the terms of conversation with the fair sex, *ibid.* from Miranda on valetudinary friendship, *ibid.* from D. G. thanking the Spectator for his criticism on Milton, *ibid.* to Celbe from her lover, giving her an account of his dreams, N. 301. from Clitander, a silent lover, N. 304. from Partheniſſa, whoſe face is damaged by the ſmall pox, N. 306. from Corinna to Amilcar, on the ſame occaſion, *ibid.* Amilcar's anſwer, *ibid.* from --- on the education of children, N. 307. from Mules Palfrey, with a project for the better regulating of matches, N. 308. from a tradeſman married to a woman of quality, *ibid.* from Reader Gentle on a new paper called The Hiſtorian, *ibid.* from Elizabeth Sweepſtakes, complaining of John Trot the Dancer, *ibid.* from Biddy Doughbake, who having been bid to love cannot unlove, N. 310. from Dick Lovelick in love with a lady, whoſe fortune will not pay off his debts, by 500l. *ibid.* from a diſcarded lover, with a letter to him from his miſtreſs, and his anſwer, *ibid.* from Philanthropos, on a tale-bearer, *ibid.* from Tim Watchwell, on fortune-ſtealers, N. 311. from J. O. on the expreſſions uſed by ſeveral of the clergy in their prayers before ſermon, N. 312. from ---- containing further thoughts on education, N. 313. from Bob Harmleſs, complaining of his miſtreſs, N. 314. from John Trot, deſiring the Spectator's advice, *ibid.* from Toby Rentree, with a complaint againſt Signior Nicolini, *ibid.* from M. W. on the education of young gentlewomen, *ibid.* from Samuel Slack on idleneſs, N. 316. from Clytander to Cleone, *ibid.* to the Spectator, with an account of the amours of Eſcalus an old beau, N. 318. from Dorinda, complaining of the Spectator's partiality, N. 319. from Will Sprightly, a man of mode, concerning faſhions, *ibid.* from --- complaining of a female court called the inquiſition on maids and bachelors, N. 320. The power and management of this inquiſition, *ibid.* from N. B. a member of the lazy club, *ibid.*

Liberality, wherein the decency of it conſiſts, N. 292.
Liberty of the people when beſt preſerved, N. 287.
Liddy (Miſs) the difference betwixt her temper and that of her ſiſter Martha, and the reaſons of it, N. 396.
Life, we are in this life nothing more than paſſengers, N. 289. Illuſtrated by a ſtory of a travelling derviſe, *ibid.* The three important articles of it, N. 317.

M.

MALE Jilts, who, N. 288.
Man. Men differ from one another as much in ſentiments as features, N. 264. Their corruption in general, *ibid.*
Marriage. Thoſe marriages the moſt happy, that are preceded by a long courtſhip, N. 261. Unhappy ones, from whence proceeding, N. 268.
Merit, no judgment to be formed of it from ſucceſs, N. 293.
Milton's Paradiſe Loſt. The Spectator's criticiſm, and obſervations on that poem, N. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321. His ſubject conformable to the talents of which he was maſter, N. 315. His fable a maſter-piece, *ibid.*
Moderation, a great virtue, N. 312.

O.

OUTRAGEOUSLY virtuous, what women are ſo called, N. 266.

P.

PARENTS too mercenary in the diſpoſal of their children in marriage, N. 234. Too ſparing in their encouragement to maſters for the well-educating of their children, N. 313.
Paſſions, the uſe of them, N. 225.
Pedants in breeding, as well as learning, N. 286.
Petticoat politicians, a ſeminary to be eſtabliſhed in France, N. 305.
Pin-money condemned, N. 255.

Poems. Epic poem, the chief things to be considered in it, N. 267.
Poets. Bad poets given to envy and detraction, N. 253. The chief qualification of a good poet, N. 314.
Polycarpus, a man beloved by every body, N. 280.
Power deſpotic, an unanſwerable argument againſt it, N. 287.
Prudence, the influence it has on our good or ill-fortune in the world, N. 293.

R.

RABELAIS, his device, N. 283.
Recreation, the neceſſity of it, N. 258.
Rich. To be rich, the way to pleaſe, N. 280. The advantages of being rich, N. 283. The art of growing rich, *ibid.* The proper uſe of riches, N. 294.
Richlieu, Cardinal, his politics made France the terror of Europe, N. 305.

S.

SALUTATION, ſubject to great enormities, N. 259.
Scaramouch, an expedient of his at Paris, N. 283.
School-maſters, the ignorance and undiſcerning of the generality of them, N. 313.
Scornful Lady, the Spectator's obſervations at that play, N. 270.
Sherlock (Dr.) the reaſon his diſcourſe of death hath been ſo much peruſed, N. 289.
Slavery, what kind of government the moſt removed from it, N. 287.
Smithfield bargain, in marriage, the inhumanity of it, N. 304.
Snape (Dr.) a quotation from his charity-ſermon, N. 294.
Solitude. Few perſons capable of a religious, learned, or philoſophic ſolitude, N. 264.
Spartans, the methods uſed by them in the education of their children, N. 307.
Spectator, (the) his averſion to pretty fellows, and the reaſon of it, N. 261. His acknowledgments to the public, N. 262. His advice to the Britiſh ladies, N. 265.

N. 265. His adventure with a woman of the town, N. 66. His deſcription of a French puppet newly arrived, N. 277. His opinion of our form of government and religion, N. 287. Sometimes takes for a pariſh ſexton, and why, N. 289.
Starch political, its uſe, N. 305.
Stroke, to ſtrike a bold one, what meant by it, N. 319.

T.

THEMISTOCLES, his anſwer to a queſtion relating to the marrying his daughter, N. 311.
Time, how the time we live ought to be computed, N. 316.
Title-page (Anthony) his petition to the Spectator, N. 304.
Trade, the moſt likely means to make a man's private fortune, N. 283.

V.

VIRGIL, wherein ſhort of Homer, N. 273.
Virtue, when the ſincerity of it may reaſonably be ſuſpected, N. 266.

W.

WASPS and doves in public, who, N. 300.
Widows, the great game of fortune-hunters, N. 311.
Woman, a definition of woman by one of the fathers, N. 265. the general depravity of the inferior part of the ſex, N. 274. they wholly govern domeſtic life, N. 320.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.